GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

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Cynthia
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They lighted him at once to his sleeping apartment, where one drew off his shoes and another his stockings

THE WINDERMERE SERIES

FAIRY TALES by the BROTHERS GRIMM

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GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED

There was once a poor widow who lived alone in her hut with her two children, who were called Snow-White and Rose-Red, because they were like the flowers which bloomed on two rosebushes which grew before the cottage. But they were two as pious, good, industrious, and amiable children as any that were in the world, only Snow-White was more quiet and gentle than Rose-Red. For Rose-Red would run and jump about the meadows, seeking flowers and catching butterflies, while Snow-White sat at home helping her mother to keep house, or reading to her if there were nothing else to do.

The two children loved one another dearly, and always walked hand-in-hand when they went out together; and ever when they talked of it they agreed that they would never separate from each other, and that whatever one had the other should share.

Often they ran deep into the forest and gathered wild berries; but no beast ever harmed them. For the hare would eat cauliflowers out of their hands, the fawn would graze at their side, the goats would frisk about them in play, and the birds remained perched on the boughs singing as if nobody were near.

No accident ever befell them: and if they stayed late in the forest, and night came upon them, they used to lie down on the moss and sleep till morning;

and because their mother knew they would do so, she felt no concern about them.

One time when they had thus passed the night in the forest, and the dawn of morning awoke them, they saw a beautiful Child dressed in shining white sitting near their couch. She got up and looked at them kindly, but without saying anything went into the forest; and when the children looked round they saw that where they had slept was close to the edge of a pit, into which they would certainly have fallen had they walked a couple of steps farther in the dark. Their mother told them the figure they had seen was doubtless the good angel who watches over children.

Snow-White and Rose-Red kept their mother's cottage so clean that it was a pleasure to enter it. Every morning in the summer time Rose-Red would first put the house in order, and then gather a nosegay for her mother, in which she always placed a bud from each rose tree. Every winter's morning Snow-White would light the fire and put the kettle on to boil, and although the kettle was made of copper it yet shone like gold, because it was scoured so well. In the evenings, when the flakes of snow were falling, the mother would say, "Go, Snow-White, and bolt the door"; and then they used to sit down on the hearth, and the mother would put on her spectacles and read out of a great book, while her children sat spinning. By their side, too, lay a little lamb, and on a perch behind them a little white dove reposed with her head under her wing.

One evening, when they were thus sitting comfortably together, there came a knock at the door as if somebody wished to come in. "Make haste, Rose-Red,"

cried her mother; "make haste and open the door; perhaps there is some traveler outside who needs shelter." So Rose-Red went and drew the bolt and opened the door, expecting to see some poor man outside; but instead, a great fat Bear poked his black head in.

Rose-Red shrieked and ran back, the little lamb bleated, the dove fluttered on her perch, and Snow-White hid herself behind her mother's bed. The Bear, however, began to speak, and said, "Be not afraid, I will do you no harm; but I am half frozen, and wish to come in and warm myself."

"Poor Bear!" cried the mother; "come in and lie down before the fire; but take care you do not burn your skin"; and then she continued, "Come here, Rose-Red and Snow-White, the Bear will not harm you, he means honorably." So they both came back, and by degrees the lamb, too, and the dove overcame their fears and welcomed the rough visitor. "You children!" said the Bear, "come and knock the snow off my coat." And they fetched their brooms and swept him clean. Then he stretched himself before the fire and grumbled out his satisfaction; and in a little while the children became familiar enough to play tricks with the unwieldy animal. They pulled his long shaggy skin, set their feet upon his back and rolled him to and fro, and even ventured to beat him with a hazel stick, laughing when he grumbled. The Bear bore all their tricks good temperedly, and if they hit too hard he cried out,

"Leave me my life, you children,
Snow-White and Rose-Red,
Or you'll never wed."

When bedtime came and the others were gone, the

mother said to the Bear, "You may sleep here on the hearth if you like, and then you will be safely protected from the cold and bad weather."

As soon as day broke the two children let the Bear out again, and he trotted away over the snow, and ever afterwards he came every evening at a certain hour. He would lie down on the hearth and allow the children to play with him as much as they liked, till by degrees they became so accustomed to him that the door was left unbolted till their black friend arrived.

But as soon as spring returned, and everything out of doors was green again, the Bear one morning told Snow-White that he must leave her, and could not return during the whole summer. "Where are you going, then, dear Bear?" asked Snow-White. "I am obliged to go into the forest and guard my treasures from the evil Dwarfs; for in winter, when the ground is hard, they are obliged to keep in their holes, and cannot work through; but now, since the sun has thawed the earth and warmed it, the Dwarfs pierce through, and steal all they can find; and what has once passed into their hands, and gets concealed by them in their caves, is not easily brought to light."

Snow-White was quite sad at the departure of the Bear, but opened the door for him to go out. As he passed through it he caught on the bolt and left behind a tiny piece of his hairy coat. Through the hole which was made, Snow-White fancied she saw the glittering of gold; but she was not quite certain of it. The Bear, however, ran hastily away, and was soon hidden behind the trees.

Some time afterwards the mother sent the children

into the wood to gather sticks; and while doing so, they came to a tree which was lying across the path, on the trunk of which something kept bobbing up and down from the grass, and they could not imagine what it was. When they came nearer they saw a Dwarf, with an old wrinkled face and a snow-white beard a yard long. The end of this beard was fixed in a split of the tree, and the little man kept jumping about like a dog tied by a chain, for he did not know how to free himself.

He glared at the maidens with his red fiery eyes, and exclaimed, "Why do you stand there? Are you going to pass without offering me any assistance?" "What have you done, little man?" asked Rose-Red. "You stupid, prying goose!" exclaimed he. "I wanted to split the tree in order to get a little wood for my kitchen, for the bits of food which we use is soon burnt up with great fagots. It is not like what you rough greedy people devour! I had driven the wedge in properly, and everything was going on well, when the smooth wood flew upwards, and the tree closed so suddenly that I could not draw my beautiful beard out, and here it sticks and I cannot get away. There, don't laugh, you milk-faced things! Ugh! How silly you are!"

The children took all the pains they could to pull the Dwarf's beard out, but without success. "I will run and fetch some help," cried Rose-Red at length. "Crack-brained sheep's-head that you are!" snarled the Dwarf; "what are you going to call other people for? You are two too many now for me; can you think of nothing else?" "Don't be impatient," replied Snow-White; "I have thought of something"; and pulling her scissors out of her pocket she cut off the end of the beard.

As soon as the Dwarf found himself at liberty, he snatched up his sack, which lay between the roots of the tree, filled with gold, and throwing it over his shoulder marched off, grumbling and groaning and crying, "Stupid people! to cut off a piece of my beautiful beard. Plague take you!" and away he went without once looking at the children.

Some time afterwards Snow-White and Rose-Red went a-fishing, and as they neared the pond they saw something like a great locust hopping about on the bank, as if going to jump into the water. They ran up and recognized the Dwarf. "What are you after?" asked Rose-Red; "you will fall into the water." "I am not quite such a simpleton as that," replied the Dwarf; "but do you not see this fish will pull me in?" The little man had been sitting there angling, and unfortunately the wind had entangled his beard with the fishing line; and so, when a great fish bit at the bait, the strength of the weak little fellow was not able to draw it out, and the fish had the best of the struggle. The Dwarf held on by the reeds and rushes which grew near; but to no purpose, for the fish pulled him where it liked, and he must soon have been drawn into the pond.

Luckily just then the two maidens arrived, and tried to release the beard of the Dwarf from the fishing line; but both were too closely entangled for it to be done. So the maiden pulled out her scissors again and cut off another piece of the beard. When the Dwarf saw this done he was in a great rage, and exclaimed, "You donkey! to take this way to disfigure my face! It was not enough to shorten my fine beard once, but you must now take away the best part of it! I dare not

show myself again now to my own people. I wish you had run the soles off your boots before you had come here!" So saying, he took up a bag of pearls which lay among the rushes, and without speaking another word, slipped off and disappeared behind a stone.

Not many days after this adventure, it chanced that the mother sent the two maidens to the next town to buy thread, needles and pins, laces and ribbons. Their road passed over a common, on which here and there great pieces of rock were lying about. Just over their heads they saw a great bird flying round and round, and every now and then dropping lower and lower, till at last it flew down behind a rock. Immediately afterwards they heard a piercing shriek, and running up they saw with affright that the eagle had caught their old acquaintance, the Dwarf, and was trying to carry him off.

The compassionate children thereupon laid hold of the little man, and held him fast till the bird gave up the struggle and flew off. As soon as the Dwarf had recovered from his fright, he exclaimed in his squeaking voice, "Could you not hold me more gently? You have pulled my fine brown coat in such a manner that it is all torn and full of holes, clumsy and meddling rubbish that you are!" With these words he shouldered a bag filled with precious stones, and slipped away to his cave among the rocks. The maidens were now accustomed to his ingratitude, and so they walked on to the town and transacted their business there.

Coming home, they returned over the same common, and unawares walked up to a certain clean spot on which the Dwarf had shaken out his bag of precious

stones, thinking nobody was near. The sun was shining, and the bright stones glittered in its beams and displayed such a variety of colors that the two maidens stopped to admire them.

"Why do you stand there gaping?" asked the Dwarf, while his face grew as red as copper with rage; he was continuing to abuse the poor maidens, when a loud roaring noise was heard, and presently a great black Bear came rolling out of the forest. The Dwarf jumped up terrified, but he could not gain his retreat before the Bear overtook him. Thereupon he cried out, "Spare me, my dear Prince Bear! I will give you all my treasures. See these beautiful precious stones which lie here; only give me my life; for what have you to fear from a little weak fellow like me? you could not touch me with your big teeth. There are two wicked girls, take them; they would make nice morsels, as fat as young quails; eat them, for heaven's sake." The Bear, however, without troubling himself to speak, gave the bad-hearted Dwarf a single blow with his paw, and he never stirred after.

The maidens were then going to run away, but the Bear called after them, "Snow-White and Rose-Red, fear not! Wait a bit, and I will accompany you." They recognized his voice and stopped; and when the Bear came, his rough coat suddenly fell off, and he stood up a tall man, dressed entirely in gold. "I am a king's son," he said, "and was condemned by the wicked Dwarf, who stole all my treasures, to wander about in this forest in the form of a bear till his death released me. Now he has received his well-deserved punishment."

Then they went home, and Snow-White was married

The end of the Dwarf's beard was caught in the split of a tree

to the prince, and Rose-Red to his brother, with whom they shared the immense treasure which the Dwarf had collected. The old mother also lived for many years happily with her two children, and the rose trees which had stood before the cottage were planted now before the palace, and produced every year beautiful red and white roses.

HANS IN LUCK

Hans had served his Master seven years, and at the end of that time he said to him, "Master, since my time is up, I should like to go home to my mother; so give me my wages, if you please."

His Master replied, "You have served me truly and honestly, Hans, and such as your service was, such shall be your reward"; and with these words he gave him a lump of gold as big as his head. Hans thereupon took his handkerchief out of his pocket, and, wrapping the gold it in, threw it over his shoulder and set out on the road toward his native village. As he went along, carefully setting one foot to the ground before the other, a horseman came in sight, trotting gayly and briskly along upon a lively horse. "Ah," said Hans, aloud, "what a fine thing that riding is! One is seated, as it were, upon a stool, kicks against no stones, spares one's shoes, and gets along without any trouble!"

The Rider, overhearing Hans, stopped and said, "Why, then, do you travel on foot, my good fellow?"

"Because I must," replied Hans, "for I have a bit of a lump to carry home; it certainly is gold, but then I can't carry my head straight, and it hurts my shoulder."

"If you like we will exchange," said the Rider; "I will give you my horse, and you can give me your lump of gold."

"With all my heart," cried Hans; "but I tell you fairly you undertake a very heavy burden."

The man dismounted, took the gold, and helped

Hans on to the horse, and, giving the reins into his hands, said, "Now, when you want to go faster, you must click with your tongue and cry, 'Gee up! Gee up!'"

Hans was delighted indeed when he found himself on the top of a horse, and riding along so freely and gayly. After a while he thought he should like to go rather quicker, and so he cried, "Gee up! Gee up!" as the man had told him. The horse soon set off at a sharp trot, and, before Hans knew what he was about, he was thrown over head and heels into a ditch which divided the fields from the road. The horse would have bolted off if he had not been stopped by a Peasant who was coming that way, driving a cow before him.

Hans soon picked himself up on his legs, but he was terribly put out, and said to the countryman, "That is bad sport, that riding, especially when one mounts such a beast as that, which kicks and throws one off so as to nearly break one's neck: I will never ride that animal again. Commend me to your cow: one may walk behind her without any discomfort, and besides one has, every day for certain, milk, butter, and cheese. Ah! what would I not give for such a cow!"

"Well," said the Peasant, "If you like, such an advantage you may soon enjoy; I will exchange my cow for your horse."

To this Hans consented with a thousand thanks, and the Peasant, swinging himself upon the horse, rode off in a hurry.

Hans now drove his cow steadily before him, thinking of his lucky bargain in this wise: "I have a bit of bread, and I can, as often as I please, eat with it butter and cheese; and when I am thirsty I can milk

my cow and have a draft. What more can I desire?"

Soon he came to an inn, where he halted and ate with great satisfaction all the bread he had brought with him for his noonday and evening meals, and washed it down with a glass of beer, to buy which he spent his two last farthings. This over, he drove his cow farther in the direction of his mother's village. The heat meantime became more and more oppressive as noontime approached, and just then Hans came to a common which was an hour's journey across. Here he got into such a state of heat that his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, and he thought to himself, "This won't do; I will just milk my cow, and refresh myself." Hans, therefore, tied her to a stump of a tree, and, having no pail, placed his leathern cap below, and set to work, but not a drop of milk could he squeeze out. He had placed himself, too, very awkwardly, and at last the impatient cow gave him such a kick on the head that he tumbled over on the ground, and for a long time knew not where he was.

Fortunately, not many hours after, a Butcher passed by, trundling a young pig along upon a wheelbarrow. "What trick is this!" exclaimed he, helping up poor Hans; and Hans told him all that had passed. The Butcher then handed him his flask and said, "There, take a drink; it will revive you. Your cow might well give no milk: she is an old beast, and at the best fit for nothing but the plow or the butcher!"

"Eh! eh!" said Hans, pulling his hair over his eyes, "who would have thought it? It is all very well when one can kill a beast like that at home, and make a profit of the flesh; but for my part I have no relish for cow's

flesh; it is too tough for me! Ah! a young pig like yours is the thing that tastes something like, let alone the sausages!"

"Well, now, for love of you," said the Butcher, "I will make an exchange, and let you have my pig for your cow."

"Heaven reward you for your kindness!" cried Hans; and, giving up the cow, he untied the pig from the barrow, and took into his hand the string with which it was tied.

Hans walked on again, thinking how everything had happened just as he wished, and how all his vexations had turned out for the best, after all! Presently a Boy overtook him, carrying a fine white goose under his arm, and after they had said "Good day" to each other, Hans began to talk about his luck, and what profitable exchanges he had made. The Boy on his part told him that he was carrying the goose to a christening feast. "Just lift it," said he to Hans, holding it up by its wings, "just feel how heavy it is; why, it has been fattened up for the last eight weeks, and whoever bites it when it is cooked will have to wipe the grease from both sides of his mouth!"

"Yes," said Hans, weighing it with one hand, "it is weighty, but my pig is no trifle, either."

While he was speaking the Boy kept looking around on all sides, and shaking his head suspiciously. At length he broke out, "I am afraid it is not all right about your pig. In the village, through which I have just come, one has been stolen out of the sty of the mayor himself. I am afraid, very much afraid, you have it now in your hand! They have sent out several people,

and it would be a very bad job for you if they found you with the pig. At the very least they would shut you up in the dark hole!"

Honest Hans was thunderstruck, and exclaimed, "Ah, Heaven help me in this fresh trouble! You know the neighborhood better than I do. Do you take my pig and let me have your goose."

"I shall have to hazard something at that game," replied the Boy, "but still I do not wish to be the cause of your meeting with misfortune"; and, so saying, he took the rope into his own hand, and drove the pig off quickly by a side path, while Hans, lightened of his cares, walked on homeward with the goose under his arm. "If I judge rightly," thought he to himself, "I have gained even by this exchange: first there is the good roast; then the quantity of fat which will drip out will make drippings for my bread for a quarter of a year; and then there are the fine white feathers, on which when once I have put them into my pillow, I warrant I shall sleep without rocking. What pleasure my mother will have!"

As he came to the last village on his road there stood a Knife-grinder, with his barrow by the hedge, whirling his wheel round and singing—

> "Scissors and razors and such-like I grind;
> And gayly my rags are flying behind."

Hans stopped and looked at him, and at last he said, "You appear to have a good business, if I may judge by your merry song?"

"Yes," answered the Grinder, "this business has a golden bottom! A true knife-grinder is a man who as

often as he puts his hand into his pocket feels money in it! But what a fine goose you have got. Where did you buy it?"

"I did not buy it at all," said Hans, "but took it in exchange for my pig."

"And the pig?"

"I exchanged for my cow."

"And the cow?"

"I exchanged a horse for her."

"And the horse?"

"For him I gave a lump of gold as big as my head."

"And the gold?"

"That was my wages for a seven years' servitude."

"And I see you have known how to benefit yourself each time," said the Grinder; "but, could you now manage so that you heard the money rattling in your pocket as you walked, your fortune would be made."

"Well! how shall I manage that?" asked Hans.

"You must become a grinder like me. To this trade nothing peculiar belongs but a grindstone; the other necessaries find themselves. Here is one which is a little worn, certainly, and so I will not ask anything more for it than your goose. Are you agreeable?"

"How can you ask me?" said Hans. "Why, I shall be the luckiest man in the world; having money as often as I dip my hand into my pocket, what have I to care about any longer?"

So saying, he handed over the goose, and received the grindstone in exchange.

"Now," said the Grinder, picking up an ordinary big flint stone which lay near, "now, there you have a strong stone, upon which only beat them long enough and you

may straighten all your old nails! Take it, and use it carefully!"

Hans took the stones and walked on with a satisfied heart, his eyes glistening with joy. "I must have been born," said he, "to a heap of luck; everything happens just as I wish, as if I were a Sunday child."

However, having been on his legs since daybreak, he soon began to feel very tired. He was plagued, too, with hunger, since he had eaten all his provision in his joy about the cow bargain. At last he felt quite unable to go farther, and was forced to halt every minute, for the stones weighed him down so dreadfully. Then he began to think what a good thing it were if he had no need to carry them any longer. He crept like a snail to a well in a field. Here he resolved to rest and refresh himself with a drink, and so that the stones might not be hurt while he was kneeling, he laid them carefully down by his side on the edge of the well. This done, he stooped down to scoop up some water in his hand, and then it happened that he slipped, and pushed against the stones, so that both presently went plump into the water. As soon as he saw them sinking to the bottom, Hans jumped up for joy, and then kneeled down and returned thanks, with tears in his eyes, that so mercifully, and without any act on his part, and in so nice a way, he had been delivered from the heavy stones, which alone hindered him from getting on.

"So lucky as I am," exclaimed Hans, "is no other man under the sun!"

Then with a light heart, and free from every burden, he leaped gayly along till he reached his mother's house.

THE WOLF AND THE SEVEN LITTLE KIDS

Once upon a time there lived an old Goat who had seven young ones, whom she loved as every mother loves her children. One day she wanted to go into the forest to fetch some food, so, calling her seven little kids together, she said: "Dear children, I am going away into the wood; be on your guard against the Wolf, for if he comes here he will eat you all up—skin, hair, and all. He often disguises himself, but you may know him by his rough voice and his black feet."

The little Kids replied: "Dear mother, we will remember what you say; you may go away without any anxiety." So the old one bleated and ran off quite contented, upon her road.

Not long afterwards, somebody knocked at the hut door and called out, "Open, my dear children! Your mother is here, and has brought you each something."

But the little Kids knew from the rough voice that it was a Wolf, and so they said, "We will not undo the door. You are not our mother; she has a gentle and loving voice, but yours is gruff. You are a Wolf."

So the Wolf went to a shop and bought a great piece of chalk, which he ate, and by that means made his voice more gentle. Then he came back, knocked at the hut door, and called out, "Open, my dear children! Your mother has come home, and has brought you each something "

But the Wolf had placed his black paws upon the

window sill, so the Kids saw them, and replied, "No, we will not open the door. Our mother has not black feet. You are a Wolf."

So the Wolf went to a baker and said, "I have hurt my feet; put some dough on them." And when the baker had done so, he ran to the miller, saying, "Strew some white flour upon my feet." But the miller, thinking he was going to deceive somebody, hesitated, till the Wolf said, "If you do not do it at once, I will eat you." This made the miller afraid, so he powdered the Wolf's feet with flour. Such are men.

Now, the villain went for the third time to the hut, and knocking at the door, called out, "Open to me, my children! Your dear mother is come, and has brought with her something for each of you out of the forest."

The little Kids exclaimed, "Show us first your feet, that we may see whether you are our mother."

So the Wolf put his feet upon the window sill, and when the little Kids saw that they were white they thought it was all right, and unfastened the door. But who should come in? The Wolf.

The poor little Kids were terribly frightened, and tried to hide themselves. One ran under the table, the second got into the bed, the third into the stove, the fourth into the kitchen, the fifth into the cupboard, the sixth under the washing bowl, and the seventh into the clock case. But the Wolf found them all out, and did not delay in swallowing them all up, one after another; only the youngest one, hid in the clock case, he did not discover. When he had satisfied his appetite he dragged himself out, and lying down upon the green meadow under a tree, went fast asleep.

Soon after the old Goat came home out of the forest. Ah, what a sight she saw! The hut door stood wide open; the table, stools, and benches were overturned; the washing bowl was broken to pieces, and the sheets and pillows pulled off the bed. She sought her children, but could find them nowhere. She called them by name, one after the other; but no one answered.

At last, when she came to the name of the youngest, a little voice replied, "Here I am, dear mother, in the clock case." She took the Kid out, and heard how the Wolf had come and swallowed all the others. You cannot think how she wept for her poor little ones.

At last she went out in all her misery, and the young Kid ran by her side. When they came to the meadow there lay the Wolf under the tree, snoring so that the boughs quivered. She viewed him on all sides, and saw that something moved and stirred about in his body.

"Ah, mercy!" thought she, "can my poor children, whom he has swallowed for his dinner, be yet alive!" So saying, she ran home and fetched a pair of scissors and a needle and thread. Then she cut open the monster's hairy coat, and had scarcely made one slit, before one little Kid put his head out, and as she cut farther, out jumped, one after another, all six, still alive, and without any injury, for the monster, in his eagerness, had gulped them down quite whole.

There was a joy! They hugged their dear mother, and jumped about like a tailor keeping his wedding day.

But the old mother said: "Go at once and pick up some large stones, that we may fill the monster's stomach, while he lies fast asleep."

So in great haste the seven little Kids dragged up

a pile of stones, and put them in the Wolf's stomach, as many as they could bring. And then the old mother went, and, looking at him saw that he was still asleep, and did not stir, and so she sewed up the slit in a great hurry.

When the Wolf at last woke up he raised himself upon his legs, and, because the stones in his stomach made him feel thirsty, he went to a well to drink. But as he went along, rolling from side to side, the stones began to tumble about in his body, and rattle, and he called out:

"What rattles, what rattles
Against my poor bones?
Not little Kids, I think,
But only big stones!"

And when he came to the well he stooped down to drink, and the heavy stones made him lose his balance, so that he fell, and sank beneath the water.

As soon as the seven little Kids saw this, they came running up, singing aloud, "The Wolf is dead! The Wolf is dead!" and they danced for joy around their mother by the side of the well.

ONE-EYE, TWO-EYES, AND THREE-EYES

Once upon a time there was a woman who had three daughters, the eldest of whom was named One-Eye, because she had but a single eye, and that placed in the middle of her forehead; the second was called Two-Eyes, because she was like other mortals; and the third, Three-Eyes, because she had three eyes, and one of them in the center of her forehead, like the eldest sister. But because the second sister had nothing uncommon in her appearance she was looked down upon by her sisters, and despised by her mother. "You are no better than common folks," they would say to her; "you do not belong to us"; and then they would push her about, give her coarse clothing and nothing to eat but their leavings, besides heaping upon her numerous other insults as occasion offered.

It came to pass that Two-Eyes had to go into the fields to tend the goat; and she went very hungry, because her sisters had given her little to eat that morning. She sat down upon a hillock, and cried so much that her tears flowed almost like rivers out of her eyes! By and by she looked up, and saw a Woman standing by her, who asked, "Why are you weeping, Two-Eyes?"

"Because I have two eyes like ordinary people," replied the girl, "and therefore my mother and sisters dislike me, push me into corners, throw me their old clothes, and give me nothing to eat but what they leave. To-day they have given me so little that I am still hungry."

"Dry your eyes now," said the wise Woman, and I will tell you something which shall prevent you from being hungry again. You must say to your goat:

"'Little kid, milk
Table, appear!'

and immediately a nicely filled table will stand before you, with delicate food upon it, of which you can eat as much as you please. When you are satisfied, and have done with the table, you must say:

"'Little kid, milk
Table, depart!'

and it will instantly disappear."

With these words the wise Woman went away, and and little Two-Eyes thought she would see at once if what the Woman said were true, for she felt very hungry indeed.

"Little kid, milk
Table, appear!"

she said, and immediately a table covered with a white cloth stood before her. A knife and fork and silver spoon, and the most delicate dishes, were arranged in order upon it, and everything was as warm as if it had been just taken away from the fire. Two-Eyes said a short grace, helped herself to some food, and enjoyed it; and when she had finished she pronounced the words which the wise Woman had told her:

"Little kid, milk
Table, depart!"

and the table and all that was on it quickly disappeared.

"This is delightful housekeeping," said Two-Eyes in high glee.

At evening she went home with her goat, and found an earthen dish which her sisters had left her filled with their leavings, but she did not touch it; and the next morning she went off again without taking the meager breakfast which was left out for her. The first and second time she did this the sisters thought nothing of it; but when she did the same thing the third morning their attention was roused, and they said, "All is not right with Two-Eyes, for she has left her meals twice, and has touched nothing of what was given her; she must have found some other way of living." So they determined that One-Eye should go with Two-Eyes when she drove the goat to the meadow, and see what passed, and whether any one brought her anything to eat or to drink.

When Two-Eyes, therefore, was about to set off, One-Eye told her she was going with her to see whether she took proper care of the goat and fed her sufficiently. Two-Eyes, however, divined her sister's object, and drove the goat where the grass was highest, and then said, "Come, One-Eye, let us sit down, and I will sing to you." So One-Eye sat down, for she was tired with her unusual walk in the heat of the sun.

"Are you awake or asleep, One-Eye?
Are you awake or asleep?"

sang Two-Eyes, until her sister really went to sleep. As soon as she was fast asleep Two-Eyes said:

"Little kid, milk
Table, appear!"

and seated herself at her table and ate and drank all she needed. Then she again cried,

"Little kid, milk
Table, depart!"

When the table had disappeared Two-Eyes awakened One-Eye and said, "Come, we will go home now; while you have been sleeping the goat might have run about all over the world!" So they went home, and after Two-Eyes had again left her meal untouched, the mother asked One-Eye what she had seen, and she was obliged to confess that she had been asleep.

The following morning the mother sent Three-Eyes to watch Two-Eyes and see who brought her food, for it was certain that some one must. So Three-Eyes told her sister that she was going with her that morning to see if she took care of the goat and fed her well; but Two-Eyes saw through her design, and drove the goat again to the high grass. Then she asked her sister to sit down and told her she would sing to her, and Three-Eyes did so, for she was very tired with her long walk in the heat of the sun. Then Two-Eyes began to sing as before:

"Are you awake, Three-Eyes?"

but instead of continuing as she should have done,

"Are you asleep, Three-Eyes?"

she said by mistake,

"Are you asleep, Two-Eyes?"

and so went on singing:

"Are you awake, Three-Eyes?
Are you asleep, Two-Eyes?"

By and by Three-Eyes closed two of her eyes, and went to sleep with them; but the third eye, which was not spoken to, kept awake. Three-Eyes, however, cunningly

shut it, too, and feigned to be asleep, while she was really watching; and soon Two-Eyes, thinking all safe, repeated the words:

"Little kid, milk
Table, appear!"

and as soon as she was satisfied she said the old words:

"Little kid, milk
Table, depart!"

Three-Eyes watched all this; and presently Two-Eyes came and awoke her, saying, "Ah, sister! Have you been asleep? You are a good caretaker; but come, let us go home now."

When they reached home, Two-Eyes again ate nothing, and her sister told her mother she knew now why the high-minded thing would not eat their food. "When she is out in the meadow," said her sister, "she says,

"'Little kid, milk
Table, appear!'

and directly a table comes up, laid out with meat and wine, and everything of the best, much better than we have. Then as soon as she has had enough she says,

"'Little kid, milk
Table, depart!"

and all vanishes, as I clearly saw. Certainly she did put to sleep two of my eyes; but the one in the middle of my forehead luckily kept awake!"

"Would you have better things than we have?" cried the envious mother. "Then you shall lose the chance!" And so saying, she took a carving knife and killed the goat dead.

When Two-Eyes saw this she went out very sorrowful to the old spot and sat down where she had sat before, and wept bitterly. All at once the wise Woman stood in front of her again, and asked why she was crying. "Have I not reason to cry," replied she, "when the goat which used to furnish me every day with a dinner, according to your promise, has been killed by my mother, and I must again suffer hunger and thirst?"

"Two-Eyes," said the wise Woman, "I will give you a piece of advice. Beg your sisters to give you the entrails of the goat, and bury them in the earth before the house door, and your fortune will be made." So saying, she disappeared.

Two-Eyes went home, and said to her sisters, "Dear sisters, do give me some part of the slain kid; I desire nothing good, but let me have the entrails." The sisters laughed, and readily gave them to her; and in the evening she buried them secretly before the threshold of the door, as the wise Woman had bidden her.

The following morning they found in front of the house a wonderfully beautiful tree, with leaves of silver and fruit of gold hanging from the boughs, than which nothing more splendid could be seen in the world. The two elder sisters were quite ignorant how the tree came there; but Two-Eyes saw that it had grown from the goat's entrails, for it stood on the exact spot where she had buried them. As soon as the mother saw it she told One-Eye to climb up and gather some of the fruit. One-Eye climbed into the tree, and pulled a bough toward her, to pluck off the fruit; but the bough flew back again directly out of her hands; and so it did every time she took hold of it, till she was forced to give up, for she

could not obtain a single golden apple in spite of all her endeavors. Then the mother said to Three-Eyes, "Do you climb up, for you can see better with your three eyes than your sister with her one." Three-Eyes, however, was not more fortunate than her sister, for the golden apples flew back as soon as she touched them. At last the mother grew so impatient that she climbed the tree herself; but she met with no more success than either of her daughters, and grasped only the empty air when she thought she had the fruit.

Two-Eyes now thought she would try, and said to her sisters, "Let me get up; perhaps I may be successful."

"Oh! you are very likely to, indeed," said they, "with your two eyes; you will see well, no doubt!"

But Two-Eyes climbed the tree, and as soon as she touched the boughs the golden apples fell into her hands. She plucked them as fast as she could, and filled her apron before she went down. Her mother took them from her, but returned her no thanks; and the two sisters, instead of treating Two-Eyes better than they had done, were only the more envious of her, because she alone could gather the fruit—in fact, they treated her worse.

One morning, not long after the springing up of the apple tree, the three sisters were all standing together beneath it when in the distance a young Knight was seen riding toward them. "Make haste, Two-Eyes!" exclaimed the two elder sisters, "make haste and creep out of our way, that we may not be ashamed of you"; and so saying, they put over her in great haste an empty cask which stood near, and pushed under it the golden apples which she had just been plucking off as well.

Soon the Knight came up to the tree, and the sisters saw he was a very handsome man, for he stopped to admire the fine silver leaves and golden fruit. Presently he asked to whom the tree belonged.

"Any one who would bestow one branch of it on me might in return ask whatsoever he desired," said the Knight.

One-Eye and Three-Eyes replied that the tree belonged to them; and they tried to pluck a branch for the Knight. They had their trouble for nothing, however; for the boughs and fruit flew back as soon as they touched them.

"It is very strange," cried the Knight, "that this tree should belong to you, and yet you cannot pluck the fruit!" The sisters, however, maintained that it was theirs; but while they spoke Two-Eyes rolled a golden apple from underneath the cask, so that it traveled to the feet of the Knight, for she was vexed because her elder sisters had not spoken the truth. When he saw the apple he was astonished, and asked where it came from, and One-Eye and Three-Eyes said they had another sister, but they dared not let her be seen, because she had only two eyes, like common folk!

The Knight, however, would see her, and called, "Two-Eyes, come forth!" and Two-Eyes, quite comforted, came from under the cask.

The Knight was bewildered at her great beauty, and said, "You, Two-Eyes, can surely break off a bough of this tree for me!"

"Yes," she replied, "that I will, for it is mine," and, climbing up, she easily broke off a branch with silver leaves and golden fruit, which she handed to the Knight.

"What can I give you in return, Two-Eyes?" asked the Knight.

"Alas! if you will take me with you I shall be happy, for now I suffer hunger and thirst, and am in trouble and grief from early morning to late evening. Take me and save me!" So the Knight raised Two-Eyes upon his saddle, and took her home to his father's castle. There he gave her beautiful clothes and all she wished to eat or to drink; and afterwards, because his love for her had become so great, he married her, and a very happy wedding they had.

Her two sisters were very jealous when Two-Eyes was carried off by the Knight; but they consoled themselves by saying, "The wonderful tree remains still for us; and, even if we cannot get at the fruit, everybody that passes will stop to look at it, and then come and praise it to us. Who knows where our wheat may bloom!" The morning after this speech, however, the tree disappeared, and with it all their hopes. But that same day, when Two-Eyes looked out of her chamber window, behold, the tree stood before it, and there remained!

For a long time after this Two-Eyes lived in the enjoyment of the greatest happiness; and one morning two poor women came to the palace, and begged an alms. Two-Eyes, after looking narrowly at their faces, recognized her two sisters, One-Eye and Three-Eyes, who had come to such great poverty that they were forced to wander about, begging their bread from day to day. Two-Eyes, however, bade them welcome, invited them in, and took care of them, till they both repented of the evil they had done their sister in the days of their childhood.

CINDERELLA

Once upon a time the wife of a certain rich man fell very ill, and as she felt her end drawing nigh she called her only daughter to her bedside, and said: "My dear child, be pious and good, and then the good God will always protect you, and I will look down upon you from heaven and think of you." Soon afterwards she closed her eyes and died. Every day the maiden went to her mother's grave and wept over it, and she continued to be good and pious. When winter came, the snow made a white covering over the grave, and in the springtime, when the sun had withdrawn this covering, the father took to himself another wife.

This wife brought home with her two daughters, who were beautiful and fair in the face but treacherous and wicked at heart. Then misfortune began in the poor stepchild's life. "Shall the stupid goose sit in the parlor with us?" said the two daughters. "They who would eat bread must earn it. Out with the kitchen maid!" So they took off her fine clothes, and put upon her an old gray bedgown, and gave her wooden shoes for her feet. "See how the once proud Princess is decked out now," said they, and they led her mockingly into the kitchen.

Then she was obliged to work hard from morning till night, and to go out early to fetch water, to make the fire, and cook and scour. Besides this, the sisters treated her with every possible insult, derided her, and shook the peas and beans into the ashes, so that she had

to pick them out again. At night, when she was tired, she had no bed to lie on, but was forced to sit in the ashes on the hearth; and because this made her look dirty they named her Cinderella.

One day it happened that the father was going to the fair, so he asked his two stepdaughters what he should bring them. "Some beautiful dresses," said one. "Pearls and precious stones," replied the other. "But you, Cinderella," said he, "what will you have?" "The first bough, father, that knocks against your hat on your way homewards—break it off for me," she replied.

So he bought the fine dresses, and the pearls and precious stones, for his two stepdaughters; and on his return, as he rode through a green thicket, a hazel bough brushed against him and knocked off his hat. Then he broke off the branch and took it with him.

As soon as he got home he gave his stepdaughters what they had wished for, and to Cinderella he gave the hazel branch. She thanked him very much, and going to her mother's grave planted the branch on it, and wept so long that her tears fell and watered it, so that it grew and became a beautiful tree. Thrice a day Cinderella went beneath it to weep and pray; and each time a little white Bird flew on the tree, and, if she wished aloud, the little Bird threw down to her whatever she wished for.

After a time it fell out that the King appointed a festival, which was to last three days, and to which all the beautiful girls in the country were invited, in order that his son might choose a bride. When the two stepdaughters heard that they might also appear, they were very glad, and, calling Cinderella, they said, "Comb our

hair, brush our shoes, and fasten our buckles, for we are going to the festival at the King's palace!"

Cinderella obeyed, crying because she wished to go with them to the dance; and she begged her stepmother to allow her to do so.

"You, Cinderella?" said she. "You are covered with dust and dirt—will you go to the festival? You have no clothes or shoes. How can you go to the dance?"

But as she kept asking, her stepmother said at last: "I have now shaken into the ashes a dish of lentils. If you have picked them up again in two hours, you shall go."

Then Cinderella left the room, and went out through the back door into the garden, and called out: "You tame pigeons and doves, and all you birds of heaven, come and help me to gather the good into the pot, and the bad you may eat." Presently in at the kitchen window came two white pigeons, and after them the doves, and soon all the birds under heaven flew chirping in and down upon the ashes. Then they began pick, pick, pick! and gathered all the good seeds into the dish. Scarcely an hour had passed when all was completed, and the birds flew away again. Then the maiden took the dish to her stepmother, rejoicing at the thought that she might now go to the festival. But the stepmother said, "No, Cinderella, you have no clothes, and cannot dance; you will only be laughed at." Then as Cinderella began to cry, the stepmother said, "If in one hour you can pick up quite clean two dishes of lentils which I throw among the ashes you shall go with us." And she thought to herself, "She will never manage it."

As soon as the two dishes had been shot into the

ashes Cinderella went out through the back door into the garden, and called as before: "You tame pigeons and doves, and all you birds under heaven, come and help me to gather the good into the pot, and the bad you may eat." Presently in at the kitchen window came two white pigeons, and after them the doves, and soon all the birds under heaven flew chirping in and down upon the ashes. Then they began pick, pick, pick! and gathered all the good seeds into the dishes; and scarcely had half an hour passed before all was picked up, and off they flew again. The maiden now took the dishes to her stepmother, rejoicing at the thought that she could go to the festival. But the stepmother said: "This does not help you a bit; you cannot go with us, for you have no clothes, and cannot dance; we should be ashamed of you." Thereupon she turned her back upon the girl, and hastened away with her two proud daughters.

As there was no one at home, Cinderella went to her mother's grave, under the hazel tree, and said:

"Rustle and shake yourself, dear tree,
And silver and gold throw down to me."

Then the Bird threw down a dress of gold and silver, and slippers ornamented with silk and silver. These Cinderella put on in great haste, and then she went to the ball. Her sisters and stepmother did not know her at all, and took her for some foreign Princess, she looked so beautiful in her golden dress. Of Cinderella they thought not but that she was sitting at home picking the lentils out of the ashes. Soon the Prince came to her, and taking her by the hand, led her to the dance. He

would dance with no one else, and would not even let go her hand; if any one else asked her to dance, he said, "She is my partner."

They danced till evening, when she wished to go home; but the Prince said, "I will go with you, and see you safe," for he wanted to know to whom the maiden belonged. She flew away from him, however, and sprang into the pigeon house. So the Prince waited till Cinderella's father came, whom he told that the strange maiden had run into the pigeon house.

Then the old man thought, "Could it have been Cinderella?" And they brought an ax and a pickax, and the Prince cut open the door, but no one was found within. And when they came into the house, there lay Cinderella in her dirty clothes among the ashes, and an oil lamp was burning on the chimney piece; for she had jumped quickly out from the other side of the pigeon house, and had run to the hazel tree, where she had taken off her fine clothes, and laid them on the grave, and the Bird had taken them again, and afterwards she had put on her little gray gown, and seated herself among the ashes in the kitchen.

The next day, when the festival was renewed, and her parents and stepsisters had set out again, Cinderella went to the hazel tree and sang as before:

> "Rustle and shake yourself, dear tree,
> And silver and gold throw down to me."

Then the Bird threw down a much more splendid dress than on the first day, and when the maiden appeared at the ball every one was astonished at her beauty. The Prince, who had waited till she came, took her

hand, and would dance with no one else, and if others came and asked he replied as before, "She is my partner." As soon as evening came Cinderella wished to leave, and the Prince followed her, wishing to see into whose house she went; but she sprang away from him, and ran into the garden behind the palace. There stood a fine large tree, on which hung the most beautiful pears, and Cinderella climbed among them so nimbly that the boughs rustled as though a squirrel was among them; but the Prince could not see whence the noise proceeded.

He waited, however, till Cinderella's father came by, and said to him, "The strange maiden has escaped from me, and I think she has climbed up into this tree." The father thought to himself, "Can it be Cinderella?" and had an ax brought and chopped down the tree, but there was no one on it. When they went into the kitchen at home, there lay Cinderella among the ashes, as before, for she had sprung down on the other side of the tree, and, having again taken her beautiful clothes to the Bird upon the hazel tree, she had once more put on her old gray gown.

The third day, when her parents and her stepsisters had set out, Cinderella went again to her mother's grave, and said:

"Rustle and shake yourself, dear tree,
And silver and gold throw down to me."

Then the Bird threw down to her a dress which was more splendid and glittering than she had ever had before, and the slippers were all golden. When she arrived at the ball they knew not what to say for wonderment, and the Prince danced with her alone as at first, and replied to every one who asked her hand, "She is my

partner." As soon as evening came she wished to go. Again the Prince followed her, but she ran away so quickly that he could not overtake her. But he had contrived a stratagem, and spread the whole staircase with pitch, so it happened that as Cinderella ran her left slipper came off. The Prince took it up, and saw it was small and graceful, and quite golden.

The following morning he went with it to Cinderella's father, and said, "My bride shall be no other than she whose foot this golden slipper fits." The two sisters were glad of this, for they had beautiful feet, and the elder went with it to her chamber to try it on, while her mother stood by. She could not get her great toe into it, however, and the shoe was much too small; but the mother, reaching a knife, said, "Cut off your toe, for if you are Queen you need no longer go on foot."

The girl cut off her toe, and squeezed her foot into the shoe, and concealing the pain she felt, went down to the Prince. Then he placed her as his bride upon his horse and rode off, and as they passed by the grave there sat two little doves upon the hazel tree, singing:

"Backward peep, backward peep,
There's blood upon the shoe;
The shoe's too small, and she behind
Is not the bride for you."

Then the Prince looked behind, and saw the blood flowing; so he turned his horse back, and took the false bride home again, saying she was not the right one. Then the other sister must needs fit on the shoe, so she went to her chamber and got her toes nicely into the shoe, but the heel was too large. The mother, reaching

a knife, said, "Cut a piece off your heel, for when you become Queen you need no longer go on foot."

So the girl cut a piece off her heel, squeezed her foot into the shoe, and, concealing the pain she felt, went down to the Prince. Then he put her upon his horse as his bride and rode off, but as they passed the hazel tree there sat two little doves, who sang:

"Backward peep, backward peep,
There's blood upon the shoe;
The shoe's too small, and she behind
Is not the bride for you."

Then he looked behind, and saw the blood trickling from the shoe and that the stocking was dyed quite red; so he turned his horse back, and took his false bride home again, saying, "Neither is this the right maiden; have you no other daughter?"

"No," replied the father; "except a little Cinderella, daughter of my deceased wife, who cannot possibly be the bride."

The Prince asked that she might be fetched; but the stepmother said, "Oh, no, she is much too dirty; I dare not let her be seen." But the Prince would have his way; so Cinderella was called, and first washing her hands and face, she went in and curtsied to the Prince, who gave her the golden shoe. Cinderella sat down on a stool, and, taking off her heavy wooden shoes, put on the slipper, which fitted her to a shade. As she stood up, the Prince looked in her face, and, recognizing the beautiful maiden with whom he had danced, exclaimed, "This is my rightful bride."

The stepmother and the two sisters were amazed

and white with rage, but the Prince took Cinderella upon his horse and rode away; and as they came up to the hazel tree the two little white doves sang:

"Backward peep, backward peep,
There's no blood on the shoe:
It fits so nice, and she behind
Is the true bride for you."

And as they finished they flew down and lighted upon Cinderella's shoulders, one on the right and one on the left, and there they remained.

When the wedding with the King's son was celebrated the two false sisters came and tried to get into favor with Cinderella and share her good fortune. When the bethrothed couple went to church the elder sister was on the right side and the younger on the left, and the pigeons pecked out one eye of each of them. Afterwards, as they came back, the elder was at the left and the younger at the right, and then the pigeons pecked out the other eye of each. And thus for their wickedness and falsehood they were punished with blindness as long as they lived.

LITTLE RED-CAP

Once upon a time there lived a sweet little girl who was beloved by every one who saw her; but her grandmother was so excessively fond of her that she never knew when to give the child enough. One day the grandmother gave the little girl a red velvet cap, which pleased her so well she would never wear anything else; and so she was called Little Red-Cap.

One day her mother said to her: "Come, Red-Cap, here is a piece of nice cake, and a bottle of wine: take these to your grandmother; she is ill and weak, and will relish them. Make haste before it gets hot; go quietly and carefully; and do not run, lest you should fall and break the bottle, for then your grandmother would get nothing. When you go into her room do not forget to say, 'Good morning'; and do not look about in all the corners."

"I will do everything as you wish," replied Red-Cap, taking her mother's hand.

The grandmother dwelt far away in the wood, half a league from the village, and as Little Red-Cap entered among the trees she met a Wolf; but she did not know what a wicked beast it was, and so she was not at all afraid.

"Good day, Little Red-Cap," he said.

"Many thanks, Wolf," said she.

"Whither away so early, Little Red-Cap?"

"To my grandmother's," she replied.

"What are you carrying under your apron?"

"Cake and wine," she answered. "Yesterday we baked the cake, that grandmother, who is ill and weak, might have something nice and strengthening."

"Where does your grandmother live?" asked the Wolf.

"A good quarter of a league farther in the forest. The cottage stands under three great oak trees; near it are some nut bushes, by which you will easily know it."

But the Wolf thought to himself: "She is a nice tender thing, and will taste better than the old woman; I must act craftily, that I may snap them both up."

So for a short time he walked beside Little Red-Cap, and then he said: "Just look at the beautiful flowers which grow around you; why do you not look about you? I believe you don't hear how beautifully the birds sing. You walk on as if you were going to school; see how merry everything is around you in the forest."

So Little Red-Cap raised her eyes; and when she saw how the sunbeams glanced and danced through the trees, and what splendid flowers were blooming in her path, she thought, "If I take my grandmother a fresh nosegay she will be very pleased; and it is so very early that I can, even then, get there in good time"; and running into the forest she looked about for flowers. But when she had once begun she did not know how to leave off, and kept going deeper and deeper among the trees, in search of some more beautiful flower. The Wolf, however, ran straight to the house of the old grandmother, and knocked at the door.

"Who's there?" asked the old lady.

"Only Little Red-Cap, bringing you some cake and wine. Please open the door," replied the Wolf.

"Lift up the latch," cried the grandmother; "I am too weak to get up."

So the Wolf lifted the latch, and the door flew open; and, jumping without a word upon the bed, he gobbled up the poor old lady. Then he put on her clothes, and tied her cap over his head; and getting into the bed, he drew the curtains.

All this time Red-Cap was still gathering flowers, and when she had plucked as many as she could carry she remembered her grandmother, and made haste to the cottage. She wondered very much to see the door wide open; and when she got into the room she began to feel uneasy, and exclaimed, "How sad I feel! I wish I had not come to-day." Then she said, "Good morning," but received no answer. So she went up to the bed, and drew back the curtains, and there lay her grandmother, as she thought, with the cap drawn half over her eyes, looking very strange.

"Oh! grandmother, what great ears you have!"

"The better to hear you with, my child," was the reply.

"And what great eyes you have!"

"The better to see you with, my dear."

"And what great hands you have!"

"The better to touch you with."

"But, grandmother, what great teeth you have!"

"The better to eat you with!" and scarcely were the words out of his mouth, when the Wolf made a spring out of bed, and swallowed up poor Little Red-Cap.

As soon as the Wolf had thus satisfied his appetite he laid himself down again in the bed, and began to snore very loudly. A huntsman passing by overheard

him, and thought, "How loudly the old woman snores; I must see if she wants anything."

So he stepped into the cottage; and when he came to the bed he saw the Wolf lying in it. "What! do I find you here, you old sinner? I have long sought you," exclaimed he; and, taking aim with his gun, he shot the old Wolf dead.

Some folks say that the last story is not the true one, but that one day when Red-Cap was taking some cakes to her grandmother a Wolf met her, and wanted to mislead her; but she went straight on, and told her grandmother that she had met a Wolf, who wished her good day; but he looked so wickedly out of his great eyes that had she not been on the highroad he would certainly have eaten her.

So the grandmother said, "Let us shut the door, that he may not enter."

Soon afterwards came the Wolf, who knocked, and exclaimed, "I am Red-Cap, grandmother; I bring you some cakes." But they kept quite still, and did not open the door. So the Wolf, creeping several times around the house, at last jumped on the roof, intending to wait till Red-Cap went home in the evening, and then to sneak after her and devour her in the darkness. The old woman, however, saw all that the rascal intended; and as there stood before the door a great stone trough, she said to Little Red-Cap: "Take this pail, child: yesterday I boiled some sausages in this water, so pour it into that stone trough."

Red-Cap poured many times, until the huge trough was quite full. Then the Wolf sniffed the smell of the

sausages, and smacked his lips, and wished very much to taste; and at last he stretched his neck too far over, so that he lost his balance, and slipped quite off the roof, right into the great trough beneath, wherein he was drowned. And Little Red-Cap ran home in high glee, and never did anything to harm any one. But no one sorrowed for Mr. Wolf!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

There was once a poor Miller who had a beautiful daughter; and one day, having to go to speak with the King, he said, in order to make himself appear of consequence, that he had a daughter who could spin straw into gold. The King was very fond of gold, and he said to the Miller, "That is an art which would please me very well. If your daughter is so very clever, bring her to the castle in the morning, and I will see what she can do."

As soon as she arrived the King led her into a chamber which was full of straw; and giving her a wheel and a reel, he said, "Now set yourself to work, and if you have not spun this straw into gold by an early hour tomorrow you must die." With these words he locked up the room and left the girl alone.

There she sat for a long time, thinking how to save her life, for she understood nothing of the art whereby straw might be spun into gold; and her grief became greater and greater, till at last she began to weep. All at once the door opened and in stepped a little Man, who said, "Good evening, fair maiden. Why do you weep so sore?"

"Ah," she replied, "I must spin this straw into gold, and I am sure I don't know how."

The little Man asked, "What will you give me if I spin it for you?"

"My necklace," said the Miller's daughter.

The Dwarf took it, placed himself in front of the

wheel, and whirr, whirr, whirr! three times round, and the bobbin was full. Then he set up another, and whirr, whirr, whirr! thrice round again, and a second bobbin was full; and so he went on all night long, until all the straw was spun and the bobbins were full of gold.

At sunrise the King came, very much astonished to see the gold; but although the sight gladdened him it only made his heart more greedy. He had the Miller's daughter led into another room, still larger, full of straw; and then he bade her spin it into gold during the night if she valued her life. The girl was again quite at a loss what to do; but while she cried the door opened suddenly, as before, and the Dwarf appeared and asked her what she would give him in return for his help.

"The ring off my finger," she replied.

The little Man took the ring and began to spin at once, and by morning all the straw was changed to glistening gold.

The King was rejoiced above measure at the sight of this, but still he was not satisfied. Leading the girl into another still larger room full of straw, he said, "This you must spin during the night; and if you succeed you shall be my bride."

"For," thought he to himself, "a richer wife thou canst not have in all the world."

When the maiden was left alone the Dwarf again appeared, and asked, for the third time: "What will you give me to do this for you?"

"I have nothing left that I can give you," sighed the Miller's daughter.

"Then promise me your first-born child if you become Queen," said he.

The Miller's daughter thought, "Who can tell if that will ever happen?" and, not knowing how else to help herself out of her trouble, she promised the Dwarf what he desired; and he immediately set about and finished the spinning. When morning came, and the King found all he had wished for, he celebrated his wedding; and the Miller's fair daughter became Queen.

About a year after the marriage, when she had ceased to think about the little Dwarf, she brought a fine child into the world. And suddenly, soon after its birth, the very man appeared and demanded what she had promised. The frightened Queen offered him all the riches of the kingdom if he would leave the child. But the Dwarf answered: "No; something human is dearer to me than all the wealth of the world."

The Queen began to weep and groan so much that the Dwarf pitied her, and said: "I will give you three days. If in that time you discover my name you shall keep your child."

All night long the Queen racked her brains for all the names she could think of, and sent a messenger through the country far and wide to collect new names. The following morning came the Dwarf, and she began with "Caspar," "Melchior," "Balthassar," and all the odd names she knew; but at each the little Man exclaimed, "That is not my name."

The second day the Queen inquired of all her people for uncommon and curious names, and called the Dwarf "Ribs-of-beef," "Sheep-shank," and "Laceleg"; but at each he said, "That is not my name."

The third day the messenger came back and said: "I have not found a single new name; but as I came to

a high mountain near the edge of the forest, where foxes and hares say good night to each other, I saw there a little house, and before the door a fire was burning, and round this fire a very curious little man was dancing on one leg, and shouting,

> "'To-day I stew, and then I'll bake,
> To-morrow I shall the Queen's child take;
> Ah! how famous it is that nobody knows
> That my name is Rumpelstiltskin.'"

When the Queen heard this she was very glad; for now she knew the name. Soon after came the Dwarf, and asked, "Now, my lady Queen, what is my name?"

First she said, "Are you called Conrad?"

"No."

"Are you called Hal?"

"No."

"Are you called Rumpelstiltskin?"

"A witch has told you; a witch has told you!" shrieked the little Man, and in his rage stamped his right foot on the ground so hard he could not draw it out again. Then he took hold of his left leg with both his hands, and pulled away so hard that his right hand came off in the struggle, and he hopped away, howling terribly. And from that day to this the Queen has heard no more of her troublesome visitor.

THE GOOSE GIRL

Once upon a time there lived an old Queen whose husband had been dead some years and had left her with a beautiful daughter. When this daughter grew up she was betrothed to a King's son, who lived far away; and, when the time for her marriage arrived, it was necessary for her to travel into a strange country. So the old lady packed up for her use much costly furniture, utensils of gold and silver, cups and jars, and, in short, all that belonged to a royal bridal treasure, for she loved her child dearly. She also sent a maid to wait upon her daughter and to give her away to the bridegroom, and gave them two horses for the journey; and the horse of the Princess, called Falada, could speak.

As soon as the hour of departure came the mother went into a chamber, and there cut her finger with a knife, so that it bled; then she held a handkerchief beneath, and let three drops of blood fall into it, which she gave to her daughter, saying, "Dear child, preserve this well, and it will help you on your way."

Afterwards the mother and daughter took a sorrowful leave of each other, and the Princess placed the handkerchief in her bosom, mounted her horse, and rode away to her intended bridegroom. After she had ridden for a while she became very thirsty, and said to her waiting maid: "Dismount, and procure me some water from yonder stream in my cup which you carry with you, for I am very thirsty."

"If you are thirsty," replied the maid, "dismount

"Falada is more suitable for me, and my nag will do for thee"

yourself, and stoop down to drink the water, for I will not be your servant!"

Because of her great thirst, the Princess did as she was bid, and bending over the brook she drank of its water, without daring to use her golden cup. While she did so she said, "Ah, Heaven!" and the three drops of blood answered, "If thy mother knew this her heart would break." But the Princess was humble, said nothing, and soon remounted her horse. Then she rode several miles farther, but the day was so hot and the sun so scorching that soon she felt thirsty again, and when she reached a stream she called her handmaid, and bade her take the golden cup and fill it with water; for she had forgotten all the saucy words which had passed before.

The maid, however, replied more haughtily than before: "If you wish to drink, help yourself! I will not be your servant!"

The Princess thereupon got off her horse, and helped herself at the stream, while she wept and cried, "Ah! woe's me!" and the three drops of blood said again, "If your mother knew this her heart would break."

As she leaned over the water the handkerchief on which were the three drops of blood fell out of her bosom and floated down the stream without her observing it, so great was her anguish. But her waiting maid had seen what happened, and she was glad, for now she had power over her mistress; because, with the loss of the drops of blood, she became weak and powerless. When, then, she would again mount upon the horse Falada, the maid said, "No, Falada is more suitable for me; and my nag will do for thee"; and the Princess was forced to

yield. Then the maid bade her take off her royal clothes, and put on her common ones instead; and, last, she made the Princess promise and swear by the open sky that she would say naught of what had passed to any human being at the King's palace; for if she had not so sworn she would have been murdered. But Falada observed well all that passed.

Now was the waiting maid mounted upon Falada, and the rightful Princess upon the sorry hack; and in that way they traveled till they came to the King's palace. On their arrival there were great rejoicings, and the young Prince, running toward them, lifted the waiting maid off her horse, supposing that she was the true bride; and she was led up the steps in state, while the real Princess had to stop below. Just then the old King chanced to look out of his window, and saw her standing in the court and he remarked how delicate and beautiful she was. Going to the royal apartments, he asked the bride who it was she had brought with her, and left below in the courtyard.

"Only a girl whom I brought with me for company," said the bride. "Give the wench some work to do, that she may not grow idle."

The old King, however, had no work for her and knew of nothing, until at last he said, "Ah! there is a boy who keeps the geese; she can help him." This youth was called Conrad, and the true bride was set to keep geese with him.

Soon after this the false bride said to her betrothed, "Dearest, will you grant me a favor?"

"Yes," said he, "with the greatest pleasure.'

"Then let the knacker be summoned, that he may

cut off the head of the horse on which I rode hither, for it angered me on the way."

In reality, she feared the horse might tell how she had used the Princess, and she was glad when it was decided that Falada should die.

This came to the ears of the Princess, and she secretly promised to give the knacker a piece of gold if he would show her a kindness. She wished him to nail the head of Falada over a certain large and gloomy arch in a gateway through which she had to pass daily with the geese, so that then she might still see her old steed. The knacker promised, and, after killing the horse, nailed the head in the place which was pointed out, over the door of the arch.

Early in the morning, when she and Conrad drove the geese through the arch, she said in passing:

"Ah, Falada, that you should hang there!"

and the head replied:

"Ah, Princess, that you should pass here!
If thy mother knew thy fate,
Then her heart would surely break!"

Then she drove on through the town to a field, and when they arrived on the meadow she sat down and unloosened her hair, which was like pure gold. Its shining brightness so charmed Conrad that he tried to pull out a lock. So she sang:

"Blow, blow, thou wind,
Blow Conrad's hat away;
Its rolling do not stay
Till I have combed my hair,
And tied it up behind."

Immediately there came a strong wind which took Conrad's hat quite off his head, and led him a rare dance all over the meadows, so that when he returned, what with combing and curling, the Princess had rearranged her hair, and he could not catch a loose lock. This made Conrad very angry, and he would not speak to her, so all day long they tended their geese in silence, and at evening they went home.

The following morning they passed again under the gloomy arch, and the true Princess said:

"Ah, Falada, that you should hang there!"

and Falada replied:

"Ah, Princess, that you should pass here!
If thy mother knew thy fate,
Then her heart would surely break!"

When they got into the meadow Conrad tried again to snatch one of her golden locks, but she sang:

"Blow, blow, thou wind,
Blow Conrad's hat away
Its rolling do not stay
Till I have combed my hair,
And tied it up behind."

Then the wind blew and carried the hat so far away that, by the time Conrad had caught it again, her hair was all combed out, and not a single strand was loose. So they kept their geese till evening as before.

But after they returned home Conrad went to the old King, and declared he would no longer keep geese with the girl.

"Why not?" asked the King.

"Oh! she vexes me the whole day long," said Conrad;

and then the King bade him tell all that had happened. So Conrad told how in the morning when they passed through a certain archway she spoke to a horse's head which was nailed up over the door, and said:

"Ah, Falada, that you should hang there!"

and it replied:

"Ah, Princess, that you should pass here!
If thy mother knew thy fate,
Then her heart would surely break."

and, further, when they arrived in the meadow, how she caused the wind to blow his hat off, so that he had to run after it ever so far.

When he had finished his tale the old King ordered him to drive the geese out again the next morning, and he himself, when morning came, stood behind the gloomy archway, and heard the goose girl talk to the head of Falada. Then he followed them also into the fields, and hid himself in a thicket by the meadow, and there with his own eyes he saw the girl and the boy drive in their geese. After a while he saw her sit down and, unloosening her hair, which shone like gold, begin to sing the old rime:

"Blow, blow, thou wind,
Blow Conrad's hat away;
Its rolling do not stay
Till I have combed my hair,
And tied it up behind."

Then the King felt a breeze come which took off Conrad's hat, so that he had to run a long way after it, while the goose girl combed out her hair and plaited it

before his return. All this the King observed, and then went home, unnoticed.

When the goose girl returned at evening he called her aside, and asked her what it all meant. "That I dare not tell you, nor any other man," replied she; "for I have sworn by the free sky not to speak of my griefs to any human being, else had I lost my life."

The King pressed her to say what her sorrow was, and left her no peace about it; but still she refused. So at last he said, "If you will not tell me, tell your griefs to this fireplace"; and he went away. Then she crept into the fireplace, and began to weep and lament, and soon she relieved her heart by telling her tale. "Here sit I," she said, "forsaken by all the world, and yet I am a King's daughter. A false waiting maid has compelled me to lay aside my royal clothes; and she has taken my place at the bridegroom's side, while I am forced to perform the common duties of a goose girl. Oh! if my mother knew this, her heart would break with grief."

The old King, meanwhile, stood outside by the chimney and listened to what she said, and when she had finished he came in and called her out from the fireplace. Then her royal clothes were put on, and it was a wonder to see how beautiful she was. The old King, calling his son, showed him that he had taken a false bride, who was only a waiting maid, while the true bride stood there as a goose girl. The young King was glad indeed at heart when he saw her beauty and virtue, and a great feast was announced, to which all people and good friends were invited. On a raised platform at the head of the table sat the bridegroom, with the Princess on one side and the waiting maid on the other. But the maid was

dazzled, and did not recognize her mistress in her shining dress. When they had finished their feasting, and were beginning to be gay, the old King set a riddle to the waiting maid. What such an one were worthy of who had, in such and such a manner, deceived her masters; and he related all that had happened to the true bride. The waiting maid replied, "Such an one deserves nothing better than to be put into a cask, stuck all round with sharp nails, and then to be dragged through street after street by two white horses till the wretch be killed."

"Thou art the woman, then!" exclaimed the King. "Thou hast proclaimed thine own punishment, and it shall be strictly fulfilled!"

The sentence was immediately carried into effect, and afterwards the young King married his rightful bride, and together they long ruled their kingdom in peace and happiness.

MOTHER HOLLE

There was once a widow who had two daughters, one of whom was beautiful and industrious and the other ugly and lazy. She showed much more love, however, for the ugly one, because she was her own daughter; but she made the other do all the hard work, and live like a kitchen maid. The poor girl was forced out daily on the highroad, and had to sit by a well and spin and spin till the blood ran from her fingers.

Once it happened that her spindle became marked with blood, so, kneeling down by the well, she tried to wash it off, but, unhappily, it fell out of her hands into the water. She ran crying to her stepmother, and told her misfortune; but her stepmother scolded her sharply, and at last was so merciless as to say, "Since you have let your spindle fall in, you must yourself fetch it out again!"

Then the girl went back to the well, not knowing what to do, and, in her distress of mind, she jumped into the well to fetch the spindle out. She lost all consciousness, and when she came to herself again she was in a beautiful meadow, where the sun was shining, and many thousands of flowers were blooming around her. She got up and walked along till she came to a baker's, where the oven was full of bread, and the bread cried out: "Draw me out, draw me out, or I shall be burned. I have been baked long enough." So she went up, and, taking the bread-peel, drew out one loaf after the other. Then she walked on farther, and came to an apple tree,

hung thick with fruit, and which exclaimed: "Shake me, shake me! My apples are all quite ripe!" So she shook the tree till the apples fell down like rain, and when none were left on the tree she gathered them all together in a heap, and went farther.

At last she came to a cottage, out of which peeped an old woman who had such very large teeth that the girl was frightened and started to run away.

The old woman, however, called to her, saying, "What are you afraid of, my child? Stay with me. If you will put all things in order in my house, all shall go well with you; only you must take care that you make my bed well, and shake it tremendously, so that the feathers fly; then it snows upon earth. I am 'Mother Holle.'"

As the old woman spoke so kindly, the girl took courage, and consented to engage in her service. Now she attended to everything to the satisfaction of her mistress, and always shook the bed so industriously that the feathers blew down like flakes of snow; therefore her life was a happy one, and there were no angry words; and she had roast or boiled meat every day.

For some time she remained with the old woman; but all at once she became very sad, and did not herself know what was the matter. At last she found she was homesick; and, although she fared a thousand times better than when she was at home, still she longed to return. So she said to her mistress, "I wish to go home to my own people and, however well off I am here, I must return."

The mistress replied, "I am pleased that you want to go home again, and since you have served me so truly I will fetch you up again myself."

So saying, she took her by the hand, and led her before a great door, which she undid; and when the girl was just beneath the doorway a great shower of golden rain fell, and stuck to her, so that she was covered over and over with gold.

"That you must have for your industry," said the old woman, at the same time giving her the spindle which had fallen into the well.

Thereupon the door was closed, and the maiden found herself upon the earth, not far from her mother's house. As she came into the yard the cock sat upon the well-side, and called:

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Your golden maid's come home to you."

Then she went in to her mother, and, because she was so covered with gold, she was well received.

The girl related all that had happened; and when the mother heard how she had come by these great riches, she wished her ugly, lazy daughter to try her luck. So she was forced to sit by the well and spin; and, in order that her spindle might become bloody, she pricked her finger by running a thorn into it; and then throwing the spindle into the well, she jumped in after it. Then, like her sister, she came upon the beautiful meadow, and traveled on the same path. When she arrived at the baker's the bread again called out: "Draw me out, draw me out, or I shall be burned. I have been baked long enough." But she answered, "I have no wish to make myself dirty about you," and so went on. Soon she came to the apple tree, which called out: "Shake me, shake me; my apples are all quite ripe." But she

answered, "You do well to come to me; perhaps one will fall on my head"; and so she went on farther. When she came to Mother Holle's house she was not afraid of the teeth, for she had heard of them; and so she engaged herself to her at once.

The first day she set to work in earnest, was very industrious, and obeyed her mistress in all she said to her, for she thought about the gold which she would receive. On the second day, however, she began to idle; on the third, still more so; and then she would not get up in the morning at all. She did not make the beds, either, as she ought, and the feathers did not fly. The old woman was soon tired of this, and dismissed her from her service, which pleased the lazy one very well; for she thought, "Now the gold shower will come."

Her mistress led her to the door; but, when she was beneath it, instead of gold, a kettleful of pitch was poured down upon her. "That is the reward of your service," said Mother Holle, and shut the door. Then came lazybones home, but she was quite covered with pitch; and the cock upon the well-side, when he saw her, cried:

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Your pitchy maid's come home to you."

But the pitch stuck to her, and as long as she lived would never come off again.

CLEVER GRETHEL

Once upon a time there was a Cook who wore shoes with red rosettes, and when she went out with them on she used to figure her feet about here and there, and then say to herself, quite complacently, "Ah, you are still a pretty girl!" And when she came home she drank a glass of wine for joy, and, as the wine made her wish to eat, she used to taste the best she had, and excuse herself by saying, "The Cook ought to know how her cooking tastes."

One day it happened that the master said to her, "Grethel, this evening a guest is coming, so cook me two fowls."

"I will do it directly, master," replied Grethel.

She soon killed the fowls, plucked, dressed, and spitted them, and, as evening came on, she put them down to the fire to roast. They soon began to brown and were nearly ready, but still the guest was not come. Then Grethel said to the master: "If your guest does not come soon I shall have to take the fowls from the fire, but it will be a great shame not to eat them soon, when they are juiciest."

The master agreed, therefore, to run out himself and bring home his guest; and, as soon as he had turned his back, Grethel laid aside the spit, with its two fowls, and thought to herself, "Ah, I have stood so long before the fire I am quite hot and thirsty. Who knows when he will come? Meanwhile, I will run down into the cellar and have a draft."

Grethel ran down the stairs and filled a jug, and,

saying, "God bless you, Grethel!" took a good pull at the beer, and when that was done she had another draft. Then she went up again, and placed the fowls before the fire, and turned the spit round quite merrily, first spreading some butter over their skins. However, the roasting fowls smelled so good that Grethel thought she had better see how they tasted; and so she touched one with her finger, and said, "Ah, how good these fowls are! It is a sin and a shame that they should not be eaten at once!" She ran to the window, to see if her master was yet coming with his guest, but she saw nobody, and turned again to the fowls.

"Ah, one wing is burned!" said she. "I had better eat that!" And, cutting it off, she ate it. But then she thought, "Master will see that something is wanting, I had better take the other!" When she had finished the two wings, she went again to see whether her master was coming, but he was not. "Who knows," said she, "whether they will come or not? Perhaps they will stay where they are. Come, Grethel, be of good courage! The one is begun; have another drink, and then eat it up completely, for when it is all gone you will be at rest, and besides, why should the good things be spoiled?" So thinking, Grethel ran once more into the cellar, took an enormous drink, and then ate up the one fowl with great pleasure. As soon as it was down, the master still not having returned, Grethel looked at the other fowl, and said, "Where the one is, the other ought to be also; the two belong to each other. What is right for the one is right for the other. I believe if I take another draft it will not hurt me." So saying, she took a hearty drink, and let the second fowl slip down after the other.

Just as she was in the best of the eating, the master came running up, and called, "Make haste, Grethel! The guest is coming directly!"

"Yes, master," said she, "it will soon be ready."

The master went in to see if the table were properly laid, and, taking up the great knife wherewith he was to carve the fowls, he went to sharpen it upon the stone steps. Meantime came the guest, and knocked politely at the door. Grethel ran to see who it was; and, when she saw the guest, she held her finger to her mouth to enjoin silence. "Make haste quickly away," she said. "If my master discovers you here, you are lost! He certainly did invite you to supper, but he means to cut off your ears. Just listen now, how he is sharpening his knife!"

The guest listened to the sound, and then hurried down the steps as fast as he could go, while Grethel ran screaming to her master, and said to him, "You have invited a fine guest!"

"Eh! what?" said he, "what do you mean?"

"Why," replied Grethel, "just as I was about to serve up the two fowls, your guest took them from off the dish, and bolted away with them!"

"That is fine manners, certainly!" said the master, grieved for his fine fowls. "If he had left me but one at the least, that I might have had something to eat!" Then he called after his guest, who pretended not to hear him; and so he pursued him, knife in hand, calling out, "Only one! only one!" meaning that his guest should leave one fowl behind him; but the guest supposed his host meant that he would cut off only one ear, and so ran faster and faster, as if fire were at his heels, that he might reach home safe and sound.

THE WATER OF LIFE

Once upon a time there was a King who was so ill that everybody despaired of his life, and his three sons were very sad, and went out into the palace gardens to weep. There they met an old man, who asked the cause of their grief, and they told him their father was so ill that he must die, for nothing could save him. The old man said, "I know a means of saving him: if he drinks of the water of life it will restore him to health; but the water is very difficult to find."

"I will manage to find it," said the eldest son, and going to the sick King, he begged permission to set out in search of the water of life, which alone could save him.

"No; the danger is too great," said the King; "I prefer to die." Nevertheless the son begged and entreated so long that the King consented, and the Prince went away, thinking in his own heart, "If I bring this water I shall be the dearest to my father, and I shall inherit his kingdom."

After he had ridden a little distance he met a Dwarf on the road, who asked him, "Whither away so quickly?"

"You stupid dandyprat," replied the Prince haughtily, "why should I tell you that?" and he rode off. But the little man was angry, and he wished an evil thing, so that soon afterward the Prince came into a narrow mountain pass, and the farther he rode the narrower it grew, till at last it was so close that he could get no farther; but neither could he turn his horse round, nor dismount, and he sat there like one in prison.

Meanwhile the sick King waited a long while for him, but he did not come; and the second son asked leave to go too and seek the water, for he thought to himself, "If my brother is dead the kingdom comes to me."

At first the King refused to spare him; but at last he gave way, and the Prince set out on the same road the elder one had taken, and met the same Dwarf, who stopped him and asked him, "Whither ride you so hastily?"

"Little dandyprat," replied the Prince, "what do you want to know for?" and he rode off without looking round. The Dwarf, however, enchanted him, and it happened to him as it had to his brother: he came to a defile where he could move neither forward nor backward. Such is the fate of all haughty people.

Now when the second son did not return, the youngest begged leave to go and fetch the water, and the King was obliged at last to give his consent. When he met the Dwarf, and was asked whither he was going so hurriedly, he stopped and replied, "I seek the water of life, for my father is sick unto death."

"Do you know where to find it?" asked the Dwarf.

"No," replied the Prince.

"Since you have behaved yourself as you ought," said the Dwarf, "and not haughtily like your false brothers, I will tell you what you must do and show you where you may obtain the water of life. It flows from a fountain in the court of an enchanted castle, into which you can never penetrate if I do not give you an iron rod and two loaves of bread. With the rod knock thrice at the iron door of the castle, and it will spring open. Within lie two lions with open jaws, but

if you throw down to each a loaf of bread they will be quiet. Then hasten and fetch some of the water of life before it strikes twelve, for then the door will shut again and you will be imprisoned."

The Prince thanked the Dwarf, and, taking the rod and bread, set out on his journey. When he arrived at the castle he found it as the Dwarf had said. At the third knock the door sprang open; and, when he had stilled the lions with the bread, he walked into a fine large hall, where sat several enchanted Princes, from whose fingers he drew off the rings, and he also took away with him a sword and some bread which lay there. A little farther on he came to a room wherein stood a beautiful maiden, who kissed him and said he had freed her, and if he would come in another year their wedding should be celebrated and he should have her whole kingdom. Then she told him where the fountain of the water of life was placed, and he hastened away lest it should strike twelve ere he gained it. Next he came into a room where a fine clean-covered bed stood, and, being tired, he lay down to rest himself a bit. But he went to sleep, and when he awoke it struck the quarter to twelve. The sound made him hurry to the fountain, from which he took some water in a cup which stood near. This done, he hastened to the door, and was scarcely out before it struck twelve, and the door swung to so heavily that it carried away a piece of his heel.

But in spite of this he was very glad he had procured the water, and he journeyed homeward and passed again where the Dwarf stood. When the Dwarf saw the sword and bread he had brought away he declared he had done well, for with the sword he could destroy

whole armies, and the bread would never come to an end.

Now the Prince was not willing to return home to his father without his brothers, and so he said to the Dwarf, "Dear Dwarf, can you tell me where my brothers are? They went out before me in search of the water of life, and did not return."

"They are stuck fast between two mountains," replied the Dwarf. "Because they were so haughty, I enchanted them there." Then the Prince begged for their release, till at last the Dwarf brought them out; but he warned the youngest brother to beware of them, for they had evil in their hearts.

When his brothers came the young Prince was very glad, and he related to them all that had happened to him; how he had found the water of life and brought away a cup full of it; and how he had rescued a beautiful Princess, who was going to wait for him a whole year, when he was to return to be married to her, and receive a rich kingdom.

After this tale the three brothers rode away together, and soon entered a country where there were war and famine raging, and the King thought he should perish, so great was his necessity. The youngest Prince went to this King and gave him the bread, with which he fed and satisfied his whole people; and then the Prince gave him the sword, with which he defeated and slew all his enemies, and regained peace and quiet. This effected, the Prince took back the bread and sword, and rode on farther with his brothers. By and by they came to two other countries where also war and famine were destroying the people. To each King the Prince loaned his bread and sword, and so saved three kingdoms.

After this they went on board a ship to pass over the sea which separated them from home, and during the voyage the two elder brothers said to each other, "Our brother has found the water of life, and we have not. Therefore our father will give him the kingdom which belongs to us, and our fortune will be taken away."

With these thoughts they became revengeful, and consulted together how they should kill him, and one day, waiting till he was fast asleep, they poured the water out of his cup and took it for themselves, while they filled his up with bitter salt water.

As soon as they arrived home the youngest brother took his cup to the sick King, that he might drink out of it and regain his health. But scarcely had he drunk a very little of the water when he became worse than before, for it was as bitter as wormwood.

While the King lay in this state, the two elder princes came, and accused their brother of poisoning his father; but they had brought the right water, and they handed it to the King. Scarcely had he drunk a little out of the cup when he felt his sickness leave him, and soon he was as strong and healthy as in his young days. The two brothers now went to the youngest Prince, mocking him, and saying, "You certainly found the water of life; but you had the trouble and we have the reward. You should have been more cautious and kept your eyes open, for we took your cup while you were asleep on the sea; and, moreover, in a year one of us intends to fetch your Princess. Beware, however, that you betray us not; the King will not believe you, and if you say a single word your life will be lost; but if you remain silent you are safe."

The old King was now very angry with his youngest son, who had conspired, as he believed, against his life. He caused his court to be assembled, and sentence was given that the Prince should be secretly shot. And once as he rode out hunting, a huntsman was sent with him to perform the deed. By and by, when they were alone in the wood, the huntsman seemed so sad that the Prince asked him what ailed him.

The huntsman replied. "I cannot and yet must tell you."

"Tell me boldly what it is," said the Prince. "I will forgive you."

"Alas! it is no other than that I must shoot you, for so has the King ordered me," said the huntsman with a deep sigh.

The Prince was frightened, and said, "Let me live, dear huntsman, let me live! I will give you my royal coat and you shall give me yours in exchange." To this the huntsman readily assented, for he felt unable to shoot the Prince, and after they had exchanged their clothing the huntsman returned home, and the Prince went deeper into the wood.

A short time afterwards three wagons laden with gold and precious stones came to the King's palace for his youngest son. They were sent by the three Kings in token of gratitude for the sword which had defeated their enemies, and the bread which had nourished their people.

At this arrival the old King said to himself, "Perhaps, after all, my son was guiltless," and he lamented to his courtiers that he had let his son be killed. But the huntsman cried out, "He lives yet! For I could not

find it in my heart to fulfill your commands," and he told the King how it had happened. The King felt as if a stone had been removed from his heart, and he caused it to be proclaimed everywhere throughout his dominions that his son might return and would again be taken into favor.

Meanwhile the Princess had caused a road of pure shining gold to be made up to her castle, and had told her attendants that whoever should ride straight up this road would be the right wooer, and one whom they might admit to the castle; but, on the contrary, whoever should ride up not on the road, but by the side of it, they were on no account to admit, for he was not the right person. When, therefore, the time which the Princess had mentioned to the youngest Prince came round, the eldest brother thought he would hasten to her castle and announce himself as her deliverer, that he might gain her as a bride and win the kingdom besides. So he rode away, and when he came in front of the castle and saw the fine golden road he thought it would be a shame to ride upon it, and so he turned to the right hand and rode up by the side of the road. But as he came up to the door the guards told him he was not the right person, and he must ride back again.

Soon afterwards the second Prince also set out, and he likewise, when he came to the golden road and his horse set his forefeet upon it, thought it would be a pity to travel upon it, and so he turned aside to the left hand and went up. When he came to the gate the guards refused him admittance, and told him he was not the person expected, and so he too had to return homeward.

The youngest Prince, who had all this time been wandering about in the forest, had also remembered that the year was up, and soon after his brother's departure he appeared before the castle and rode straight up the golden road, for he was so deeply engaged in thinking of his beloved Princess that he did not notice it.

As soon as he arrived at the door it was opened, and the Princess received him with joy, saying he was her deliverer and the lord of her dominions. Soon after, their wedding was celebrated, and when it was over the Princess told her husband that his father had forgiven him and desired to see him. Thereupon he rode to the old King's palace, and told him how his brothers had betrayed him while he slept and had sworn him to silence. When the King heard this he would have punished the false brothers, but they had prudently taken themselves off in a ship, and they never returned home afterwards.

THE FOUR SKILLFUL BROTHERS

Once upon a time there was a poor man who had four sons, and when they were grown-up young men he told them one day that they must push their own way in the world, for he had nothing to give them, and so they must go among strangers and each learn a different trade. The four Brothers, therefore, took their walking staffs, and, after bidding their father good-by, set out through the town gate together. When they had traveled some distance they came to a point where four crossroads met. "Here we must separate," said the eldest Brother; "but in four years' time we will meet again in this place, and recount our several fortunes."

Each Brother, therefore, went his way; and soon the eldest met a man who inquired of him where he was going and what he intended to do. "I wish to learn a trade," he replied. "Then come with me," said the man, "and become a thief." "No!" replied the other; "that is no longer an honorable employment; and, besides, the end of that song is that one gets used like the clapper in a bell." "Oh, you need not fear the gallows!" said the Thief. "I will teach you to get only such things as no other man could ever lay hold of, and to do it so that nobody shall ever be able to catch you or find any trace of you."

Thereupon the eldest Brother let himself be persuaded, and under the other's teaching became such an accomplished thief that nothing was safe which he set his mind on having.

Meanwhile the second Brother had met a man who had asked him the very same questions that the first was asked; and, when he was told what the errand was, he invited the youth to become an astronomer. "There is nothing better than that," he said, "for nothing is hid from you." The youth liked the idea, and became such a skillful astronomer that when he had learned everything, and was about to travel onwards, his master gave him a telescope and said to him, "with that you can see whatsoever takes place, either on earth or in heaven, and nothing can remain concealed from you."

The third Brother was taken in hand by a Huntsman, and received such excellent instruction in all the branches of the art of shooting that he became a renowned marksman. On leaving, his master presented him with a gun, which he said would never miss, for whatever he aimed at it was sure to hit.

The youngest Brother had meanwhile met a Tailor, and was asked whether he would not like that trade. "I am not so sure about that," replied the youth; "for the sitting cross-legged from morning till night, the continual stitching backwards and forwards of the needle, and a tailor's goose, are not altogether to my mind."

"There, there!" cried the man, "you are talking about what you do not understand. You will learn quite a different sort of tailoring with me, and one which is very honorable in its way, besides being easy!" The youth was persuaded by these representations, and, accompanying his new friend, he learned the tailoring trade from its very basis. At leaving, his master gave him a needle, and told him that with it he could sew together whatever he pleased, even were it as tender as

an eggshell or as hard as steel, and not even a seam would be visible after he had done it.

When the four years had passed, the four Brothers all arrived at the same time at the crossways, and after embracing and kissing each other, returned home to their father. "Ah!" he cried, when he saw them come in, "so the wind has blown you back again!" And thereupon they related all their adventures, and said they had each learned a trade.

While they were telling their tales they sat under a great tree, and, as soon as they had done, their father said he would put them to the test. So he looked up, and said to his second son, "At the top of this tree, between two boughs, there is a chaffinch's nest; now tell me how many eggs there are in it." The Astronomer took his glass, and, looking through it, said there were five eggs.

"Fetch the eggs down without disturbing the mother bird, who is sitting on them," said the father then to his eldest son. The clever Thief climbed up the tree, and took the five eggs from underneath the body of the bird without disturbing or frightening her, and brought them to his father.

The father took them, and laying one at each corner of a table, placed the fifth in the middle, and told the Huntsman to cut them all in halves at one shot. The Huntsman aimed his gun, and at the first trial the five eggs were shot as his father wished—and surely he must have a good charge of powder who shoots round a corner.

"Now it is your turn," said the old man to his other son; "do you sew the eggshells together, and also the young birds which were in them, in such a manner that

the shot may not appear to have injured them." The Tailor produced his needle, and soon did what was expected of him.

When he had finished, the Thief had to carry the eggs back to the nest, and lay them again under the bird without her being aware of it. This he did, and a few days afterwards the old bird hatched her eggs, and the young ones had a red streak round their necks where the Tailor had joined them together.

When his sons had done all these wonderful things, the father said to them: "Well, you have certainly used your time well, and learned what is very useful, and for this I must praise you in green clover, as the saying goes; but I cannot tell which of you ought to have the greatest praise. That must be left to be seen when you have an opportunity to display your talents publicly."

Not long after this a great lamentation was made in the country because the King's daughter had been carried away by a dragon. Her father was overcome with grief all day and night long, and caused it to be proclaimed that whoever should rescue the Princess should have her for his wife. The four Brothers thought this was the opportunity they needed, and agreed to go together and deliver the Princess and so show their talents. "I will soon discover where she is!" cried the Astronomer, and, peeping through his telescope, he said: "I can see her already; she is on a rock in the midst of the sea far away from here, and watched by the dragon."

Then he went to the King, and requested a ship for himself and his Brothers, in which they sailed over the sea till they came near the rock. The Princess observed

their arrival, but the dragon was fast asleep, with his head in her lap. "I dare not shoot," said the Hunter, when he saw them, "for fear I shall kill the Princess as well as the dragon."

"Then I will try my remedy!" said the Thief; and slipping away, he stole the Princess out of the power of the dragon, but so lightly and cunningly that the monster noticed nothing, but snored on. Full of joy, they hurried with her down to the ship, and steered away to the open sea; but the dragon, soon awaking, missed the Princess, and came raging through the air in pursuit of her. Just as he was hovering above the ship, about to alight upon it, the Huntsman took aim, fired, and shot him through the heart. The dragon fell, but in his fall he crushed the whole ship to pieces, because of his great size and weight. Luckily they saved a couple of planks, and on these the four Brothers and the Princess floated about. They were now in a great strait, but the Tailor with his wonderful needle sewed together two planks with great stitches, and then collected the remaining pieces of the ship. These he sewed together so cleverly that in a short time the whole vessel was as tight and complete as before, and they sailed home without further accident!

As soon as the King again saw his dear daughter he was very glad, and said to the four Brothers, "One of you shall have my daughter to wife, but which, you must settle among yourselves."

Thereupon a tremendous quarrel arose between them, for each pressed his own claims. The Astronomer declared if he had not seen the Princess the arts of all the others would have been of no use, and so she was his.

But the Thief exclaimed, "Of what use would your seeing have been if I had not stolen her away from the dragon? The Princess is mine!"

"But you would all have been torn to pieces by the dragon had not my ball reached his heart," interrupted the Huntsman, "so she must be mine."

"That is all very fine!" said the Tailor. "But if it had not been for my sewing the ship together again you all would have been drowned! No, the Princess is mine!"

When they had all spoken thus, the King decided the question by saying: "You have all an equal claim; but, since you cannot all have the Princess, not one of you shall have her, but instead I will give each of you the half of a province as a reward."

This decision pleased the Brothers, who said, "Yes, it will be better so, for then we shall remain united." Thereupon each received half a province, as the King said; and in the enjoyment of this they lived happily with their father so long as God pleased.

THE KING'S SON WHO FEARED NOTHING

Once upon a time there was a King's son who felt too much dissatisfied to stay at home any longer, and as he feared nothing, he thought he would travel about the world, where the time would pass more quickly and there would be a chance for him to meet with wonderful things. So he took leave of his parents and set out, walking on and on from morning till night; for it was all one to him whichever way the road might lead. Presently it chanced that he came to a Giant's house, and, being weary, he sat down before the door to rest. He soon began to look about him, and saw in the courtyard balls and ninepins as big as men, the playthings of the Giant. In a little while he took a fancy to play; and, setting up the ninepins, he rolled the balls at them, and as each one fell down he shouted for joy and pleasure. The Giant heard the noise, and, stretching his head out of the window, he saw a man no bigger than ordinary mortals playing with his balls.

"You worm!" cried the Giant. "Why are you meddling with my balls? Who gave you strength to do that?"

The King's son looked up, saw the Giant, and replied, "You simpleton, do you think you alone have strength of arm? I can do anything I wish."

The Giant thereupon came down, and looked on in astonishment at the bowling. But soon he said, "Child of man, if you are of that race, go and fetch me an apple from the tree of life."

"Why do you want it?" inquired the Prince.

"I do not wish the apple for myself," said the Giant; "but I have a betrothed bride who longs for it. I have already traveled far about the world, but cannot find the tree."

"I will soon find it," replied the Prince; "and I know not what shall prevent me from bringing away an apple."

"Do you think, then, it is such an easy matter?" said the Giant. "The garden wherein the tree stands is surrounded by an iron railing, and in front of this railing lie wild beasts close to each other, keeping watch, that no one shall enter."

"They will soon let me in," said the Prince.

"Yes, you may enter the garden and see the apples hanging on the tree," replied the Giant; "but still they are not yours; for on the tree is a ring, through which one must push his hand before he can reach the fruit to pluck it, and no one has ever yet had the luck to do this."

"Then I shall be the first lucky one," said the Prince; and, taking leave of the Giant, he went over fields and through woods, up hill and down dale, till at last he came to the wonderful garden. The beasts lay around it in a circle, but they were all sunk in a deep sleep, and did not awake even when he stepped across them. So, climbing over the railing, he entered the garden. In the middle of this garden stood the tree of life, with the red apples glistening on the boughs. The Prince climbed up the trunk of the tree, and, as he reached for the fruit, he saw a ring hanging down, through which he thrust his hand without difficulty and broke off an apple. The ring slid down and closed tight upon his arm, and immediately he felt as if a stream of fresh strength were infused into

his veins. When he had come down from the tree again with the apple he would not clamber over the railing to get out of the garden, but went to the great gate, and had need to shake it only once before it sprang open with a crash. Then he went out, and the lion which had been lying down before the door jumped up, not in rage and anger but submissively, and followed him as his master.

The Prince took the promised apple to the Giant, and said to him, "See, I have fetched it without trouble."

The Giant was very glad to have his wish fulfilled so soon, and hastened to his bride to give her the apple which she had longed for. This bride was a beautiful and wise maiden, and when she saw the ring was not on the Giant's arm, said: "I do not believe you obtained the apple yourself, or else the ring would be on your arm."

"I have only to go home and fetch it," replied the Giant; for he imagined it would be an easy matter to take the ring from the Prince by force, if he would not give it up willingly. So he went and demanded the ring, but the Prince would not part with it. "Where the apple is the ring must be too," said the Giant, "and, if you are not willing to give it to me, we must fight for it."

For a long time they wrestled and fought, but the Giant could not master the Prince, who was strengthened by the ring. So the Giant bethought himself of a stratagem, and said: "I am warm with fighting, and you are too. Let us plunge into the stream and cool ourselves before we begin again."

The Prince knew nothing of falsehood, and, going to the river, he pulled off his clothes, together with the ring, and plunged in.

Immediately he had done so the Giant snatched up the ring and ran away with it; but the lion, who had seen the thievish trick, pursued the Giant, and tearing the ring out of his hand brought it back to his master.

Then the Giant hid himself behind a tree, and, when the Prince was busy drawing on his clothes again, he came up suddenly behind him, and, knocking him over, put out both his eyes.

And now the poor Prince was blind, and knew not how to help himself. Then the Giant came back, and taking him by the hand, led him to the edge of a precipice. There he left the Prince standing, thinking to himself, "Just two steps farther and he will be a dead man, and the ring will fall into my hands."

But the faithful lion had not deserted his master, and keeping tight hold of his clothes, gradually drew him back from the edge. When the Giant came to plunder the dead, he found his stratagem had failed.

"Is this weak man, then, not to be destroyed?" exclaimed the Giant, wrathfully; and, catching hold of the Prince's hand, he led him by quite another path to the same frightful abyss; but again the faithful lion accompanied his master, and saved him from danger. As soon as they were come to the edge, the Giant let go of the Prince's hand, and thought the blind man would soon walk over; but the lion gave the Giant himself a push, so that he fell into the abyss and was dashed to pieces.

The faithful beast then pulled his master away from the precipice, and led him to a tree, near which a clear stream ran. Here the Prince sat down, and the lion began to sprinkle water in his face with his paws.

He thrust his hand through the ring without difficulty and broke off an apple

Scarcely had a drop touched the Prince's eyeballs when he immediately received his sight, and saw a little bird which flew by and wounded itself against the trunk of the tree. Then it flew down and bathed in the stream, and soon flew away again among the trees; for it had regained its sight, which was lost. Here the Prince recognized the providence of God, and, bathing himself in the stream, he washed his face; and when he came out of the water he found he could see as well as ever he had in his life.

The Prince thereupon returned thanks to God for His great goodness, and, accompanied by his lion, traveled farther a-field. It chanced next that he came to an enchanted castle, and at its door stood a maiden of fine stature and appearance, but quite black. She spoke to the Prince, saying, "Ah! could you but save me from the wicked enchanter who has power over me!"

"What shall I do to accomplish that?" asked the Prince.

"You must pass three nights in the court of this enchanted castle," replied the maiden; "but during that time no fear must enter your heart. If you are troubled most horribly, and yet you bear it without complaint, I am saved, for they dare not take your life."

"I am not afraid," said the Prince; "with God's aid, I will try my fortune." And so saying, he went joyfully into the hall of the castle, and when it was dark sat down and waited the issue. Till midnight all was still, and then began a mighty uproar, for out of every corner and chink came evil spirits. They appeared not to notice the Prince, for they sat down in the middle of the room, and, making a fire, presently began to gamble.

When one of them lost, he said: "It is not right; there is somebody here who does not belong to us, and it is his fault that I have lost."

"Wait, you fellow behind the stove, I am coming!" cried the others.

All the while the screaming was so awful that nobody could have heard it without terror; but the Prince remained quiet, and had no fear. At last all the evil spirits jumped over and upon him, and there were so many of them that he could not protect himself. They pulled him down to the ground, shook him, pricked him, beat him, and tormented him; but he uttered no cry. Toward morning they disappeared; but the Prince was so wearied that he could scarcely move his limbs. Soon the sun began to shine, and then the black maiden came, carrying in her hand a bottle containing the water of life. With this water she washed the Prince's face; and immediately all his strength returned and he was as vigorous as ever. "One night," she said to him, "you have luckily passed through; but there are yet two more to try you." So saying, she went away, and the Prince saw that her feet had become white again.

The next night the evil spirits came, and renewed their gambols, tumbling upon and beating the poor Prince, as the night before, till his whole body was covered with wounds. Nevertheless he bore it all, and when day broke they were forced to leave him; and the maiden again appeared and healed him with the water of life. As she went away he observed with joy that she had become white as far as the tips of her fingers. Now he had only one more night to pass; but that was the worst of the three; for when the crew of evil

spirits came, and saw him there, they shouted: "What! are you here still? You shall be tormented now till your breath stops." Thereupon they beat him and knocked him about, threw him here and there, and pulled his arms and legs as if they would tear them off; but he endured it all, and made no outcry. When the spirits left the Prince lay quite helpless and unable to stir; he could not even open his eyes wide enough to see the black maiden, who at daybreak came in with the water of life.

Then all at once his aches and pains left him, and he felt quite refreshed and as strong as if he had awakened from sleep. When he opened his eyes he saw the maiden standing by him, with a snow-white skin, and a face as fair as the bright daylight.

"Arise," said she, "and wave your sword thrice over the stairs. Then all will be saved!"

As soon as the Prince did this the whole castle was freed from enchantment; and the maiden became what she really was, a rich Princess. Presently the servants entered and said the table was laid in the great hall, and the meat placed upon it. So the Prince and Princess sat down and dined together, and in the evening their wedding was celebrated with great magnificence and rejoicing.

THE FROG KING, OR IRON HENRY

In the olden time, when wishing still helped one, there lived a King whose daughters were all beautiful; but the youngest was so exceedingly beautiful that the sun himself, although he saw her very often, was surprised whenever he shone on her face.

Near the castle of this King lay a large and gloomy forest, and in the midst stood an old beech tree, beneath whose branches was a well; whenever it was very hot the King's youngest daughter ran off into this wood, and sat down by the side of the cool fountain; and when she felt dull she would often divert herself by throwing a golden ball up in the air and catching it. And this ball was her favorite plaything.

Now, one day, it so happened that this golden ball, when the King's daughter threw it into the air, did not fall down into her hand, but on to the grass; and then it rolled past her into the little fountain. The King's daughter followed the ball with her eyes, but it disappeared beneath the water, and the well was so deep that no one could see the bottom. Then she began to lament, and to cry louder and louder; and, as she cried, a voice called out, "Why weepest thou, O King's daughter? Thy tears would melt even a stone to pity."

And she looked around to the spot whence the voice came, and saw a Frog stretching his thick ugly head out of the water.

"Ah! you old water paddler," said she, "was it you

that spoke? I am weeping for my golden ball, which has slipped away from me into the water."

"Be quiet, and do not weep," answered the Frog. "I can help thee. But what wilt thou give me if I fetch thy plaything up again?"

"What will you have, dear Frog?" she said, "my dresses, my pearls and jewels, or the golden crown which I wear?"

The Frog answered, "Dresses, or jewels, or golden crowns are not for me; but if thou wilt love me, and let me be thy companion and playfellow, and sit at thy table, and eat from thy little golden plate, and drink out of thy cup, and sleep in thy little bed,—if thou wilt promise me all these, then will I dive down and fetch up thy golden ball."

"Oh, I will promise you all," said she, "if you will only get me my ball." But she thought to herself, "What is the silly Frog chattering about? Let him remain in the water with his equals; he cannot be a companion to any human being!"

But the Frog, as soon as he had received her promise, drew his head under the water and dived down. Presently he swam up again with the ball in his mouth, and threw it on the grass. The King's daughter was full of joy when she again saw her beautiful plaything; and taking it up, she ran off immediately.

"Stop! stop!" cried the Frog; "take me with thee. I cannot run as thou canst."

But all his croaking was useless; although it was loud enough, the King's daughter did not hear it, but, hastening home, soon forgot the poor Frog, who was obliged to leap back into the fountain.

The next day, when the King's daughter was sitting at table with her father and all his courtiers, and was eating from her own little golden plate, something was heard coming up the marble stairs, splish-splash, splish-splash; and when it arrived at the top, it knocked at the door, and a voice said, "Open the door, thou youngest daughter of the King!"

So she rose and went to see who it was that called her; but when she had opened the door she saw the Frog before her. Then she slammed the door in great haste, and sat down at the table, looking very pale.

But the King perceived that her heart was beating violently, and asked her whether it was a giant at the door who had come to fetch her away.

"Oh, no!" answered she; "it is no giant, but an ugly Frog."

"What does the Frog want with you?" said the King

"Oh, dear father, when I was sitting yesterday playing by the fountain my golden ball fell into the water and this Frog fetched it up again because I cried so much. But first, I must tell you, he pressed me so that I promised him he should be my companion. I never thought that he could come out of the water, but somehow he has jumped out, and now he wants to come in here."

At that moment there was another knock, and a voice said:

"King's daughter, youngest,
Open the door.
Hast thou forgotten
Thy promises made
By the banks of the streamlet,
Beneath the beech-shade?
King's daughter, youngest,
Open the door."

Then the King said, "What you have promised, that you must perform; go and let him in."

So the King's daughter went and opened the door, and the Frog hopped in after her step by step to her chair; and as soon as she was seated, the Frog said, "Take me up." But she hesitated so long that at last the King commanded her to obey. As soon as the Frog sat on the chair he jumped on to the table and said, "Now push thy plate near me, that we may eat together." And she did so, but, as every one saw, very unwillingly. The Frog seemed to enjoy his dinner very much, but every bit that the King's daughter ate nearly choked her, till at last the Frog said, "I have satisfied my hunger and feel very tired; wilt thou carry me upstairs now into thy chamber, and make thy bed ready that we may sleep together?"

At this speech the King's daughter began to cry, for she was afraid of the cold Frog, and dared not touch him; and now he actually wanted to sleep in her own beautiful, clean bed!

But her tears only made the King angry, and he said, "He who helped you in the time of your trouble must not now be despised." So she took the Frog up with two fingers and put him in a corner of her room. But as she lay in her bed he crept up to it and said, "I am so very tired that I shall sleep well; do take me up or I will tell thy father."

This speech put the King's daughter in a terrible passion, and, catching the Frog up, she threw him with all her strength against the wall, saying, "Now, will you be quiet, you ugly Frog!"

But as he fell he was changed from a frog into a

handsome Prince with beautiful eyes, who after a little while became, with her father's consent, her dear companion and betrothed. Then he told her how he had been transformed by an evil Witch, and that no one but herself would have had the power to take him out of the fountain; and that on the morrow they would go together into his own kingdom.

The next morning, as soon as the sun rose, a carriage, drawn by eight white horses, with ostrich feathers on their heads, and golden bridles, drove up to the door of the palace, and behind the carriage stood the Prince's servant, trusty Henry. When his master was changed into a frog, trusty Henry had grieved so much that he had bound three iron bands round his heart, for fear it would break with sadness and sorrow. But now that the carriage was ready to carry the young Prince to his own country, faithful Henry helped in the bride and bridegroom, and placed himself on the seat behind, full of joy at his master's release. They had not proceeded far when the Prince heard a crack as if something had broken; so he put his head out of the window and cried, "Henry, the carriage is breaking"; but Henry answered, "It was not the carriage, my master, but a band which I bound round my heart when it was in such grief because you were changed into a frog."

Twice afterwards on the journey there was the same noise, and each time the Prince thought that some part of the carriage had given way; but it was only the breaking of the bands which bound the heart of trusty Henry, because his master was now free and happy.

THE GOLDEN GOOSE

There was once a man who had three sons, the youngest of whom was named Dummling, and on that account was despised and slighted, and put back on every occasion. It happened that the eldest wished to go into the forest to hew wood, and before he went his mother gave him a beautiful sweet cake and a bottle of wine to take with him.

Just as he got into the forest he met a gray old man, who bade him good day, and said, "Give me a piece of your cake and a sip of your wine, for I am very hungry and thirsty."

The prudent youth, however, would not, saying, "If I should give you my cake and wine, I shall have nothing left for myself; no, pack off!" and he left the man there and went onward.

He now began to hew down a tree, but he had not made many strokes before he missed his aim, and the ax cut into his arm so deeply he was forced to go home and have it bound up. But this was the little old man's doing.

Afterwards the second son went into the forest, and the mother gave him, as she had given the eldest, a cake and a bottle of wine. The same little old man met him also, and requested a piece of his cake and a draft from his bottle. But he likewise refused, and said, "What I give to you I cannot have for myself; go, take yourself off!" and, so speaking, he left the old man there and went onwards. His punishment, however, soon

came, for when he had made two strokes at the tree he cut his own leg, so that he had to be carried home.

Then Dummling asked his father to let him go and hew wood. But this father said: "No; your brothers have harmed themselves doing it, and so will you, for you do not understand anything about it."

But Dummling begged and prayed so long that his father at length said, "Well, then, go, and you will become prudent through experience." His mother gave him only a cake which had been baked in the ashes, and a bottle of sour beer. As he entered the forest the same gray old man greeted him, and said, "Give me a piece of your cake and a draft out of your bottle, for I am hungry and thirsty."

Dummling answered, "I have only a cake baked in the ashes and a bottle of sour beer, but, if they will suit you, let us sit down and eat."

They sat down, and as soon as Dummling took out his cake, lo! it was changed into a nice, sweet cake, and the sour beer had become wine. They ate and drank, and when they had done, the little man said, "Because you have a good heart, and have willingly shared what you had, I will make you lucky. There stands an old tree; cut it down, and you will find something at the roots." Thereupon the little man took leave of him.

Dummling went directly and cut down the tree, and when it fell there sat among the roots a goose with feathers of pure gold. He took it up and carried it with him to an inn, where he intended to pass the night. The landlord had three daughters, who, as soon as they saw the goose, were very curious about such a wonderful bird, and would have liked to have one of its feathers.

The eldest girl thought she would watch for an opportunity to pluck one, and just as Dummling was going out she caught hold of one of the wings, but her finger and thumb stuck there and she could not get away. Soon after came the second, desiring also to pluck out a feather; but scarcely had she touched her sister when she was bound fast to her. At last the third came also, with like intention, and the others exclaimed, "Keep away, for heaven's sake, keep away!" But she did not see why she should keep away, and thought, "The others are there, why should not I be too?" and, springing up to them, she touched her sister, and at once was made fast. So they had to pass the night with the goose.

The next morning Dummling took the goose under his arm and went out, without troubling himself about the three girls, who were still hanging on, and who were obliged to keep on the run behind him, now to the left and now to the right, just as he thought proper.

In the middle of a field the Parson met them, and when he saw the procession he cried out: "For shame, you good-for-nothing wenches, what are you running after that young man across the fields for? Come, pray leave off that sport!"

So saying, he took the youngest by the hand and tried to pull her away, but as soon as he touched her he also stuck fast, and was forced to follow in the train.

Soon after came the Clerk, and saw his master the Parson following in the footsteps of the three maidens. The sight astonished him greatly, and he called: "Halloa, your reverence! Where are you going so quickly? Have you forgotten that there is a christening to-day?" and he ran up to the Parson and caught him by the gown.

The Clerk also could not release himself, and so there tramped the five, one behind another, till they met two countrymen returning from the fields with their hoes in their hands. The Parson called out to them, and begged them to come and release him and the Clerk; but no sooner had they touched the Clerk than they stuck fast to him, and so now there were seven, all in a line, following behind Dummling and the golden goose.

By and by he came into a city where a King ruled who had a daughter so serious that no one could make her laugh; so he had made a law that whoever should cause her to laugh should have her to wife.

Now when Dummling heard this he went with his goose and all his train before the Princess. As soon as she saw these seven poor creatures continually on the trot behind one another, she began to laugh so heartily it seemed as if she were never going to cease.

Dummling thereupon demanded his bride; but his intended son-in-law did not please the King, who, after a variety of excuses, as last said he must bring him a man who could drink a cellarful of wine.

Dummling bethought himself of the gray little man, who would, no doubt, be able to help him; and going into the forest, on the same spot where he had felled the tree he saw a man sitting with a very melancholy countenance. Dummling asked him what he was taking to heart so sorely and the gray little man answered, "I have such a great thirst I cannot quench it; for cold water I cannot bear, and a cask of wine I soon empty. What good is such a drop as that to a hot stone?"

"There I can help you," said Dummling. "Come with me, and you shall be satisfied."

He led him into the King's cellar, and the man drank and drank away at the cask, and before the day was out he had emptied all the wine barrels.

Dummling now demanded his bride again, but the King was vexed that such an ugly fellow, whom every one called Dummling, should take away his daughter, and he made a new condition that Dummling must first find a man who could eat a whole mountain of bread.

Dummling did not consider long, but set off into the forest, where, on the same spot as before, there sat a man, who was strapping his body round with a leather strap, and all the while making a horrible face, and saying, "I have eaten a whole ovenful of rolls; but what use is that, when one has such a hunger as I? My stomach remains empty still, and I must strap myself to prevent my dying of hunger!"

At these words Dummling was glad, and said, "Get up, and come with me, and you shall eat enough to satisfy you."

He led him to the royal palace, where the King had collected all the meal in his whole kingdom, and had caused a huge mountain of bread to be baked with it. The man out of the wood, standing before it, began to eat, and in the course of the day the whole mountain had vanished.

Then, for the third time, Dummling demanded his bride, but the King began again to make fresh excuses, and desired a ship which could travel both on land and water.

"So soon as you return with that," said the King, "you shall have my daughter for your bride."

Dummling went, as before, straight into the forest,

and there he found the little old gray man to whom he had given his cake. When Dummling had said what he wanted, the old man gave him the vessel which could travel both on land and water, with these words: "Since I have eaten and drunk with you, I give you the ship, and all this I do because you were good natured."

Now as soon as the King saw the ship he could not any longer keep back his daughter, and the wedding was celebrated, and after the King's death Dummling inherited the kingdom and lived for a long time contentedly with his bride.

LITTLE BRIER ROSE

In olden times there lived a King and Queen, who lamented day by day that they had no children, and yet never a one was born. One day, as the Queen was bathing and thinking of her wishes, a Frog skipped out of the water, and said to her, "Your wish shall be fulfilled,—before a year passes you shall have a daughter."

As the Frog had said, so it happened, and a little girl was born who was so beautiful that the King was almost beside himself with joy. He ordered a great feast to be held, and invited to it not only his relatives, friends, and acquaintances, but also all the wise women of the kingdom, so they might be kind and affectionate toward the child. There happened to be thirteen of these wise women in his dominions, but since he had only twelve golden plates out of which they could eat, one had to be left at home. The fête was celebrated with all the magnificence possible, and, as soon as it was over, the wise women presented the infant with their wonderful gifts; one with virtue, another with beauty, a third with riches, and so on until the child had everything that is to be desired in the world. Just as the eleventh had given her present, the thirteenth old lady suddenly stepped in.

She was in a tremendous passion because she had not been invited, and, without greeting or even looking at any one, she exclaimed loudly, "The Princess shall prick herself with a spindle on her fifteenth birthday, and die!" and without a word further she turned her back and left the hall.

All were terrified, but the twelfth fairy, who had not yet spoken her wish, then stepped up, and because she could not take away the evil wish, but only soften it, she said, "She shall not die, but shall fall into a sleep of a hundred years' duration."

The King, who naturally wished to protect his child from this misfortune, issued a decree commanding that every spindle in the kingdom should be burned. Meanwhile all the wishes of the wise women were fulfilled, and the maiden became so beautiful, gentle, virtuous, and clever that every one who saw her fell in love with her.

It happened on the day when she was just fifteen years old that the Queen and the King were not at home, and so she was left alone in the castle. She looked about in every place, going through all the rooms and chambers just as she pleased, until she came at last to an old tower. Up the narrow winding staircase she tripped until she arrived at a door, in the lock of which was a rusty key. This she turned, and the door sprang open, and there in the little room sat an old woman with a spindle, spinning flax.

"Good day, my good old lady," said the Princess, "what are you doing here?"

"I am spinning," said the old woman, nodding her head.

"What thing is that which twists round so merrily?" inquired the Princess, and she took the spindle to try her hand at spinning.

Scarcely had she done so when the prophecy was fulfilled, for she pricked her finger; and at the very same moment she fell back upon a bed which stood near, and lay in a deep sleep. This sleep extended over the whole palace. The King and Queen, who had just come in,

fell asleep in the hall, and all their courtiers with them—the horses in the stables, the doves upon the eaves, the flies upon the walls, and even the fire upon the hearth, all ceased to stir—the meat which was cooking ceased to frizzle, and the cook at the instant of pulling the kitchen boy's hair lost his hold and began to snore too. The wind also fell entirely, and not a leaf rustled on the trees round the castle.

Now around the palace a thick hedge of briers began growing, which every year grew higher and higher till the castle was quite hid from view, so that one could not see even the flag upon the tower.

But the story went through the land of the beautiful maiden Brier Rose, for so was the sleeping Princess named, and from time to time Princes came and tried to pass through the hedge into the castle; but it was not possible, for the thorns held them as if by hands, and the youths were unable to release themselves, and so perished miserably.

After the lapse of many years there came another King's son into the country, and heard an old man tell the legend of the hedge of briers; how behind it stood a castle where slept a wonderfully beautiful Princess called Brier Rose, who had slumbered nearly a hundred years, and with her the Queen and King and all their court. The old man further related that he had heard from his grandfather that many Princes had come and tried to penetrate the hedge, and had died a miserable death. But the youth was not to be daunted, and, however much the old man tried to dissuade him, he would not listen, but said, "I fear not! I will see this hedge of briers!"

Just at that time came the last day of the hundred years, when Brier Rose was to wake again. As the young Prince approached the hedge, the thorns turned to fine large flowers, which of their own accord made a way for him to pass through, and again closed behind him. In the courtyard he saw the horses and dogs lying fast asleep, and on the eaves were the doves with their heads beneath their wings. As soon as he went into the house there were the flies asleep upon the wall, the cook still stood with his hands on the hair of the kitchen boy, the maid at the board with the unplucked fowl in her hand.

He went on, and in the hall he found the courtiers lying asleep, and above, by the throne, were the King and Queen. He went on farther, and all was so quiet he could hear himself breathe, and at last he came to the tower and opened the door of the little room where slept Brier Rose. There she lay, looking so beautiful that he could not turn away his eyes, and he bent over her and kissed her.

Just as he did so she awoke, opened her eyes, and greeted him with smiles. Then they went down together, and immediately the King and Queen awoke, and the whole court, and all stared at each other in wonder. Now the horses in the stable got up and shook themselves, the dogs wagged their tails, the doves upon the eaves drew their heads from under their wings, looked around, and flew away, the flies upon the walls began to crawl, the fire to burn brightly and to cook the meat, the meat again began to frizzle, the cook gave his lad a box upon the ear which made him call out, and the maid began to pluck the fowl furiously. The whole palace

was once more in motion as if nothing had occurred, for the hundred years' sleep had made no change in any one.

By and by the wedding of the Prince with Brier Rose was celebrated with great splendor, and to the end of their days they lived happy and contented.

THE OLD WOMAN IN THE WOOD

Once upon a time a poor Servant Girl was traveling with the family she served through a wood, and just as they got to the middle of it they found themselves in the power of a murdering band of robbers, who all at once sprang out of the brushwood and murdered all they found. But the girl jumped out of the cart in terror, and hid herself behind a tree. As soon as the robbers had disappeared with their booty she came from her hiding place, and saw her great misfortune. She began to cry bitterly, and said to herself: "What shall I do now, a poor girl like me? I cannot find my way out of the wood; nobody lives here, and I must perish with hunger."

She looked about for a road, but could not find one; and when evening came she sat down under a tree, and, commending herself to God, determined to remain where she was, whatever might happen.

She had not sat there a long while before a little white Pigeon came flying toward her, carrying in his beak a small golden key. The bird put the key into the girl's hand, and said, "Do you see yon great tree? Within it is a cupboard, which is opened with this key, and there you will find food enough so that you need not suffer hunger any longer."

The girl went to the tree, and unlocking it, found pure milk in a little dish, and white bread fit to break into it; and of these she made a good meal. When she had finished she said to herself, "At home now the

cocks and hens are gone to roost, and I am so tired I should like to go to bed myself." In a moment the Pigeon flew up, bringing another gold key in his bill, and said, "Do you see yon tree? Open it, and you will find a bed within!" She opened the little door in the tree, and there stood a little white bed; and, after saying her prayers and asking God's protection during the night, she went to sleep. In the morning the Pigeon came for the third time, bringing another key, with which he told the girl to open a certain tree, and there she would find plenty of clothes. When she did so she found dresses of all kinds, ornamented with gold and precious stones, as beautiful as any princess could desire. And here in this spot she dwelt for a time, while the Pigeon every day brought her what she needed; and it was a very quiet and peaceful life.

One day, however, the Pigeon came and asked the girl whether she would do an act of love for him.

"With all my heart," was her reply.

"I wish you, then," said the Pigeon, "to come with me to a little cottage, and to go into it, and there on the hearth you will see an old Woman, who will say 'Good day!' But for my sake give her no answer, let her do what she will. But go past her right hand, and you will see a door which you must open. Enter the room, where upon a table will lie a great number of rings of all descriptions, and among them several with glittering stones; but leave them alone, and seek out a plain ring which will be there, and bring it to me as quickly as possible."

The girl thereupon went to the cottage, and stepped in. There sat an old Woman who stared when she saw her, but said, "Good day, my child!" The girl

made no answer, but went toward the door. "Whither are you going?" cried the old Woman. "This is my house, and nobody shall enter it unless I wish!" and she tried to detain the girl by catching hold of her dress. But the girl silently loosened herself, and went into the room, and saw upon the table the heap of rings, which glittered and shone before her eyes. She threw them aside and searched for the plain ring, but could not find it; and while she searched she saw the old Woman slip in and take up a bird cage, with which she made off. So the maid pursued her, and took the bird cage away from her, for as she looked at it she saw the ring in the bill of the bird which was in it. She took the ring and ran home, joyfully expecting the white Pigeon would come to take the ring, but he did not.

So she leaned back against her tree and waited for the bird. Presently it seemed as if the tree were weak and yielding, and its branches began to droop. All at once the boughs bent round, and became two arms; and as the girl turned, the tree became a handsome man who embraced and kissed her, saying, "You have saved me out of the power of the old Woman, who is an evil witch. She changed me into a tree a long while ago, but every day I became a white pigeon for two hours. So long as she possessed the ring I could not regain my human form."

Thereupon his servants and horses also were freed from the enchantment, for they likewise had been changed into trees; and once more they accompanied their master to his kingdom (for he was a King's son), and there he married the serving maid, and they lived happily ever afterward.

THE BREMEN TOWN-MUSICIANS

A certain man had a Donkey which had served him faithfully for many long years, but whose strength was so far gone that at last he was quite unfit for work. So his master began thinking how he might best save his keep, but the Donkey, perceiving that no good wind was blowing, ran away along the road to Bremen.

"There," thought he, "I can be town-musician."

When he had run some way he found a Hound lying by the roadside, gasping like one who had run till he was very tired.

"What are you gasping so for, you big fellow?" asked the Donkey.

"Ah," replied the Hound, "because every day I grow older and weaker, and cannot go any more to the hunt, my master wanted to put me to death. So I took to flight; and now I do not know how to earn my bread."

"Well! do you know," said the Donkey, "I am going to Bremen to be town-musician there; suppose you go with me and take a share in the music. I will play on the lute, and you shall beat the kettledrums." The Dog was satisfied, and off they set.

Presently they came to a Cat sitting in the middle of the path with a face like three rainy days! "Now then, old shaver, what has crossed you?" asked the Donkey.

"How can one be merry when one's neck has been pinched like mine?" answered the Cat. "Because I am growing old, and my teeth are all worn to stumps, and because I would rather sit by the fire and spin than

run after mice, my mistress wanted to drown me; and so I ran away. But now, good advice is dear, and I do not know what to do."

"Go with us to Bremen. You understand nocturnal music, so you can be a town-musician."

The Cat consented, and went with them.

The three vagabonds soon came near a farmyard, where upon the gate the Cock was sitting, crowing with all his might.

"You crow through marrow and bone," said the Donkey. "Why do you do that?"

"I was prophesying fine weather," said the Cock; "but, because it is the day on which Our Lady washes the Christ-child's little shirts, and wants to dry them, grand guests are coming for the Sunday, and the housewife has no pity, and has told the cook to make me into soup for the morrow; this evening my head will be cut off. Now I am crowing with a full throat as long as I can."

"Ah, but Red-comb," replied the Donkey, "rather come away with us. We are going to Bremen. You can find something better than death everywhere. You have a good voice, and if we make music together, it will have some quality."

The Cock consented to this plan, and so all four traveled on together. They could not, however, reach Bremen in one day, and at evening they came into a forest, where they meant to pass the night. The Donkey and the Dog laid themselves down under a large tree, while the Cat and the Cock climbed up into the branches, but the latter flew right to the top, where he was most safe. Before he went to sleep, he looked all round the

In a moment the pigeon flew up, bringing another gold key in its bill

four quarters, and soon thought he saw a little spark in the distance, so, calling his companions, he said they were not far from a house, for he saw a light.

The Donkey said: "If it is so, we had better get up and go farther, for the shelter here is very bad."

"Yes, indeed!" continued the Dog. "A couple of bones with some meat on, also would be very acceptable!"

So they made haste toward the spot where the light was, which now shone brighter and larger, until they came to a well-lighted robber's cottage. The Donkey, as the biggest, went to the window and peeped in.

"What do you see, Gray-horse?" asked the Cock.

"What do I see!" replied the Donkey. "A table laid out with savory meats and drinks, with robbers sitting around enjoying themselves."

"That were the right sort of thing for us," said the Cock.

"Yes, yes, I wish we were there," replied the Donkey. Then these animals took counsel together how they should contrive to drive away the robbers, and at last they thought of a plan. The Donkey placed his forefeet upon the window ledge, the Hound got upon his back, the Cat climbed upon the Dog, and lastly the Cock flew up and perched upon the head of the Cat. When this was accomplished, at a given signal they commenced together to perform their music; the Donkey brayed, the Dog barked, the Cat mewed, and the Cock crew! And as they made this tremendous noise, they burst through the panes of the window into the room, so the glass shivered! Terrified at these unearthly sounds, the robbers sprang up in great haste, thinking nothing less than that some spirits had come, and fled into the

forest. The four companions immediately sat down at the table and quickly ate all that was left, as if they had been fasting for six weeks.

As soon as the four minstrels had finished eating, they put out the light, and each sought for himself a sleeping place according to his nature and custom. The Donkey laid himself down upon some straw in the yard, the Hound behind the door, the Cat upon the hearth near the warm ashes, and the Cock flew up to a beam on the roof. Weary with their long walk, they soon went to sleep.

At midnight the robbers saw from their retreat that no light was burning in their house, and all appeared quiet. So the captain said, "We need not have been frightened out of our wits," and, calling one of the band, he sent him forward to examine the house. The messenger, finding all still, went into the kitchen to strike a light, and, taking the glistening, fiery eyes of the Cat for live coals, he held a lucifer match to them, expecting it to take fire. But the Cat, not understanding the joke, flew in his face, spitting and scratching, which frightened him dreadfully, so that he made for the back door; but the Dog, who lay there, sprang up and bit his leg; and as he ran across the yard by the straw heap, the Donkey gave him a powerful kick with his hind foot. This was not all, for the Cock, awaking at the noise, stretched himself, and cried from the beam, "Cock-a-doodle-doo, cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Then the robber ran back as well as he could to his captain, and said: "Ah, my master, there dwells a horrible witch in the house, who spat on me and scratched my face with her long nails; and then before the door

stands a man with a knife, who stabbed at my leg; and in the yard there lies a black monster, who beat me with a great wooden club; and, besides all, upon the roof sits a judge, who called out, 'Bring the rogue up, do!' so I ran away as fast as I could."

After this the robbers dared not go near their house again; but it suited the four town-musicians of Bremen so well that they never left it.

And the mouth of him who last told this story is still warm.

THE ELVES

FIRST STORY

There was once a Shoemaker, who, from no fault of his own, had become so poor that at last he had nothing left but just sufficient leather for one pair of shoes. In the evening he cut out the leather, intending to make it up in the morning; and, as he had a good conscience, he lay quietly down to sleep, first commending himself to God. In the morning he said his prayers, and then sat down to work; but behold, the pair of shoes was already made, and there they stood upon his board. The poor man was amazed, and knew not what to say; but he took the shoes into his hand to look at them more closely, and they were so neatly worked that not a stitch was done wrong; just as if they had been done for a prize. Presently a customer came in; and because the shoes pleased him very much he paid more than was usual, and so much that the Shoemaker was able to buy with it leather for two pairs of shoes. By evening he had got his leather shaped out; and when he arose the next morning he prepared to work with fresh spirit; but there was no need,—for the shoes stood all perfect on his board. He did not want for customers either; for two came who paid him so liberally for the shoes that he bought with the money material for four pairs more. These also, when he awoke, he found all ready made, and so it continued; what he cut out overnight was, in the morning, turned into the neatest shoes

possible. This went on until he had regained his former position, and was a prosperous man.

One evening, not long before Christmas, when he had cut out the usual quantity he said to his wife, before going to bed, "What say you to staying up this night, to see who it is that helps us so kindly?" His wife was willing, and fastened up a light; and then they hid themselves in a corner of the room, where hung some clothes which concealed them. As soon as it was midnight in came two little manikins, who squatted down on the board; and, taking up the prepared work, set to with their little fingers, stitching, and sewing, and hammering so swiftly and lightly that the Shoemaker could not take his eyes off them for astonishment. They did not cease until all was brought to an end, and the shoes stood ready on the table; and then they sprang quickly away.

The following morning the wife said: "The little men have made us rich, and we must show our gratitude to them. Although they run about, they must be cold, for they have nothing on their bodies. I will make a little shirt, coat, waistcoat, and trousers, and knit some stockings for each, and do you make a pair of shoes for each."

The husband assented; and one evening, when all was ready, instead of the usual work they laid the presents on the board, and hid themselves to see the result.

At midnight in came the Elves, jumping about and eager to go to work; but when they saw no leather, but the natty little clothes, they were at first astonished, but soon showed their rapturous glee. They quickly drew on their coats, and, smoothing them down, sang:

"Smart and natty boys are we;
Shoemakers we'll no longer be";

and so they went on hopping and jumping over the stools and chairs, and at last out of the door. After that evening they did not come again; but the Shoemaker prospered in all he undertook, and lived happily to the end of his days.

SECOND STORY

Once upon a time there was a poor servant girl, who was both industrious and clean. Every day she dusted the house and shook out the sweepings on a great heap before the door. One morning, just as she was going to throw away the sweepings, she saw a letter lying on the heap, and, as she could not read, she put her broom by in a corner, and took the letter to her master and mistress. It contained an invitation from the Elves, asking the girl to stand godmother to one of their children. The girl did not know what to do, but at last, after much persuasion, she consented, for they told her it was not right to refuse such an invitation. So there came three Elves, who conducted her to a hollow mountain where they lived. Everything was very small, of course, but all more neat and elegant than I can tell you. The mother lay in a bed of ebony studded with pearls, and the coverings were all wrought with gold; the cradle was made of ivory, and the bath was of gold. The girl stood godmother, and afterwards wished to return home, but the little Elves pressed her earnestly to stay three days longer. So she remained, passing the time in pleasure and play, and the Elves behaved very kindly to her. At the end of the time she prepared

to return home, but first they filled her pockets full of gold, and then led her out of the hill. As soon as she reached the house she took the broom, which still stood in the corner, and went on with her sweeping; but presently out of the house came some strange people, who asked her who she was and what she was doing there. Then she found out that it was not three days, as she had supposed, but seven years that she had passed with the little Elves in the hill, and that her former master had died in her absence.

THIRD STORY

The little Elves once stole a child out of its cradle and put in its place a changeling with a clumsy head and staring eyes, who would do nothing but eat and drink. The mother, in great trouble, went to a neighbor to ask her advice. The neighbor told her to carry the changeling into the kitchen, set it on the hearth, and boil water in two eggshells. If the changeling was made to laugh, then all was over with it. The woman did all the neighbor said, and as she set the eggshells over the fire the creature sang out:

"Though I am as old as the oldest tree,
Cooking in an eggshell never did I see";

and then it burst into a hoarse laugh. While it was laughing a number of little Elves entered, bringing the real child, whom they placed on the hearth, and then they took away the changeling with them.

KING THRUSHBEARD

A certain King had a daughter who was beautiful above all belief, but withal so proud and haughty that no suitor was good enough for her, and she not only sent away every one who came but made fun of them as well. Once the King proclaimed a great festival, and invited thereto from far and near all the marriageable young men. When they arrived they were all set in a row, according to their rank and standing; first the Kings, then the Grand Dukes, then the Princes, the Earls, the Barons, and last of all the Gentry. Then the King's daughter was led down the rows, but she found something to ridicule in all. One was too fat. "The winetub!" said she. Another was too tall. "Long and thin has little in," she remarked. A third was too short and fat. "Short and thick is never quick," she said. A fourth was too pale. "Like death himself," was her remark; and a fifth, who had a great deal of color, she called "a fighting cock." The sixth was not straight enough, and him she called "a green log dried behind the stove!" And so she went on, nicknaming every one of the suitors, but she made particularly merry with a good young King whose chin had grown rather crooked. "Ha, ha!" laughed she, "he has a chin like a thrush's beak," and after that day he went by the name of Thrushbeard.

The old King, however, when he saw that his daughter did nothing but mock at and make sport of all the suitors who were collected, became very angry, and swore that

she should take for a husband the first beggar who came to the gate.

A few days after this a fiddler came beneath the windows to sing and earn some bounty if he could. As soon as the King heard him he ordered him to be called up. Presently he came into the room in all his dirty, ragged clothes, and sang before the King and Princess, and when he had finished he begged for a slight recompense. The King said, "Thy song has pleased me so much that I will give thee my daughter for a wife."

The Princess was terribly frightened, but the King said, "I have taken an oath that I will give you to the first beggar, and I mean to keep it." All her remonstrances were in vain; the priest was called, and the Princess was married to the fiddler. When the ceremony had been performed, the King said, "Now it is not proper for you, a beggar woman, to stay here with your husband, in my house. No! you must travel about the country with him."

So the beggarman led her away with him, and she was forced to trudge along with him on foot. As they came to a large forest she asked:

"To whom belongs this beautiful wood?"

The beggar replied:

"King Thrushbeard the good!
Had you taken him, so was it thine."

"Ah, silly," said she,

"What a lot had been mine
Had I happily married King Thrushbeard!"

Next they came to a meadow, and she asked:

"To whom belongs this meadow so green?"

"To King Thrushbeard," was again the reply.
"Ah, silly," said she,

"What a lot had been mine
Had I happily married King Thrushbeard!"

Then they came to a great city, and she asked:

"To whom does this beautiful town belong?"

"To King Thrushbeard," said one.
"Ah, silly,

What a lot had been mine
Had I happily married King Thrushbeard!"

"Come," broke in the fiddler, "it does not please me, I can tell you, to have you always wishing for another husband. Am I not good enough for you?"

By and by they came to a very small hut, and she said, "Ah, heavens, to whom can this miserable, wretched hovel belong?"

The fiddler replied, "That is my house and yours, where we shall live together."

The Princess was obliged to stoop to get in at the door, and when they were inside she asked, "Where are the servants?"

"What, servants!" exclaimed her husband. "You yourself must do all that you want done. Now make a fire and put on some water, that you may cook my dinner, for I am quite tired."

The Princess, however, understood nothing about making fires or cooking, and the beggar had to set to work himself. As soon as they had finished their scanty meal they went to bed. In the morning the husband woke his wife very early, that she might set the house

to rights, and for a couple of days they lived on in this way, and made an end of their store.

Then the husband said: "Wife, we must not go on this way any longer, stopping here, doing nothing: you must weave some baskets." So he went out and cut some osiers and brought them home, but when his wife attempted to bend them the hard twigs wounded her hands and made them bleed.

"I see that won't do," said the fiddler. "You had better spin. Perhaps you can do that better."

So she sat down to spin, but the harsh thread cut her tender fingers very badly, so that the blood flowed freely. "Do you see," said the husband, "how you are spoiling your work? I made a bad bargain in taking you! Now I must try and make a business in pots and earthen vessels: you shall sit in the market and sell them."

"Oh, if anybody out of my father's dominions should come and see me in the market selling earthenware," thought the Princess to herself, "how they would laugh at me!"

However, all her excuses were in vain; she must either sell earthenware or die of hunger.

The first time all went well, for the people bought of the Princess because she was so pretty, and not only gave her what she asked but some even laid down their money and left the pots behind. On her earnings for this day they lived as long as they lasted; and then the husband purchased a second stock of pots. With these she placed her stall at a corner of the market, offering them for sale. All at once a drunken hussar came plunging down the street on his horse, and rode right into the midst of her earthenware, and shattered

it into a thousand pieces. The accident, as well it might, set her a-weeping, and in her trouble, not knowing what to do, she ran home, crying, "Ah, what will become of me? What will my good man say?"

When she had told her husband he cried out, "Whoever would have thought of sitting at the corner of the market to sell earthenware? But well, I see you are not accustomed to any ordinary work. There, leave off crying; I have been to the King's palace, and asked if they were not in want of a kitchen maid, and they have agreed to take you, and there you will live free of cost."

Now the Princess became a kitchen maid, and was obliged to do as the cook bade her, and wash up the dirty things. She put a jar into each of her pockets, and in them she took home what fell to her share of the leavings, and of these she and her husband made their meals.

Not many days afterwards it happened that the wedding of the King's eldest son was to be celebrated, and the poor wife placed herself near the door of the hall to look on. As the candles were lit and guests more and more beautiful entered the room, all dressed most sumptuously, she thought of her fate with a sad heart, and repented of the pride and haughtiness which had so humiliated and impoverished her. Every now and then the servants threw her morsels of rich delicacies from the dishes they carried in, and these pieces she put into her pockets to carry home.

Presently a King entered, clothed in silk and velvet and having golden chains round his neck. As soon as he saw the beautiful woman standing at the door

he seized her by the hand to dance with her, but she, terribly frightened, refused; for she saw it was King Thrushbeard, who had wooed her and whom she had laughed at.

Her struggles were of no avail; he drew her into the ballroom, and there tore the band to which her pockets were hung so that the pots fell down and the soup ran over the floor, while the scraps skipped about in all directions. When the fine folk saw this sight they burst into one general shout of laughter and derision, and the poor girl was so ashamed that she wished herself a thousand fathoms below the earth.

She ran out through the door and would have escaped; but on the steps she met a man who took her back, and when she looked at him, lo! it was King Thrushbeard again.

He spoke kindly to her, and said, "Be not afraid; I and the fiddler who dwelt with you in the wretched hut are one. For love of you I have disguised myself; and I was also the hussar who rode in among the pots. All this I have done to humble your haughty spirit, and to punish you for the pride which led you to mock me."

At these words she wept bitterly, and said, "I am not worthy to be your wife, I have done you so great a wrong." But he replied, "Those evil days are passed: we will now celebrate our marriage."

Immediately after the maids-in-waiting came and put on her the most magnificent dresses; and then her father and his whole court arrived, and wished her happiness on her wedding day. And now commenced her true joy as Queen of the country of King Thrushbeard.

I wish you and I had been there too.

THUMBLING

Once upon a time there lived a poor peasant, who used to sit every evening by the hearth, poking the fire, while his wife spun. One night he said, "How sad it is that we have no children! Everything is so quiet here, while in other houses it is so noisy and merry."

"Ah!" sighed his wife, "if we had only one, and he no bigger than my thumb, I should still be content, and love him with all my heart."

A little while after the wife fell ill; and after seven months a child was born, who, although he was perfectly formed in all his limbs, actually was not bigger than one's thumb. So they said to one another that it had happened just as they wished; and they called the child "Thumbling."

Every day they gave him all the food he could eat; still he did not grow a bit, but remained exactly the height he was when first born; he looked about him, however, very knowingly, and showed himself to be a wise and nimble fellow, who prospered in everything he undertook.

One morning the peasant was making ready to go into the forest to cut wood, and said, "Now I wish I had some one who could follow me with the cart."

"Oh! father," exclaimed Thumbling, "I will bring the cart. Don't you trouble yourself; it shall be there at the right time."

The father laughed at this speech, and said, "How shall that be? You are much too small to lead the horse by the bridle."

"That matters not, father. If mother will harness the horse, I can sit in his ear, and tell him which way to take."

"Well, for once we will try," said the father; and so, when the hour came, the mother harnessed the horse, and placed Thumbling in its ear, and he cried, "Gee up! Gee up!" Then he set out quite like a man, and the cart went on the right road to the forest. Just as Thumbling turned a corner, and called out, "Gee up," two strange men came toward him; and one said to the other, "My goodness, what is this? Here comes a cart, and the driver keeps calling to the horse; but I can see no one."

"That cannot be right," said the other. "Let us follow and see where the cart stops."

The cart went on safely deep into the forest, and straight to the place where the wood was cut. As soon as Thumbling saw his father, he called to him, "Here, father; here I am, you see, with the cart. Just take me down."

The peasant caught the bridle of the horse with his left hand, and with his right took his little son out of its ear, and he sat himself down merrily on a straw.

When the two strangers saw the little fellow they knew not what to say for astonishment. Then one of them took his companion aside, and said, "This little fellow might make our fortune if we could exhibit him in the towns. Let us buy him."

So they went up to the peasant, and asked, "Will you sell your son? We will treat him well."

"No," replied the man; "he is my heart's delight, not to be bought for all the money in the world!"

But Thumbling, when he heard what was said,

climbed up by his father's coat, and set himself on his shoulder, and whispered in his ear, "Let me go now, and I will soon come back again."

So his father gave him to the two men for a fine piece of gold; and they asked him where he would sit.

"Oh," replied he, "put me on the rim of your hat; and then I can walk round and survey the country. I will not fall off."

They did as he wished; and when he had taken leave of his father, they set out.

Just as it was getting dark he asked to be lifted down; and, after some demur, the man on whose hat he was, took him off and placed him on the ground. In an instant Thumbling ran off, and slipped into a mouse hole, where they could not see him. "Good evening, masters," said he, "you can go home without me"; and with a quiet laugh he crept farther into his hole.

The two men poked their sticks into the hole, but all in vain; for Thumbling only went down farther still; and when it had grown quite dark they were obliged to return home full of vexation and with empty pockets.

As soon as Thumbling saw that they had gone, he crawled out of his hiding place, and said, "How dangerous it is to walk in this field in the dark: one might soon break one's head or legs." And so saying he looked round, and by great good luck saw an empty snail shell. "God be praised," he exclaimed, "here I can sleep securely"; and in he went.

Just as he was about to fall asleep he heard two men coming by, one of whom said to the other, "How shall we manage to get at the parson's gold and silver?"

"That I can tell you," interrupted Thumbling.

"What was that?" exclaimed the thief, frightened. "I heard some one speak."

They stood still and listened; and then Thumbling said, "Take me with you, and I will help you."

"Where are you?" asked the thieves.

"Search on the ground, and mark where my voice comes from," replied he. The thief looked about, and at last found Thumbling, and lifted him up in the air.

"What, will you help us, you little wight?" said they.

"A great deal. I can creep between the iron bars into the chamber of the parson, and reach out to you whatever you require."

"Very well; we will see what you can do," said the thief.

When they came to the house Thumbling crept into the chamber, and cried out with all his might, "Will you have all that is here?"

The thieves were terrified, and said, "Speak gently, or some one will awake."

But Thumbling feigned not to understand, and exclaimed, louder still, "Will you have all that is here?"

This awoke the cook, who slept in the next room, and sitting up in her bed she listened. The thieves, however, in their fright had run back a little way; but at last, taking courage again, and thinking the little fellow wished to tease them, they came and whispered to him to make haste and hand them out something.

At this, Thumbling cried out still more loudly, "I will give you it all, only put your hands in."

The listening maid heard this clearly, and springing out of bed, hurried to the door. The thieves ran off as if they were pursued by the Wild Huntsman, but the

maid, as she could see nothing, went to strike a light. When she returned Thumbling escaped into the barn without being seen, and the maid, after she had looked round and searched in every corner, without finding anything, went to bed again, believing she had been dreaming with her eyes open. Meanwhile Thumbling had crept in among the hay, and found a beautiful place to sleep, where he intended to rest till daybreak, and then to go home to his parents.

Other things, however, was he to experience, for there is much tribulation and trouble going on in this world.

The maid got up at dawn of day to feed the cows. Her first walk was to the barn, where she took an armful of hay, and just the bundle in which poor Thumbling lay asleep. He slept so soundly, however, that he was not aware of the change, and only awoke when he was in the cow's mouth.

"Ah, goodness!" exclaimed he, "however came I into this mill?" but soon he saw where he really was.

Then he took care not to come between the teeth, and presently slipped quite down the cow's throat. "In this little room the windows are forgotten," said he to himself, "and no sun shines in; neither will a candle be brought."

His quarters were especially unpleasing to him, and, more than all, he felt his room growing narrower, as the cow swallowed more hay. So he began to call out in terror, as loudly as he could, "Bring me no more food. I do not want any more food!"

Now the maid was just milking the cow, and when she heard the voice without seeing anything, and knew it was the same she had heard in the night, she was so

frightened that she slipped off her stool and overturned the milk. In great haste she ran to her master, saying, "Oh, Mr. Parson, the cow has been speaking."

"You are crazy," he replied; but still he went himself into the stable to see what was the matter, and scarcely had he stepped in when Thumbling began to shout out again, "Bring me no more food, bring me no more food."

This terrified the parson himself, and he thought an evil spirit had entered his cow, and so ordered her to be killed. As soon as that was done, they began dividing the carcass, but the stomach in which Thumbling was, was thrown on the midden. And now a fresh accident befell Thumbling, for a wolf, who was passing at the time, made a snatch at the stomach, and swallowed it at one gulp. However, Thumbling did not lose courage, but as soon as the wolf had swallowed him he called out from inside, "Oh, Mr. Wolf, I know of a capital meal for you."

"Where is it to be found?" asked the wolf.

"In the house by the meadow. You must creep through the kitchen sink, and there you will find cakes, and bacon, and sausages, as many as you can eat," replied Thumbling, describing exactly his father's house.

The Wolf did not wait to be told twice, but in the night crept in, and ate away in the larder to his heart's content. When he had finished, he tried to escape by the way he had entered, but the hole was not large enough. Thereupon Thumbling, who had reckoned on this, began to make a tremendous noise inside the poor Wolf, screaming and shouting as loudly as he could.

"Will you be quiet?" said the wolf. "You will awaken the people."

"Eh, what!" cried the little man, "since you have satisfied yourself, it is my turn now to make merry"; and he set up a louder howling than before. At last his father and mother awoke, and came to the room and looked through the chinks of the door. As soon as they saw the Wolf they ran away and the man brought his ax and the woman a scythe.

"Stop you behind," said the man, as they entered the room; "if my blow does not kill him, you must give him a cut with your scythe, and chop off his head."

When Thumbling heard his father's voice, he called out, "Father dear, I am here, in the wolf's body!"

"Heaven be praised!" said the man, full of joy. "Our dear child is found again!" And be bade his wife take away the scythe, lest it should do some harm to his son.

Then he raised his ax, and gave the wolf such a blow on its head that it fell dead, and, taking a knife, he cut the body open and released the little fellow, his son.

"Ah," said his father, "what sorrow we have had about you."

"Yes, father," replied Thumbling; "I have been traveling a great deal about the world. Heaven be praised! I breathe fresh air again."

"Where have you been, my son?" inquired his father.

"Once I was in a mouse's hole, once inside a cow, and last inside that wolf; and now I will stay here with you," said Thumbling.

"Yes," said the old people, "we will not sell you again, for all the riches of the world"; and they embraced and kissed him with great affection. Then they gave him plenty to eat and drink, and had new clothes made for him, for his old ones were worn out with traveling.

FAITHFUL JOHN

Once upon a time there lived an old King, who fell very sick, and thought he was lying upon his deathbed; so he said, "Let Faithful John come to me." Faithful John was his favorite servant, and was so called because he had been true to the King all his lifetime.

As soon as John came to the bedside, the King said: "My faithful John, I feel that my end approaches, and I have no other care than about my son, who is still so young that he cannot always guide himself aright. If you do not promise to instruct him in everything he ought to know, and to be his guardian, I cannot close mine eyes in peace."

Then Faithful John answered, "I will never leave him; I will always serve him truly, even if it cost me my life."

So the old King was comforted, and said: "Now I can die in peace. After my death you must show him all the chambers, halls, and vaults in the castle, and all the treasures which are in them; but the last room in the long corridor you must not show him, for in it hangs the portrait of the daughter of the King of the Golden Palace. If he sees her picture he will conceive a great love for her, and will fall down in a swoon, and on her account undergo great perils. Therefore you must keep him away."

Faithful John pressed his master's hand again in token of assent, and soon after the King laid his head upon the pillow, and expired.

After the old King had been laid in his grave Faithful John told the young King all that his father had said upon his deathbed, and declared, "All this I will certainly fulfill; I will be as true to you as I was to him, if it cost me my life."

When the time of mourning was passed, Faithful John said to the young King, "It is now time for you to see your inheritance; I will show you your paternal castle." So he led the King all over it, upstairs and downstairs, and showed him all the riches, and all the splendid chambers; only one room he did not show, containing the perilous portrait, for the picture was so placed that one saw it directly the door was opened, and, moreover, it was so beautifully painted one thought it breathed and moved; nothing in all the world could be more lifelike or more beautiful.

The young King noticed, however, that Faithful John always passed one door, so he asked, "Why do you not open that one?"

"There is something in it," replied Faithful John, "which will frighten you."

But the King said, "I have seen all the other rooms of the castle, and I will know what is in there"; and he went and tried to open the door by force. Faithful John pulled him back, and said, "I promised your father before he died that you should not see the contents of that room. It would bring great misfortunes upon both you and me."

"Oh, no," replied the young King; "if I do not go in, it will be my certain ruin. I should have no peace night nor day until I had seen it with my own eyes. Now I will not stir from the place until you unlock the door."

Then Faithful John saw that talking was of no use, so, with a heavy heart and many sighs, he picked the key out of the great bunch. When he had opened the door he went in first, thinking that by standing before the King he would cover up the picture so the King could not see it. But it was of no use, for the King stood upon tiptoes and looked over his shoulder. As soon as he saw the portrait of the beautiful maiden, glittering with precious stones, he fell down on the ground insensible.

Faithful John lifted him up and carried him to his bed, and thought with great concern, "Mercy on us! the misfortune has happened. What will come of it?" and he gave the young King wine until he came to himself.

The first words he spoke were, "Ah, who is that beautiful maiden in the picture?"

"That is the daughter of the King of the Golden Palace," was the reply.

"Then," said the King, "my love for her is so great that if all the leaves on all the trees were tongues they could not declare it; I shall devote my life to winning her. You are my faithful John. You must help me."

The trusty servant deliberated for a long while how to set about this business, for it was very difficult even to obtain a sight of the King's daughter. At last he bethought himself of a way, and said to the King: "Everything that she has around her is of gold,—chairs, tables, dishes, bowls, and all the household utensils. Among your treasures are five tons of gold; let one of the goldsmiths of your kingdom manufacture vessels and utensils of all kinds therefrom—all kinds of birds,

and wild and wonderful beasts, such as will please her; then we will travel with these and try our luck."

So the King summoned all his goldsmiths, who worked day and night until many very beautiful things were ready. When all had been placed on board a ship Faithful John put on merchant's clothes, and the King likewise, so that they might travel quite unknown. Then they sailed over the wide sea, and sailed away until they came to the city where dwelt the daughter of the King of the Golden Palace.

Faithful John told the King to remain in the ship and wait for him. "Perhaps," said he, "I shall bring the King's daughter with me. Therefore take care that all is in order, and set out the golden vessels and adorn the whole ship." Thereupon he placed in his apron some of the golden cups, stepped upon land, and went straight to the King's palace. When he came into the castle yard a beautiful maid stood by the well. She had two golden pails in her hand, drawing water; and when she had filled them, and had turned around, she saw a strange man, and asked who he was.

Then Faithful John answered, "I am a merchant," and opening his apron, he showed her its contents.

"Oh, what beautiful golden things!" she exclaimed, and setting the pails down she looked at the cups one after another, and said, "The King's daughter must see these. She is so pleased with anything made of gold that she will buy them all." And taking him by the hand she led him in, for she was the waiting maid.

When the King's daughter saw the golden cups she was much pleased, and said, "They are so finely worked that I will purchase them all."

But Faithful John replied: "I am only the servant of a rich merchant. What I have here is nothing in comparison with those my master has in his ship, than which nothing more delicate or costly has ever been worked in gold."

Then the King's daughter wished to have them all brought, but he said, "It would take many days, and so great is the quantity that your palace has not halls enough in it to place them around."

Then her curiosity and desire were still more excited, and at last she said, "Take me to the ship; I will go myself and look at your master's treasure."

Faithful John conducted her to the ship with great joy, and the King, when he beheld her, saw that her beauty was even greater than the picture had represented, and thought nothing else but that his heart would burst in twain.

Presently she stepped on board, and the King conducted her below; but Faithful John remained on deck by the steersman, and told him to unmoor the ship and put on all the sail he could, that it might fly as a bird in the air. Meanwhile the King showed the Princess all the golden treasures,—the dishes, cups, and bowls, the birds, the wild and wonderful beasts. Many hours passed away while she looked at everything, and in her pleasure she did not notice that the ship sailed on and on. As soon as she had looked at the last thing, and thanked the merchant, she wished to depart. But when she came on deck she saw that they were upon the high sea, far from the shore, and were hastening on with all sail.

"Ah!" she exclaimed in affright, "I am betrayed! I

am carried off and taken away in the power of a strange merchant. I would rather die!"

But the King, taking her by the hand, said, "I am not a merchant, but a king, thine equal in birth. It is true that I have carried thee off, but that is because of my overwhelming love for thee. Dost thou know that when I first looked on thy portrait and saw thy beauteous face I fell down in a swoon before it?"

When the King's daughter heard these words she was reassured, and her heart was inclined toward him, so that she willingly consented to become his bride. While they thus went on their voyage on the high sea it happened that Faithful John, as he sat on the deck of the ship making music, saw three ravens in the air, which came flying toward them. He stopped playing and listened to what they were saying to each other, for he understood them perfectly.

The first one exclaimed, "There he is, carrying home the daughter of the King of the Golden Palace."

"But he is not home yet," replied the second.

"But he has her," said the third; "she is sitting by his side in the ship."

Then the first began again and exclaimed, "What matters that? When they go on shore, a fox-colored horse will spring toward him, on which he will mount; and as soon as he is mounted, it will rise up into the air with him so that he will never again see his bride."

The second one said, "Is there no escape?"

"Oh, yes, if another gets on quickly and takes out the pistol which is in the holster, and shoots the horse dead, the young King will be saved. But who knows that? And if any one does know it, and tells him, such

an one will be turned to stone from the toe to the knee."

Then the second spake again: "I know still more. If the horse should be killed, the young King will not then retain his bride; for when they come into the castle a beautiful bridal shirt will lie there upon a dish, and seem to be woven of gold and silver, but it is nothing but sulphur and pitch, and if he puts it on, it will burn him to his marrow and bones."

Then the third raven asked, "Is there no escape?"

"Oh, yes," answered the second, "if some one with his gloves on takes up the shirt and throws it into the fire so that it is burned, the young King will be saved. But what does that avail? Whoever knows it and tells him will be turned to stone from his knee to his heart."

Then the third raven spoke: "I know still more. Even if the bridal shirt be consumed, the young King will not retain his bride. For after the wedding a dance will be held, and while the young Queen is dancing she will suddenly turn pale, and fall down as if dead; and if some one does not raise her up, and take three drops of blood from her right breast and spit them out again, she will die. But whoever knows that and tells it will have his whole body turned to stone, from the crown of his head to the toe of his foot."

After the ravens had thus talked with one another, they flew away, and the trusty John, who had perfectly understood all they had said, was from that time very quiet and sad; for if he concealed from his master what he had heard, misfortune would happen to him, and if he told him all he must give up his own life. But at last he thought, "I will save my master, even if I destroy myself."

As soon as they came on shore all happened just as the ravens had foretold, and an immense fox-red horse sprang up.

"Good!" said the King; "this shall carry me to my castle," and he tried to mount; but Faithful John came up before him, and swinging himself on quickly, drew the pistol out of the holster and shot the horse dead.

Then the other servants of the King, who after all were not very fond of Faithful John, exclaimed, "How shameful to kill the beautiful animal, which might have borne the King to the castle!"

But the King replied, "Be silent, and let him go; he is my very faithful John—who knows the good he may have done?"

Now they went into the castle, and there in the hall stood a dish, and the splendid bridal shirt lay in it, and seemed nothing else than gold and silver. The young King went toward it and was about to take it up, when Faithful John pushed him away, and, seizing it with his gloves on, bore it quickly to the fire and burned it.

The other servants thereupon began to murmur, saying, "See, now he is burning the King's bridal shirt!"

But the young King replied, "Who knows what good he has done? Let him alone—he is my faithful John."

Soon after, the wedding was celebrated, and a grand ball was given, and the bride began to dance. Faithful John paid great attention, and watched her face; all at once she grew pale, and fell to the ground as if dead. Then he sprang up hastily, raised her up and bore her to a chamber, where he laid her down, knelt beside her, and, drawing the three drops of blood from her right breast, spit them out. At once she breathed again,

and raised herself up; but the young King had seen everything and, not knowing why Faithful John had done this, was very angry, and cried, "Throw him into the dungeon!"

The next morning the trusty John was brought up for trial, and led to the gallows; and as he stood upon them, and was about to be executed, he said, "Every one condemned to die may once before his death speak. Shall I also have that privilege?"

"Yes," answered the King, "it shall be granted to you."

Then Faithful John said, "I have been unrighteously judged, and have always been true to you." Then he related the conversation of the ravens which he heard at sea; and how, in order to save his master, he was obliged to do all he had done.

Then the King cried out, "Oh, my most trusty John, pardon, pardon! Lead him away!"

But Faithful John had fallen down at the last word, and was turned into stone.

At this both the King and the Queen were in great grief, and the King exclaimed, "Ah, how wickedly have I rewarded his great fidelity!" and he had the stone statue placed in his sleeping chamber, near his bed; and as often as he looked at it he wept and said, "Ah, could I bring you back to life again, my faithful John!"

After some time had passed, the Queen bore twins, two little sons, who were her great joy. Once, when the Queen was in church and the two children at home playing by their father's side, the King, full of sorrow, looked up at the stone statue, and said with a sigh, "Ah, could I restore you to life, my faithful John!"

At these words the stone began to speak, saying,

"You can make me live again if you will bestow on me that which is dearest to you."

The King replied, "All that I have in the world I will give up for you."

The stone spoke again: "If you, with your own hand, cut off the heads of both your children and sprinkle me with their blood, I shall be brought to life again."

The King was terrified when he heard that he himself must kill his two dear children; but he remembered his servant's great fidelity, and how Faithful John had died for him, so drawing his sword he cut off the heads of both his children with his own hand. And as soon as he had sprinkled the stone with blood the life came back to it, and the trusty John again stood alive and well before him.

"Your faith shall not go unrewarded," he said to the King, and taking the heads of the two children he set them on again, and anointed their wounds with their blood. Thereupon they healed in a moment, and the children sprang away and played as if nothing had happened.

Now the King was full of happiness, and as soon as he saw the Queen coming he hid Faithful John and both the children in a great cupboard.

As soon as she came in he said to her, "Have you prayed in the church?"

"Yes," she answered; "but I thought continually of Faithful John, who has come to such misfortune through us."

Then he replied, "My dear wife, we can restore his life to him, but it will cost us both our little sons, whom we must sacrifice."

The Queen became pale and was terrified at heart, but she said, "We owe it to him because of his great fidelity."

Then the King was very glad that she thought as he did, and going to the cupboard he unlocked it, and brought out the children and Faithful John, saying, "God be praised! he is saved, and we have still our little sons"; and then he told her all that had happened. Afterwards they lived happily together to the end of their days.

THE IRON STOVE

In the days when wishing was having, a certain King's son was enchanted by an old Witch, and obliged to sit in a great iron stove which stood in the wood! There he passed many years, for nobody could release him. Then one day a Princess who had lost herself, and could not find her way back to her father's kingdom, came at last, after nine days' wandering, to the spot where the iron stove stood. As she approached it, she heard a voice say, "Whence comest thou, and whither goest thou?"

"I have lost the road to my father's kingdom, and I am unable to find my home!" she replied.

"I will help you, and that in a short time," said the voice from the iron stove, "if you consent to do what I desire; I am the son of a far greater King than your father, and am willing to marry you."

The Princess was frightened at this proposal, and thought, "What can I do with an iron stove?" But nevertheless, as she was anxious to get home, she consented to do what he should wish. Then the Prince told her that after she had reached home she must return and bring with her a knife to cut a hole in the stove. Then he gave her a companion, who walked near her but did not speak, and in two hours he brought her to her father's palace. There was great joy there when the Princess returned, and the old King fell on her neck and kissed her; but she was sore troubled, and said, "Alas! my dear father, how I have suffered!

Mary wished her absence she came and wished she was going

I should never have reached home out of the great wild wood had it not been for an iron stove, and I have therefore promised to return to it, set it free, and marry it."

The King was so frightened when he heard this that he nearly swooned; for she was his only daughter. They thereupon resolved that the miller's daughter, a very pretty girl, should take her place; and so she was led to the spot, furnished with a knife, and told to scrape a hole in the iron stove. For four-and-twenty hours she scraped and scraped; but without making the least bit of a hole. When day broke, a voice out of the stove exclaimed, "It seems to me it is day outside."

"Yes," replied the girl, "it seems so to me too, and methinks I hear the clapping of my father's mill."

"Oh, then you are the miller's daughter," said the voice again. "Well, you may go home, and send the Princess to me."

The girl therefore returned, and told the King the stove would not have her, but wanted his daughter, which frightened the King again, and made the Princess weep. But the King had also in his service a swineherd's daughter, prettier even than the miller's daughter, and he offered her a piece of gold if she would go to the iron stove instead of the Princess. So she was taken to the forest and scraped for four-and-twenty hours on the iron without producing any impression; and when day broke, a voice out of the stove exclaimed, "It seems to me it is day outside."

"Yes, it is so," said the girl; "for I fancy I hear my father's horn."

"Then you are the swineherd's daughter!" said the

voice. "Go straight back, and tell the Princess who sent you that it must be as I said; and that, if she does not come to me, everything in the old kingdom shall fall to pieces, and not one stone be left upon another anywhere."

As soon as the Princess heard this she began to cry; but it was of no use, for her promise must be kept. So she took leave of her father; and carrying a knife with her, set out toward the iron stove in the wood. As soon as she reached it she began to scrape the iron; and before two hours had passed she had already made a small hole. Through this she peeped, and beheld inside the stove a handsome Prince, whose dress glittered with gold and precious stones; and she immediately fell in love with him. So she scraped away faster than before, and soon had made a hole so large that the Prince could get out.

"You are mine, and I am thine," he said, as soon as he stood on the earth. "You are my bride, because you have saved me."

Then he wanted to take her at once to his father's kingdom; but she begged that she might once more go back to take leave of her father.

The Prince consented to this; but said she must not speak more than three words to him, and then immediately return.

Thereupon the Princess went home; but alas! she said many more than three words; and the iron stove instantly disappeared, and was carried far away over many glass mountains and piercing swords; but without the Prince, who was saved, and no longer shut up in his former prison.

By and by the Princess took leave of her father; and taking some gold with her, but not much, she went back into the wood, and sought for the iron stove, but could find it nowhere. For nine days she searched; and then her hunger became so great that she knew not how to help herself, and thought she must perish. When evening came she climbed a little tree, for she feared the wild beasts which night would bring forth.

Just as midnight approached she saw a little light in the distance.

"Ah, there I may find help," thought she, and getting down she went toward the light, saying a prayer as she walked along. Soon she came to a little hut, around which much grass grew; and before the door stood a heap of wood.

"Ah, whither have I come?" thought she to herself, as she peeped through the window and saw nothing but toads, little and big; and a table already covered with meat and wine, and plates and dishes made of silver. But she took courage and knocked; and immediately a fat Toad exclaimed:

"Little Toad, with crooked leg,
Open quick the door, I beg,
And see who stands without!"

As soon as these words were spoken, a little Toad came running up, and opened the door; and the Princess walked in. They all bade her welcome, and told her to sit down. Then they asked her whence she came, and whither she was going. She told the Toads all that had happened, and how, because she had overstepped the mark in speaking more than three words, the stove had disappeared and the Prince as well: and now she was

about to search over hill and valley till she found him. When she had told her tale the old fat Toad cried out:

"Little Toad, with crooked leg,
Quickly fetch for me, I beg,
The basket hanging on the peg."

So the little Toad went and brought the box to the old one, who laid it down. Then he had meat and drink given to the Princess; and later showed her a beautiful neat bed, which felt like silk and velvet, where, under God's protection, she slept soundly.

As soon as day broke the Princess arose; and the old Toad gave her three needles out of the box to take with her; they would be of use, for she would have to pass over a mountain of glass, three sharp swords, and a big lake before she could regain her lover.

Besides the three needles, the old Toad gave her a plowwheel and three nuts; and with these the Princess set out on her way.

By and by she approached the glass mountain, which was so smooth that she placed the three needles first behind her feet, and then before them, and so passed over. When she came to the other side she placed the three needles in a secure place. Soon she came to the three swords, and rolled over them by means of her plowwheel. At last she came to the great lake; and when she had crossed that, she found herself near a fine large castle. Into this she entered, and offered herself as a servant, saying she was a poor girl. She knew the King's son whom she had rescued out of the iron stove was in the castle. After some delay she was hired as a kitchen maid, at a very small wage; and soon found out that the Prince intended to marry another

lady, because he supposed that the Princess was long since dead.

Then one evening when she had washed and made herself neat, she felt in her pocket, and found the three nuts which the old Toad had given her. One of them she cracked, and instead of a kernel found a royal dress. When the bride heard of this, she said she must have it, for it was no dress for a servant maid. But the Princess said she would not sell it, but would give it to her on one condition, which was, that she should be allowed to pass a night in the chamber of the Prince. This request was granted, because the bride was so anxious to have the dress, for she had none like it. When evening came she told her lover that the silly girl wanted to pass the night in his room.

"If you are willing, so am I," he replied; but she gave him a glass of wine, in which she put a sleeping draft, and he slept so soundly that the poor Princess could not wake him, although she cried the whole night, and kept repeating, "I saved you in the wild forest, and rescued you out of the iron stove; I have sought you, and traveled over a mountain of glass, and over three sharp swords, and across a wide lake, before I found you; and still you will not hear me!"

The servants, however, who sat by the chamber door, heard the complaint, and told the Prince of it the following morning. That evening after the Princess had washed and cleaned herself, she cracked open the second nut and found in it a still more beautiful dress; The bride declared she must have this also. But it was not to be purchased except on the same condition as the first; and the Prince allowed her to sleep in his room as

she had before. The bride, however, gave the Prince another sleeping draft; and he slept too soundly to hear the poor Princess complaining and crying as on the previous night, "I saved you in the wild forest, and rescued you out of the iron stove; I have sought you, and traveled over a mountain of glass, and over three sharp swords, and across a wide lake, before I found you; and still you will not hear me!" The servants, however, by the chamber door, heard the crying again, and told the Prince of it the next morning.

On the third evening the poor scullery maid broke her third nut, and produced a dress stiff with gold, which the bride declared she must have at any price; and the maid petitioned the same privilege as before. But this time the Prince poured out the sleeping draft; and therefore, when the Princess began to cry, "Alas! my dear treasure, have you forgotten how I saved you in the great wild wood, and rescued you out of the iron stove?" the Prince heard her, and jumping up, exclaimed, "You are the true bride. I am thine, and you are mine."

Thereupon, while it was still night, he got into a carriage with the Princess, and they took away the clothes of the false bride, that she might not follow them. When they came to the lake they rowed over very quickly, and passed the three sharp swords again by means of the plowwheel. Soon they crossed the glass mountain by the aid of the three needles; and arrived at last at the little old house, which, as they entered, was changed into a noble castle. At the same moment all the Toads were disenchanted and returned to their natural forms; for they were the sons of the King of the country. Then the wedding was performed, and the

Prince and Princess remained in the castle; for it was much larger than that of her father. However, because the old King grieved at his daughter's continual absence, they brought him to live with them, and joined the government of the two kingdoms in one; and so for many years they reigned in happiness and prosperity.

A mouse did run,
The story is done.

THE MAN OF IRON

Once upon a time there was a King who possessed a great wood which lay behind his castle, wherein it was his pleasure to hunt. One day it happened that a huntsman whom he had sent into this wood to shoot him a deer did not return as usual. The next day, therefore, the King dispatched two others to seek him; but they likewise never reappeared. The King then ordered all his huntsmen to make themselves ready to scour the whole forest in search of their missing companions. But, after they had set out, not one of them ever returned again, nor even a single dog out of the whole pack that accompanied them. After this nobody would venture into the wood; and from that day a profound stillness and deep solitude crept over the whole forest, and one saw nothing but owls or eagles which now and then flew out. This lasted a long time, till finally a strange Huntsman came to the King, and, begging an audience, said he was ready to go into the dangerous forest. The King would not at first give his consent, saying, "I am afraid it will fare no better with you than with the others, and that you will never return." But the Huntsman replied, "I will dare the danger at my own risk, for I know nothing of fear."

Thereupon the Huntsman entered the forest with his dog, and in a few minutes the hound, espying a wild animal on the road, pursued it; but it had scarcely gone two steps before it stood before a deep pool, out of which a naked arm stretched itself, and, catching the dog, drew it down beneath the water.

As soon as the Huntsman saw this he went back and brought three men, who came with pails to bale out the water. When they came to the bottom they found a Wild Man, whose body was brown like rusty iron, and whose hair hung over his face down to his knees. They bound him with cords and led him away to the King, who caused an immense iron cage to be fixed in the courtyard, and forbade any one on pain of death to open the door of the cage. The Queen herself had to keep the key in her charge. After this time anybody could go with safety into the forest.

Now the King had a son eight years old who was once playing in the courtyard, and during his play his golden ball accidentally rolled into the iron cage. He ran up to it and demanded his ball of the prisoner.

"Not till you open my door," replied the man.

"No, that I cannot," said the boy, "for my father the King has forbidden it"; and so saying he ran away.

But the next morning he came again and asked for his golden ball.

"Open my door," said the Wild Man; but the boy refused.

The third morning the King went out a-hunting; and presently the boy went again to the cage, and said, "Even if I wished to open the door, I have not the key to do it."

"It lies under your mother's pillow," said the Wild Man, "and you can get it if you like."

So the boy, casting to the winds all other thoughts but his wish to have his ball, ran and fetched the key. The door swung heavily, and the boy pinched his finger; but soon it opened, and the Wild Man, giving him the golden ball, stepped out and hurried off.

At this the boy became alarmed, and cried, and called after the man, "Wild Man, do not go away or I shall be beaten!"

The man turned round, and, raising the boy up, set him upon his shoulders and walked into the forest with hasty strides. Soon afterwards the King returned, and noticing the empty cage, asked the Queen what had happened. She knew nothing about it, and went to look for the key, but it was gone. She called her boy, but no one answered, and the King sent out people over the fields to search for him, but they returned empty handed. Then he easily guessed what had really happened, and great grief reigned at the royal court.

Meanwhile, as soon as the Wild Man had reached his old haunts he set the boy down off his shoulders, and said to him: "Your father and mother you shall never see again; but I will keep you with me, for you delivered me, and therefore I pity you. If you do all that I tell you, you will be well treated, for I have much treasure and money; in fact, more than any one else in the world."

That evening the Iron Man let the boy sleep on some moss, and the next morning he took him to the pool, and said, "See you, this golden water is bright and clear as crystal; here you must sit, and watch that nothing falls into it, or it will be polluted. Every evening I will come, and see if you have obeyed my commands."

So the boy sat down on the bank of the pool; but by and by, while he watched, such a sudden pain seized one of his fingers that he plunged it into the water to cool it. He quickly drew it out again; but lo! it was quite golden, and in spite of all his pains he could not rub off the gold again.

In the evening came the Iron Man. After looking at the boy, he asked, "What has happened to my pool?"

"Nothing, nothing!" replied the boy, holding his finger behind him, that it might not be seen.

But the Man said, "You have dipped your finger into the water. This time, however, I will overlook it; only take care it does not happen again."

The next day the boy resumed his post at daybreak; but in the course of a little while his finger ached again and this time he put it to his head, and unluckily pulled off a hair, which fell into the water. He took it out again very quickly; but it had changed into gold, and by and by the Iron Man returned, knowing already what had occurred. "You have let a hair fall into the pool," he said to the boy; "but once more I will overlook your fault, only if it happens again the pool will be polluted, and you can remain with me no longer."

The boy took his usual seat again on the third morning, and did not once move his finger, in spite of the pain. The time, however, passed so slowly that he fell to looking at his face reflected in the mirror of the waters, and, while he bent down to do so, his long hair fell over his shoulders into the pool. In a great hurry he raised his head; but already his locks were turned to gold, and shone in the sun. You may imagine how frightened the poor boy was! He took his pocket handkerchief and bound it round his head, so that no one might see his hair; but as soon as the Iron Man returned he said to him, "Untie your handkerchief!" for he knew what had happened.

Then the golden hair fell down on the boy's shoulders, and he tried to excuse himself, but in vain.

"You have not stood the trial," said the Iron Man, "and can remain here no longer. Go forth into the world, and there you will see how poverty fares; but because your heart is innocent, and I mean well toward you, I will grant you this one favor—when you are in trouble come to this forest, call 'Iron John!' and I will come out and help you. My power is great, and I have gold and silver in abundance."

So the young Prince had to leave the forest, and traveled over many rough and smooth roads till he came at length to a large town. There he sought work, but without success, for he had learned nothing which was of use. At last he went to the King's palace itself and inquired if they could take him in. The court servants knew of no vacancy which he could fill, but because he seemed well favored they allowed him to remain.

Soon afterwards the Cook took him into his service, and told him he might fetch wood and water for the fire and sweep up the ashes. One day, however, as no one else was at hand, the Prince had to carry in a dish for the royal table, but, because he would not allow his golden hair to be seen, he entered the room with his cap on his head.

"If you come to the royal table," exclaimed the King when he saw him, "you must pull off your cap!"

"Ah! your majesty," replied the Prince, "I dare not, for I have a bad sore on my head."

Thereupon the King ordered the Cook into his presence, and scolded him because he had taken such a youth into his service, and further commanded him to discharge him. But the Cook pitied the poor lad and exchanged him for the Gardener's boy.

Now the Prince had to plant and water the garden, to dig and hoe, in all weather, were it wind or rain. One day in summer, as he was working alone in the garden, he took off his cap to cool his head in the breeze, and the sun shone so upon his hair that the golden locks glittered, and their brightness was reflected in the chamber of the King's daughter. She jumped up to see what it was, and seeing the Gardener's boy, called him to bring her a nosegay of flowers. In a great hurry he put on his cap and plucked some wild flowers, which he arranged together. But, as he was going up the steps with them to the Princess, the Gardener met him, and said, "How can you take the Princess such a nosegay of bad flowers? Go back and fetch the rarest and most beautiful."

"Oh, no!" said the boy, "the wild flowers have more scent and will please her best." So he went up to the chamber, and there the Princess said to him, "Take off your cap; it is not becoming of you to wear it here!"

The boy, however, replied he dared not remove it, because his head was too ugly to look at, but she seized his cap and pulled it off, and his golden hair fell down over his shoulders, most beautiful to see. The boy would have run away, but the Princess held him by the arm and gave him a handful of ducats. Then he left her and took her money to the Gardener, whom he told to give it to his children to play with, for he cared nothing for the money. The following day the Princess called him again to give her a wreath of wild flowers, and when he entered with them she snatched again at his cap, but this time he held it fast with both hands, and would not let it go. She gave him still another handful of

ducats, but he would not keep them, but gave them to the Gardener's children for playthings. The third day it was just the same: the Princess could not get his cap and he would not keep her ducats.

Not long after this the country was drawn into a war, and the King collected all his people, for he knew not whether he should be able to make a stand against the enemy, who were superior in strength, and had an immense army. Amongst others, the Gardener's boy asked for a horse, saying he was grown up and ready to take his part in the fight. The others, however, laughed at him, and said, "When we are gone we will leave behind a horse for you, but take care of yourself!"

So, as soon as the rest had set out, the young Prince went into the stable, and found there a horse which was lame, and limped hobblety jig, hobblety jig. Nevertheless, he mounted it, and rode away to the gloomy forest. As soon as he arrived there he called, "Iron John!" three times in such a loud voice that the trees reëchoed it.

The Wild Man immediately appeared, and asked, "What do you desire?"

"I desire a strong horse, for I am going to battle," said the youth.

"That you shall have, and more than you desire," said the Iron Man, and dived in among the trees. Then suddenly a groom made his appearance, holding a fiery charger with snorting nostrils and so mettlesome that he was scarcely to be touched. Behind the steed followed a troop of warriors, all clad in iron, with swords which glittered in the sun. The youth, thereupon, delivered up his three-legged horse to the page, and, mounting

the other, rode off at the head of his troop. When he reached the field of battle he found the greater part of the King's army already slain, and the rest on the point of yielding. The youth, therefore, charged at once with his iron troop, like a storm of hail, against the enemy, and cut down all who opposed him. The enemy turned and fled, but the young Prince pursued and cut to pieces all the fugitives, so that not one man was left. Then, instead of leading his troop before the King, he rode back with them to the forest, and summoned the Iron Man.

"What do you desire now?" he inquired.

"Take back all these soldiers and your steed, and restore to me my three-legged horse."

All this was done as he wished, and he rode home on his limping animal. When the King arrived afterwards, his daughter greeted him, and congratulated him on his victory.

"I do not deserve it," he said; "the victory I owe to a strange knight who came to our aid with his troop."

His daughter inquired then who he was; but the King told her he did not know, for the knight had pursued the enemy and had not returned again. The Princess afterwards asked the Gardener respecting his boy, and he laughed, and said he had just returned home on his three-legged steed, while the others had laughed at him, crying, "Here comes our Hop-a-da-hop!"

They asked also behind what hedge he had been sleeping, and he replied, "I have done the best I could, and without me you would have fared badly." And for this speech the poor boy was still more mocked.

Sometime after this the King said to his daughter: "I will cause a great festival to be held, which shall last

three days, and you shall throw a golden apple. Perhaps the unknown knight will contend for it."

As soon as the proclamation was made, the young Prince went to the forest, and called for Iron John.

"What do you desire?" he asked.

"That I may catch the King's daughter's golden apple!"

"It is all the same as if you had it now," said the Iron Man; "but you shall have a suit of red armor for the occasion, and ride there upon a proud fox-colored horse."

When the appointed day came the youth ranged himself along with the other knights, and was not recognized by any one. Presently the Princess stepped forward and threw up the golden apple, which nobody could catch but the Red Knight, who coursed away as soon as he obtained it. The second day the Iron Man dressed the youth as a White Knight, and gave him a gray horse; and again he caught the apple, and he alone.

The King was angry when the Knight ran away with the prize, and said, "That is not right; he must appear before me and declare his name."

Then he commanded that if the Knight who had caught the apple did not return the next day, some one should pursue him; and, if he would not return willingly, they were to cut him to pieces. The third day the Prince received from the Iron Man a coat of black armor and a black steed, and again caught the apple when it was thrown. When he rode away the King's people pursued him, and one came so near him that he wounded the youth's knee with the point of his sword. Still he escaped them; but his horse jumped so violently that the helmet fell off the Knight's head, and his golden

hair was seen. The knights thereupon rode back and told the King.

The day following these sports the Princess asked the Gardener about his boy.

"He is working in the garden," he replied; "the wonderful fellow also has been to the festival, and yesterday evening he returned home and showed my children three golden apples which he won there."

When the King knew of this he caused the youth to be brought before him, and he appeared as usual with his cap on his head. But the Princess went up to him and took it off; and then the golden hair fell down over his shoulders, and he appeared so handsome that every one was astonished.

'Are you the knight who appeared each day at the festival, always in a different color, and won the three golden apples?" asked the King.

"Yes," he replied, "and these are the apples"; and, so saying, he took them out of his pocket and handed them to the King. "If you desire any other proof," he continued, "I will show you the wound which your people gave me as I rode away; but I am also the knight who helped you win your victory over your enemy."

"If you can do such deeds," said the King, "you are no gardener's boy; tell me, who is your father?"

"My father is a mighty King, and gold I have in plenty as great as I require," said the young Prince.

"I own," said the King, "that I am indebted to you. Can I do anything to give you pleasure?"

"Yes, you can. Give me your daughter to wife!" replied the youth. The Princess thereupon laughed,

and said, "He makes no roundabout tale; but I saw long ago that he was no gardener's boy from his golden hair"; and with these words she went and kissed him.

By and by the wedding was celebrated, and to it came the Prince's father and mother, who had long ago given up their son for dead, and lost all hope of seeing him again.

While they sat at the bridal feast all at once the music suddenly stopped, and, the doors opening, a proud King entered, attended by a long train. He went up to the young Prince, and embraced him, and said, "I am Iron John, who was by enchantment a wild man; but you have set me free; all the treasures which belong to me are henceforth your property!"

THE DRUMMER

One evening a young Drummer was walking all alone on the seashore, and as he went along he found three pieces of linen lying on the sand. "What fine linen!" said he; and picking up one of the pieces, he put it in his pocket and went home, thinking no more of his discovery. By and by he went to bed; and just as he was about to fall asleep he fancied he heard some one call his name. He listened, and presently distinguished a gentle voice, calling, "Drummer, Drummer, awake!"

He could see nothing, for it was quite dark: but he felt as if something were flitting to and fro over his bed.

"What do you want?" he asked at length.

"Give me back my dress," replied the voice, "which you found yesterday on the seashore."

"You shall have it again if you tell me who you are."

"Alas! I am the daughter of a mighty King; but I have fallen into the power of a Witch, who has confined me on the glass mountain. Every day I am allowed to bathe with my two sisters in the sea: but I cannot fly away again without my dress. Yester-eve my sisters escaped as usual, but I was obliged to stay behind, so I beg you to give me my dress again."

"Rest happy, poor child," replied the Drummer, "I will readily give it back"; and feeling for it in his pocket, he handed it to her.

She hastily snatched it, and would have hurried away, but the Drummer exclaimed, "Wait a moment! Perhaps I can help you!"

"That you may do," said the voice, "if you climb up the glass mountain and free me from the Witch; but you could not get there, not yet ascend, were you to try."

"Where there's a will there's a way," said the Drummer. "I pity you, and I fear nothing; but I do not know the way to the glass mountain."

"The path lies through the large forest, where the giants are," said the child. "More I dare not tell you." And, so saying, she flew away.

At break of day the Drummer arose, and hanging his drum round him walked straight away without fear into the forest. After he had gone some distance without meeting any giant he thought he would awake the sleepers; and so, steadying his drum, he beat a roll upon it which disturbed all the birds so much that they flew off.

In a few minutes a Giant raised himself from the ground, where he had been lying asleep on the grass; and his height was that of a fir tree.

"You wretched wight!" he exclaimed, "what are you drumming here for, waking me out of my best sleep?"

"I am drumming," replied the Drummer, "to show the way to the many thousands who follow me."

"What do they want here in my forest?" asked the Giant.

"They are coming to make a path through, and rid it of such monsters as you," said the Drummer.

"Oho! I shall tread them down like ants."

"Do you fancy you will be able to do anything against them?" said the Drummer. "Why, if you bend down to catch any of them, others will jump upon

your back; and then when you lie down to sleep they will come from every bush and creep upon you. And each one has a steel hammer in his girdle, with which he means to beat out your brains."

The Giant was terribly frightened to hear all this, and he thought to himself: "If I meddle with these crafty people they will do me some injury. I can strangle wolves and bears, but these earthworms I cannot guard against."

Then speaking aloud he said, "Here, you little fellow, I promise for the future to leave you and your comrades in peace; and if you have a wish, tell it to me, for I will do anything to please you."

"Well, then," replied the Drummer, "as you have long legs, and run quicker than I, carry me to the glass mountain, and I will beat a retreat march to my companions, so that for this time you shall not be disturbed."

"Come hither, you worm," said the Giant; "set yourself on my shoulder, and I will bear you whither you desire."

The Giant took him up; and the Drummer began to beat with all his might and main. "That is the sign," thought the Giant, "for the others to go back." After a while a second Giant started up on the road, and taking the Drummer from the shoulders of the first, put him in his button-hole. The Drummer took hold of the button, which was as big as a plate, to hold on by and looked round in high spirits. By and by they met a third Giant, who took him out of the button-hole and placed him on the rim of his hat. Here the Drummer walked round and round, observing the country; and perceiving in the blue distance a mountain,

he supposed it to be the glass mountain, and so it was. The Giant took only a couple more strides and arrived at the foot of the mountain, where he set down the Drummer.

The latter wished to be taken to the summit; but the Giant only shook his head and went away, muttering something in his beard.

So there the poor Drummer was left standing before the mountain, which was as high as if three hills had been placed on each other, and withal as smooth as a mirror, so that he knew not how he should ascend it. He began to climb, but in vain; he slipped back every step.

"Oh that I were a bird!" he exclaimed. But of what use was wishing? Wings never grew for that. While he considered, he saw at a little distance two men hotly quarreling. He went up to them and found that their dispute related to a saddle, which lay on the ground before them, and for the possession of which they were contending.

"What fools you are," he exclaimed, "to quarrel about a saddle for which you have no horse."

"The saddle is worth fighting about," replied one, "for whoever sits upon it may wish himself where he will, and may go even to the end of the world if he so desire. The saddle belongs to us in common; but it is now my turn to ride, and this other will not let me."

"I will soon end your quarrel!" exclaimed the Drummer, walking a few steps forward, and planting a white wand in the ground. "Run both of you to that point, and whoever gets there first shall ride first."

The two men started off at once, but they had scarcely gone two steps when the Drummer sat himself hastily down on their saddle, and, wishing himself on the top of the glass mountain, was there before one could turn his hand round. On the summit was a large plain where stood an old stone mansion, and before its door a fish pond, and behind, a dark wood. The Drummer saw neither man nor beast. All was still, but the noise of the wind among the trees; while close above his head the clouds were rolling along. He stepped up to the door of the house and knocked thrice, and after the third time an old Woman with red eyes and a brown face opened it. She had spectacles upon her nose, and looked at him very sharply before she asked what his business was.

"Entrance, a night's lodging, and provisions," replied the Drummer boldly.

"That you shall have, if you promise to perform three tasks!" said she.

"And why not?" he replied, "I am not afraid of work, be it ever so hard!"

So the old Woman let him come in, and gave him supper, and afterwards a good bed.

The next morning when the Drummer arose the old Woman handed him a thimble off her withered finger, and said: "Now go to work and empty the pond out there with this thimble. You must finish it before night; and besides that, you must take out all the fishes, and range them according to their species upon the bank."

"That is a queer job!" said the Drummer; but going to the pond he began to thimble out the water.

He worked all the morning, but what could he do with a single thimble if he kept at work for a thousand years?

When noonday came he stopped and sat down; for he thought, "It is no use, and all the same whether I work or not."

Just then, a girl came from the house and brought him a basket of provisions. "What do you want," she asked, "that you sit there so sorrowful?"

The Drummer looked up, and seeing that the girl was very beautiful, he replied: "Alas! I cannot perform the first task, and how I shall do the others, I cannot tell! I have come here to seek a King's daughter, who lives hereabouts, but I have not found her, and I must go farther."

"Stop here!" said the girl. "I will help you out of your trouble. You are tired, so lay your head in my lap and go to sleep; when you awake again the work will be done!"

The Drummer did not need telling twice, and as soon as his eyes were closed the maiden pressed a wishing ring which she wore, and said: "Out water, out fishes." Immediately the water rose in the air like a white vapor, and rolled away with the other clouds, while the fishes all jumped out, and arranged themselves on the banks according to their size and species.

By and by the Drummer awoke and to his astonishment saw his work completed. "One of the fishes," said the maiden, "does not lie with its companions, but quite alone; and so, when the old Woman comes this evening and sees that all is done, she will ask why this fish is left out, and you must take it up and throw it in her face, saying, 'That is for you, old Witch.'"

When it was evening the old Woman came and asked the question, and he immediately threw the fish in her face. She did not appear to notice it, but only looked silently and maliciously at him.

The next morning she said to him: "You got off too easily yesterday; I must give you a harder task; to-day you must cut down all my trees, split the wood into fagots, and range them in bundles; and all must be ready by night."

With these words she gave him an ax, a mallet, and two wedges; but the first was made of lead and the others of tin. When, therefore, he began to chop, the ax doubled quite up, while the mallet and wedges stuck together. He knew not what to do; but at noon the girl came again with his dinner and comforted him.

"Lay your head in my lap," said she, "and when you awake the work will be done."

Thereupon she turned her wishing ring, and at the same moment the whole forest fell with a crash, the timber split of itself and laid itself together in heaps, as if innumerable giants were at work.

As soon as the Drummer awoke the maiden said to him, "See, here is all your wood properly cut and stacked, with the exception of one bough. If the old Woman ask the reason for this, when she comes this evening, give her a blow with the bough, and say, 'That is for thee, old Witch.'"

Accordingly, when the old Woman came she said, "See how easy the work is; but for whom is this bough left out?" "For you, old Witch!" replied the Drummer, giving her a blow. But she appeared not to feel it, and, laughing fiendishly, said to him: "To-morrow you shall

lay all the wood in one pile, and kindle and burn it."

At daybreak he arose and began to work; but how could a single man pile up a whole forest? The work proceeded very slowly. The maiden, however, did not forget him in his troubles, and as usual brought him his midday meal. After eating he laid his head in her lap and slept. On awaking he found the whole pile burning in one immense flame, whose tongues of fire reached up to heaven.

"Attend to me," said the maiden to him. "When the Witch comes she will demand something singular, but do what she desires without fear, and you will take no harm. But if you are afraid, the fire will catch and consume you. Lastly, when you have fulfilled her demands take her with both hands and throw her into the midst of the flames."

Thereupon the girl left him, and presently the old Woman slipped in, crying, "Hu! hu! how I freeze! But there is fire to warm me and my old bones. That is well, but," she continued, turning to the Drummer, "there is a log which will not burn, fetch it out for me. Come, if you do that you shall be free and go where you will, only be brisk."

Without a moment's consideration the Drummer plunged into the flames; but they did him no harm, not even singeing a single hair. He bore the fagot off and laid it beside the old Witch; but as soon as it touched the earth it changed into the beautiful maiden who had delivered him from his trouble, and he knew at once by her silken shining robes that she was the King's daughter.

The old Woman laughed fiendishly again, and

exclaimed, "Do you think you have her? Not yet, not yet!" And so saying, she would have seized the maiden; but the Drummer, catching her with both his hands, threw her into the middle of the burning pile, and the flames closed in around her, as if rejoicing in the destruction of such a Witch.

When this was done the maiden looked at the Drummer, and seeing that he was a handsome youth, and that he had ventured his life to save hers, she held out her hand to him and said: "You have dared a great deal for me, and I must do something for you. Promise me to be true and faithful, and you shall be my husband. For wealth we shall not want. We have enough here in the treasure which the old Witch has gathered together."

Thereupon she led him into the house and showed him chests upon chests filled with treasures. They left the gold and silver and took nothing but diamonds and pearls; and then, as they no longer wished to remain on the glass mountain, the Drummer proposed that they should descend on the wishing saddle.

"The old saddle does not please me," said the maiden, "and I need only turn the ring on my finger and we shall be at home."

"Well, then, wish us at the city gate," replied the Drummer, and in the twinkling of an eye they were there. "I will go and take the news to my parents first," said the Drummer. "Wait here for me, for I shall soon be back."

"Ah! I pray you then take care not to kiss your parents on the right cheek when you arrive, else will you forget everything, and I shall be left alone in this field."

"How can I forget you?" said he, and promised her faithfully to return in a very short time. When he entered his father's house nobody knew him, he was so altered, for the three days which he had imagined he had spent on the glass mountain were three long years. He soon recalled himself to their remembrance, and his parents hung round his neck, so that, moved by affection, he entirely forgot the maiden's injunctions and kissed them on both cheeks. Every thought concerning the Princess at once faded from his mind, and emptying his pockets, he laid handfuls of precious stones upon the table. The parents did not know what to do with so much wealth, but at length they built a noble castle surrounded by gardens, woods, and meadows, and fit for a Prince to inhabit. When it was done the mother of the Drummer said to him, "I have looked out for a wife for you, and you shall be married in three days' time."

Now the Drummer was quite content with all that his parents proposed; but the poor Princess was very disconsolate. For a long time after he first left her she waited for him in the fields; but when evening fell she believed that he had kissed his parents on the right cheek, and forgotten all about her. Her heart was full of grief, and she wished herself in some solitary forest that she might not return to her father's court. Every evening she went to the city and passed by the Drummer's house, but although he saw her many times he never recognized her. At last one day she heard the people talking of the wedding of the Drummer, and she resolved to try to regain his love.

As soon as the first festival day was appointed, she

turned her wishing ring, saying, "A dress as shining as the sun." Immediately there lay before her a dress that seemed to be woven out of the purest sunbeams! Then as soon as the guests had assembled she slipped into the hall. Everybody admired her beautiful dress; but most of all the bride elect, who had a passion for fine dresses, and went up to her and asked if she would sell it. "Not for money," replied the Princess; "but for the privilege of sleeping one night outside the door of the room where the bridegroom sleeps."

The bride elect could not resist her wish for the dress, and so she consented; but first of all she mixed in the sleeping draft of the bridegroom a strong potion which prevented him from being awakened. By and by, when all was quiet, the Princess crept to the chamber door, and opening it slightly, called gently:

"Drummer! Drummer! Oh, list to me!
Forget not what I did for thee!
Think of the mountain of glass so high,
Think of the Witch and her cruelty;
Think of my plighted troth with thee:
Drummer! Drummer! Oh, list to me!"

But she cried all in vain. The Drummer did not awaken, and when day dawned the Princess was forced to leave. The second evening she turned her wishing ring, and said, "A dress as silvery as the moon." As soon as she had spoken it lay before her. When she appeared in it at the ball the bride elect wished to have it as well as the other, and the Princess gave it to her for the privilege of passing another night outside the door of the chamber of the bridegroom. That

night when all was quiet the Princess again crept to the chamber door, and opening it slightly, called gently:

"Drummer! Drummer! Oh, list to me!
Forget not what I did for thee!
Think of the mountain of glass so high,
Think of the Witch and her cruelty;
Think of my plighted troth with thee:
Drummer! Drummer! Oh, list to me!"

But this time, too, she cried in vain. The Drummer did not awaken, and when day dawned the Princess was forced to leave.

The servants in the house, however, had overheard the plaint of the strange maiden, and they told the bridegroom about it. They told him also that it was not possible for him to hear anything that was said because of the potion which was put into his sleeping draft.

The third evening the Princess turned her ring and wished for a dress as glittering as the stars. As soon as she appeared in the ballroom thus arrayed the bride elect was enchanted with its beauty, and declared rapturously, "I must and will have it."

The maiden gave it up, as she had given the others, for permission to spend the night outside the door of the bridegroom's chamber. This time, however, he did not drink his wine, but poured it behind the bed; and so, when all the house was quiet, he heard a gentle voice repeating:

"Drummer! Drummer! Oh, list to me!
Forget not what I did for thee!
Think of the mountain of glass so high,
Think of the Witch and her cruelty;
Think of my plighted troth with thee:
Drummer! Drummer! Oh, list to me!"

All at once his memory returned, and he exclaimed, "Alas! alas! how could I have treated you so heartlessly! But the kisses I gave my parents on the right cheek in the excess of my joy, bewildered me."

He jumped up, and taking the Princess by the hand, led her to the bedside of his parents.

"This is my true bride," said he; "and if I marry the other I shall do a grievous wrong."

When the parents heard all that had happened they gave their consent, and thereupon the lights in the hall were rekindled, the drums and trumpets were brought back, the friends and visitors invited to come again, and the true wedding was celebrated with great pomp and happiness.

The second bride was given the three splendid dresses, and was as well contented as if she had been married!

THE TWO WANDERERS

It is certain that hills and valleys always meet, and it often happens on the earth that the children of men, both the good and the wicked, cross each other's paths continually. So it once occurred that a Shoemaker and a Tailor fell together during their travels. Now the Tailor was a merry little fellow, always making the best of everything; and, as he saw the Shoemaker approaching from the opposite road, and observed by his knapsack of what trade he was, he began a little mocking rime, singing:

"Stitch, stitch away with your needle,
Pull away hard with your thread,
Rub it with wax to the right and the left,
And knock the old peg on the head!"

The Shoemaker, however, could not take a joke, and drew a long face as if he had been drinking vinegar. He seemed inclined to lay hold of the Tailor by the collar, but the Tailor began to laugh, and handed his bottle to the other, saying, "It is not ill meant; just drink, and wash down your anger."

The Shoemaker took a long pull, and immediately the gathering storm vanished; and, as he gave the Tailor back his bottle, he said, "I should have spoken to you roughly, but one talks better after long drinking than after long thirst. Shall we travel together now?"

"Right willingly," answered the Tailor, "if you have but a mind to go into some large town where work is not wanting to those who seek it."

"That is just the place I should like," rejoined the Shoemaker. "In a little nest there is nothing to be earned, and the people in the country would rather go barefoot than buy shoes."

So they wandered away, setting always one foot before the other, like a weasel in the snow.

Time enough had both our heroes, but little either to bite or break. When they came to the first town they went around requesting work, and because the Tailor looked so fresh and merry, and had such red cheeks, every one gave him what he could spare to do, and moreover he was so lucky that the masters' daughters, behind the shop, would give him a kiss as he passed. So it happened that, when he again met with his companion his bundle was the better filled of the two. The fretful Shoemaker drew a sour face, and thought, "The greater the rogue the better the luck"; but the other began to laugh and sing, and shared all that he received with his comrade. If only a couple of groschen jingled in his pocket, he would out with them, and thump the table with such force that the glasses danced, and it was lightly earned, lightly spent, with him.

After they had wandered about for some time they came to a large forest, through which the road passed to the royal city; but there were two ways, one of which was seven days long, and the other only two, but neither of the travelers knew which was the shorter. They therefore sat down under an oak tree to consult how they should manage, and for how many days they should take bread with them. The Shoemaker said, "One must provide for farther than one goes, so I will take with me bread for seven days."

"What!" cried the Tailor, "carry bread for seven days on your back like a beast of burden, so that you can't look round! I shall commit myself to God, and care for nothing. The money I have in my pocket is as good in summer as in winter, but the bread will get dry, and musty beside, in this hot weather; even my coat does not go as far as it might. Why should we not find the right way? Bread for two days, and luck with it!" Thereupon each one bought his own bread, and then they started into the forest to try their fortune.

It was as quiet and still as a church. Not a breath of wind was stirring, not a brook bubbling, a bird singing, nor even a sunbeam shining through the thick leaves. The Shoemaker spoke never a word, for the heavy bread pressed upon his back so sorely that the sweat ran down over his morose and dark countenance. The Tailor, on the other hand, was as merry as a lark, jumping about, whistling through straws, or singing songs. "God in Heaven must be pleased to see me so happy," he thought.

Thus two days passed; but on the third, when no end was to be found to the forest, the Tailor's heart fell a bit, for he had eaten all his bread. Still he did not lose courage, but put his trust in God and his own luck. The third evening he lay down under a tree hungry, and awoke the next morning not less so. The fourth day was the same, and when the Shoemaker sat down on an uprooted tree, and devoured his midday meal, nothing remained to the Tailor but to look on.

He once begged a bit of bread, but the Shoemaker laughed in his face, and said, "You always have been so merry, now you can try for once in your life how a

man feels when he is sad. Birds which sing too early in the morning are caught by the hawk in the evening." In short, he was without pity for his companion.

The fifth morning, however, the poor Tailor could not stand upright, and could scarcely speak from faintness: his cheeks, too, were quite white and his eyes red. Then the Shoemaker said to him, "To-day I will give you a piece of bread, but I must put out your right eye for it."

The unhappy Tailor, who still wished to preserve his life, could not help himself. He wept once more with both eyes, and then the Shoemaker, who had a heart of stone, put out his right eye with a sharp knife. Then the poor fellow recollected what his mother had once said to him when he had been eating secretly in the pantry, "Eat what one can, and suffer what one must." As soon as he had swallowed his dearly purchased bread he got upon his legs again, forgot his misfortune, and comforted himself by reflecting that he had still one eye left to see with. But on the sixth day hunger again tormented him and gnawed him almost to the heart. When evening came he sank down under a tree, and on the seventh morning he could not raise himself from faintness, for death sat on his neck.

The Shoemaker said, "I will yet show you mercy and give you a piece of bread, but as a recompense I must put out your left eye." The Tailor, remembering his past thoughtlessness, begged pardon of God and then said to his companion, "Do what you will, I will bear what I must; but remember that our God watches every action; and that another hour will come when the wicked deed shall be punished which you have

practiced upon me, and which I have never deserved. In prosperous days I shared with you what I had. My business is one which requires stitch for stitch. If I have no longer sight, I can sew no more, and must go begging. Let me not, when I am blind, lie here all alone, or I shall perish."

The Shoemaker, however, had driven all thoughts about God out of his heart, and he took the knife and put out the left eye of his comrade. Then he gave him a piece of bread to eat, reached him a stick, and led him behind him.

As the sun was setting they came out of the forest, and before them in a field stood a gallows. The Shoemaker led the blind Tailor to it, left him lying there, and went his way. From weariness, pain, and hunger, the poor fellow slept the whole night long, and when he awoke at daybreak he knew not where he was. Upon the gallows hung two poor sinners, and upon the head of each sat a crow. Then one of the men who had been hanged said to the other, "Brother, are you awake?" "Yes, I am," replied the second. "Then I will tell you something," said the first. "The dew which has fallen over us this night from the gallows will give sight to him who needs it if he but wash himself with it. If the blind knew this, how many are there who would once more be able to see who now think it impossible!"

When the Tailor heard this he took his handkerchief, and spread it on the grass, and as soon as it was soaked with dew he washed his eyeballs with it. Immediately the words of the man on the gallows were fulfilled, and he saw as clearly as ever. A short while afterwards

the Tailor saw the sun rise over the mountains, and before him in the distance lay the King's city, with its magnificent gates and hundred towers, over which the golden balls and crosses on the spires and pinnacles began to glisten in the sunbeams. He could see every leaf upon the trees, every bird which flew by, and the gnats which danced in the air. He took a needle out of his pocket, and when he found he could pass the thread through the eye as easily as ever, his heart leaped for joy. He threw himself upon his knees and thanked God for the mercy shown to him, and while he said his morning devotions he did not forget to pray for the two poor sinners who swung to and fro in the wind like the pendulum of a clock. Then he took his bundle upon his back, and, forgetting his past sorrows and troubles, jogged along, singing and whistling.

The first thing he met was a brown Filly, which was running about in the fields at liberty. The Tailor caught it by its mane, and would have swung himself on its back to ride into the city, but the Filly begged for its liberty, saying, "I am still too young; even a light tailor like you would break my back. Let me run about till I am stronger; a time will come, perhaps, when I can reward you."

"Run away, then," replied the Tailor. "I see you are still a romp!" and with these words he gave it a touch with a switch which made it lift its hind legs for joy, and spring away over a hedge and ditch into a field.

But the Tailor had eaten nothing since the previous day, and he thought to himself, "The sun certainly fills my eyes, but the bread does not fill my mouth.

The first thing which meets me now must suffer, if it be at all eatable."

Just then a Stork came walking very seriously over the meadow.

"Stop, stop!" cried the Tailor, catching it by the leg. "I don't know if you are fit to eat, but my hunger will not admit of choice; so I must chop off your head and roast you."

"Do it not," answered the Stork. "I am a sacred bird, to whom nobody offers an injury, and I bring great profit to man. Leave me alone, and I can recompense you at some future time."

"Be off, Cousin Longlegs," said the Tailor; and the Stork, raising itself from the ground, flew gracefully away, with its long legs hanging downwards.

"What will come of this?" said the Tailor to himself. "My hunger grows ever stronger, and my stomach yet more empty: what next crosses my path is lost."

As he spoke he saw a pair of young Ducks swimming upon a pond. "You have come just when you were called," cried he, and, seizing one by the neck, he was about to twist it round, when an old bird which was hid among the reeds began to quack loudly, and swam with open bill to the Tailor, begging him pitifully to spare her dear child.

"Think what your poor mother would say if one took you away and put an end to your life!"

"Be quiet!" replied the good-natured Tailor, "you shall have your child again." And he put the prisoner back into the water.

As soon as he turned round again he perceived an old hollow tree, and the wild bees flying in and out.

"Here at once I shall find the reward of my good deed," said the Tailor; "the honey will refresh me." But scarcely had he spoken when the Queen Bee flew out and thus addressed him: "If you touch my people, and disturb my nest, our stings shall pierce your skin like ten thousand red-hot needles. Leave us in peace, and go your own way, and perhaps at a future time you shall receive a reward for it."

The Tailor realized at once that nothing was to be had there. "Three empty dishes and nothing in the fourth is a bad meal," thought he to himself; and, trudging on, he soon reached the city, where, as it was just striking twelve, he found a dinner ready cooked in the inn, and gladly sat down to table. When he was satisfied he determined to go and seek work, and as he walked around the city he soon found a master, who gave him a good welcome. Since he knew his business thoroughly he became quite famed, and everybody would have his new coat made by the little Tailor. Every day added to his consequence, and he said to himself, "I can get no higher in my art, and yet every day trade gets brisker." At length he was appointed court tailor.

But how things do turn out! The same day his former comrade was made court shoemaker; and when he saw the Tailor, and found that his eyes were as bright and good as ever, his conscience pricked him. But he thought to himself, "Before he revenges himself on me I must dig a pit for him."

Now he who digs a pit for another often falls into it himself. In the evening, when the Shoemaker had finished his work and it was become quite dark, he slipped

up to the King and whispered, "May it please your Majesty, this Tailor is an arrogant fellow, and has boasted that he can recover the crown which has been lost so long."

"That would please me much!" replied the King. "Let the Tailor come here to-morrow."

When he came the King ordered him to find the crown again, or to leave the city forever.

"Oho! oho!" thought the Tailor; "a rogue gives more than he has. If the crusty old King desires from me what no man can produce, I will not wait till morning, but this very day make my escape out of the town."

So thinking, he tied together his bundle and marched out of the gate; but it grieved him sorely to give up his business, and to turn his back upon the city where he had been so fortunate. Soon he came to the pond where he had made acquaintance with the Ducks, and there by the shore sat the old one whose children he had spared, pluming herself with her bill. She recognized him, and asked why he hung his head so.

"You will not wonder," he replied, "when you hear what has happened"; and he told her his story.

"If that be all," said the Duck, "we can assist you. The crown has fallen into the water, and lies at the bottom of this pond, whence we will soon fetch it. Meanwhile, spread your handkerchief out on the shore." With these words the Duck dived down with her twelve young ones, and in five minutes they were up again, carrying the crown, which, resting on the old bird's wings, was borne up by the bills of the twelve ducklings who swam around. They came to shore and laid the crown on the handkerchief. You could not believe

In five minutes they were up again, carrying the crown

how beautiful it was; for when the sun shone on it, it glittered like a hundred thousand carbuncles. The Tailor tied it up in his handkerchief and carried it to the King, who was so much pleased that he hung a chain of gold round the Tailor's neck.

When the Shoemaker found his first plan had failed he contrived a second, and stepping before the King, said, "May it please your Majesty, the Tailor has grown insolent again. He boasts he can model in wax the whole castle and all that is in it, loose and fast, indoors and outdoors."

The King thereupon caused the Tailor to be summoned, and ordered him to model in wax the whole castle, with everything that pertained to it, inside and outside; and if he did not complete it, or omitted even one nail upon the wall, he should be kept prisoner underground all his lifetime.

The Tailor thought to himself, "It comes harder and harder upon me; no man can do that." And throwing his bundle over his shoulder he walked out through the gate. When he came to the hollow tree he sat down, and hung his head in despair. The bees came flying out, and the Queen asked if he had a stiff neck, that he kept his head in such a position.

"Oh, no!" he replied; "something else bows me down!" and he related what the King had demanded of him. Then the bees began to hum and buzz together, and the Queen said to the Tailor: "Go home now, but return in the morning, and bring a great sheet with you, and about this hour all will be ready." So he returned home, but the bees flew to the royal palace, right in at the open windows, crept into every corner, and observed

everything in the most minute manner. Then they flew back and formed the castle in wax with great speed, so that it was ready by evening. The next morning the Tailor came, and there stood the whole beautiful building, with not a nail upon the wall or a tile upon the roof omitted. All was delicately white, and moreover, smelled as sweet as honey. The Tailor wrapped it carefully in his cloth, and took it to the King, who could not sufficiently admire it. He placed it in his largest hall and gave the Tailor a house built of stone as a reward.

The Shoemaker, however, did not give up, but went again to the King, and said, "May it please your Majesty, it has come to the ears of the Tailor that no water springs in the castle yard; and he has therefore boasted that it shall gush up in the middle to a man's height, clear as crystal."

The King again ordered the Tailor to be summoned, and told him that if a stream of water was not running the following morning, as he had said, the executioner should make him a head shorter in that very court.

The poor Tailor did not think very long, but rushed out of the gate, and, as he remembered his life was in danger, tears rolled down his cheeks. While he walked thus, full of grief, the Filly to which he had once given liberty came trotting toward him. It had become a fine brown horse.

"Now is the hour come," it said to the Tailor, "when I can reward your kindness. I already know what you need, and will soon assist you; but sit upon my back, which now could carry two like you."

The Tailor's courage rose again, and he vaulted

into the saddle, and the horse carried him full speed into the town, and straight to the castle yard. There it coursed thrice round as quick as lightning, and at the third time fell down. At the same moment a fearful noise was heard, and a piece of the ground in the court-yard sprang up into the air like a ball, and bounded away far over the castle. At the same time a stream of water, as high as the man and his horse, and as clear as crystal, played up and down like a fountain, and the sunbeams danced on it.

When the King saw this he was astounded, and went up and embraced the Tailor before all his court.

But this fortune did not last long. The King had daughters enough, and each one prettier than the other, but no son at all.

Now, the wicked Shoemaker went for the fourth time to the King, and said, "May it please your Majesty, the Tailor is as arrogant as ever. Now he has boasted that, if he liked, he could bring the King a son down from the air."

Thereupon the King ordered the Tailor to be summoned, and said, "If you bring me a son within nine days you shall have my eldest daughter as a wife."

"The reward is immense," thought the Tailor; "and one would willingly do something to win it; but now the cherries hang too high for me, and if I climb after them the branches will break beneath me, and I shall fall." So thinking, he went home, set himself with his legs crossed under him upon his worktable, and considered what he should do.

"It is of no use," he cried at length. "I must be off; I cannot rest in peace here!"

So he tied up his bundle and hurried out of the gate. But just as he arrived upon the meadow he saw his old friend the Stork, who, like a world-wise man, walked up and down, stood still awhile and considered a frog nearer, and at length snapped it up. The Stork came up and greeted him. "I see, you have your bundle upon your back," it said. "Why have you left the city?"

The Tailor told the Stork what the King had demanded of him, and how, as he could not do it, he was grieving at his ill luck.

"Do not let your hair grow gray on that account!" replied the Stork. "I will help you out of your trouble. For a long time I have brought infants into the city; and I can also fetch a little prince out of the spring. Go home and keep quiet. In nine days return to the royal palace, and I will come thither also."

The Tailor went home, and on the right day went to the palace. In a short time the Stork came flying through the air, and knocked at the window. The Tailor opened it, and Cousin Longlegs marched gravely in, and with stately steps passed over the marble floors, carrying in his beak a child, as beautiful to look at as an angel, and already stretching out its hands toward the Queen. The Stork laid it upon her lap, and she embraced and kissed it, almost beside herself with joy. Before he flew away he took a knapsack off his shoulder, and handed it to the Queen; and therein were dates and colored bonbons, which were divided among the Princesses. But the eldest received none, because she took instead the merry young Tailor as husband.

"It seems to me," said the Tailor, "as if I had won a

great prize. My mother rightly said, 'He who trusts in God and his own fortune will never go amiss.'"

The Shoemaker had to make the shoes in which the Tailor danced at the wedding, and as soon as he had finished them he was ordered to leave the city. The road from thence to the forest led him past the gallows; and, from rage, disappointment, and weariness with the heat of the day, he threw himself on the ground beneath it. As soon as he had closed his eyes and prepared to go to sleep, the two crows flew down from the heads of the two criminals, and with loud cries pecked out the Shoemaker's eyes. Insane with rage and pain, he ran into the forest, and there he must have perished; for nobody has since seen or heard anything of the wicked Shoemaker.

THE STRAW, THE COAL, AND THE BEAN

In a certain village there dwelt a poor old woman, who had gathered a dish of beans which she wished to cook. So she made a fire upon the hearth, and that it might burn the quicker, she lighted it with a handful of straw. And as she shook the beans up in the sauce-pan, one fell out unperceived, and came down upon the ground, near a straw; soon after a glowing coal burst out of the fire, and fell just by these two.

Then the Straw began and said, "My dear friends, whence do you come?"

The Coal replied, "By good luck, I have sprung out of the fire, and if I had not jumped away by main force, my death had been certain,—I should have been reduced to ashes."

The Bean said, "I also have got away with a whole skin, but, had the old woman put me in the pot with the others, I should have been boiled to broth, as my comrades are."

"Would a better fate have fallen to my share?" said the Straw; "for the old woman has suffocated in fire and smoke all my brothers; sixty has she seized on at once, and deprived of life; happily, I slipped between her fingers."

"But what shall we do now?" asked the Coal.

"I think," answered the Bean; "since we have so luckily escaped death, we should join in partnership, and keep together like good companions: lest a new

misfortune overtake us, let us set forth, and travel into a strange country."

This proposition pleased the two others, and they set out together on their travels. Presently they came to a little stream, over which there was no bridge or footplank, and they did not know how they should get over.

The Straw hit upon an idea, and said, "I will lay myself across, so that you may walk over upon me, as upon a bridge." So the Straw stretched itself from one bank to the other, and the Coal, which was of an impetuous nature, tripped boldly upon the newly built bridge. But when it came to the middle, and heard the water running along beneath, it was frightened, and stood still, not daring to go farther. The Straw, however, beginning to burn, broke in two and fell into the stream, and the Coal, slipping after, hissed as it reached the water, and gave up the ghost. The Bean, which had prudently remained upon the shore, was forced to laugh at this accident, and the joke being so good, it laughed so immoderately that it burst itself. Now, they would all have been done for alike, if by great good luck a tailor, who was out on his wanderings in search of work, had not just then sat himself down to rest near the stream. Having a commiserating heart, he took out needle and thread, and sewed the Bean together. The Bean thanked him exceedingly; but, as the tailor used black thread, it has happened since that time that every Bean has a black seam.

THE GOLDEN BIRD

A long, long while ago there was a King who had, adjoining his palace, a fine pleasure garden, in which stood a tree which bore golden apples. As soon as the apples began to ripen they were counted, but the next day one was missed. This vexed the King very much, and he ordered that watch should be kept every night beneath the tree. Having three sons, he sent the eldest, when evening set in, into the garden; but about midnight the youth fell into a deep sleep, and in the morning another apple was missing. The next night the second son had to watch, but he fared no better; for about midnight he too fell fast asleep, and another apple was wanting in the morning.

The turn was come now to the third son, who was eager to go; but the King hesitated for a long time, thinking he would be even less wakeful than his brothers; but at last he consented. The youth lay down under the tree and watched steadily, without letting sleep be his master. Just as twelve o'clock struck, something rustled in the air, and looking up, he saw a bird flying by whose feathers were of bright gold. The bird alighted upon the tree, and had just picked off one of the apples when the youth shot an arrow at it.

This did not prevent its flying away, but the arrow had struck the plumage and one of its golden feathers dropped off. The youth took the feather up, and, showing it the next morning to the King, told him what he had seen during the night. Thereupon the King

assembled his council, and every one declared that a single feather like this was worth a kingdom.

"Well, then," said the King, "if this feather is so precious, I must and will have the whole bird."

The eldest son was now sent out on his travels, and, relying on his own prudence, he doubted not that he should find the golden bird. When he had walked about a mile he saw a Fox sitting at the edge of a forest, so he leveled his gun and took aim at it; but the Fox cried out, "Do not shoot me, and I will give you a piece of good advice! You are now on the road to the golden bird, and this evening you will come into a village where two inns stand opposite each other. One will be brightly lit up and much merriment will be going on inside, but turn not in there; enter rather into the other, though it seem a poor place to you."

The young man, however, thought to himself, "How can such a silly beast give me wise advice?" and going nearer, he shot at the Fox; but he missed, and the Fox stretched out his tail and ran away. After this adventure he walked on, and toward evening came to the village where stood the two public houses, in one of which singing and dancing was going on, while the other looked a very ill-conditioned house.

"I should be a simpleton," said he to himself, "if I were to go into this dirty inn while that capital one stood opposite." So he entered the dancing room, and there, living in feasting and rioting, he forgot the golden bird, his father, and all good manners.

As time passed by, and the eldest son did not return home, the second son set out to seek the golden bird. The Fox met him as it had his brother, and gave him

good counsel, which he did not follow. He likewise arrived at the two inns, and out of the window of the riotous house his brother leaned, and invited him in. He could not resist, and entered, and lived there only to gratify his pleasures.

Again a long time elapsed, with no news of either brother, and the youngest wished to go and try his luck; but his father would not consent. "It is useless," said he; "he is still less likely than his brothers to find the golden bird, and, if a misfortune should happen to him, he cannot help himself, for he is not very quick." The King at last, however, was forced to consent, for he had no rest while he refused.

On the edge of the forest the Fox was again sitting, and again he offered in return for his life the same piece of good advice. The youth was good hearted and said, "Be not afraid, little Fox; I will do you no harm."

"You shall not repent of your goodness," replied the Fox; "but that you may travel quicker, get up behind on my tail."

Scarcely had he seated himself when away they went, over stones and sticks, so fast that their hair whistled in the wind.

As soon as they arrived at the village the youth dismounted, and following the advice he had received, turned, without glancing round, into the mean-looking house, where he passed the night comfortably. The next morning, when he went into the fields, he found the Fox already there. "I will tell you what further you must do," said the Fox. "Go straight forwards, and you will come to a castle before which a whole troop of soldiers will be sleeping and snoring; be not

frightened at them, but go right through the middle of the troop into the castle, and through all the rooms, till you come into a chamber where a golden bird hangs in a wooden cage. Near by stands an empty golden cage for show, but take care you do not take the bird out of its ugly cage and place it in the golden one, or you will fare badly."

With these words the Fox again stretched out its tail, and the King's son riding as before, away they went over sticks and stones, till their hair whistled in the wind from the pace at which they traveled.

When they arrived at the castle the youth found everything as the Fox had said. He soon discovered the room where the golden bird sat in its wooden cage, and by it stood the golden one, and three golden apples were lying beside it. The youth thought it would be a pity to take the bird in such an ugly and dirty cage, and opening the door he put it in the splendid one. At the moment he did this the bird set up a piercing cry. The soldiers awoke, started up, and made him a prisoner. The next morning he was brought to trial, and when he confessed all he was condemned to death. The King, however, said he would spare his life on one condition, namely, that he should bring to him the golden horse which traveled faster than the wind, and then for a reward he should also receive the golden bird.

The young Prince walked out, sighing and sorrowful, for where was he to find the golden horse? All at once he saw his old friend the Fox, who said, "There, you see what has happened because you did not heed what I said. But be of good courage; I will protect you,

and tell you where you may find the horse. You must follow this road straight till you come to a castle: in the stable there stands this horse. Before the door the grooms will lie fast asleep and snoring, so you can quietly lead away the horse. But there is one thing you must mind: put on his back the old saddle of wood and leather, and not the golden one which hangs close by, for if you do it will go ill with you."

So saying, the Fox stretched out his tail, and again they went over sticks and stones till their hair whistled in the wind.

Everything was as the Fox had said, and the youth went into the stall where the golden horse was. But as he was about to put on the dirty saddle he thought it would be a shame if he did not put on such a fine animal the saddle which appeared to belong to him, and so he took up the golden saddle. Scarcely had the saddle touched the back of the horse when it set up a loud neigh. The stable boys awoke, seized the youth, and threw him into prison. The next morning he was condemned to death; but the King promised to give him his life and the horse if he could bring him the beautiful daughter of the King of the Golden Castle.

With a heavy heart the youth set out, and by great good fortune soon met the Fox. "I should have left you in your misfortune," said he; "but I pity you, and am willing once more to help you out of your trouble. Your road to the palace lies straight before you, and when you arrive there, about evening, wait till night, when the Princess goes to the bathing house to bathe. As soon as she enters the bathhouse, do you spring up and give her a kiss, and she will follow you wheresoever

you will; only take care that she does not take leave of her parents first, or all will be lost."

With these words the Fox again stretched out his tail, and the King's son seating himself thereon, away they went over stone and stick till their hair whistled in the wind. When they arrived at the golden palace the youth found everything as the Fox had foretold, and he waited till midnight, when everybody was in a deep sleep. At that hour the beautiful Princess went to her bath, and he sprang up instantly and kissed her. The Princess said she was willing to go with him, but begged him earnestly, with tears in her eyes, to permit her first to take leave of her parents. At first he withstood her prayers; but, when she wept still more and even fell at his feet, he at last consented. Scarcely had the maiden stepped up to her father's bedside when he awoke, and all the others who were asleep awakening too, the poor youth was captured and put into prison.

The next morning the King said to him, "Thy life is forfeited, and thou canst find mercy only if thou clearest away the mountain which lies before my window, and over which I cannot see; but thou must remove it within eight days. If thou accomplish this, then thou shalt have my daughter as a reward."

The King's son at once began digging and shoveling away; but when, after seven days, he saw how little was effected and that all his work went for nothing, he fell into great grief and gave up all hope. But on the evening of the seventh day the Fox appeared and said, "You do not deserve that I should notice you again, but go away and sleep while I work for you."

When he awoke the next morning, and looked out

of the window, the hill had disappeared, and he hastened to the King full of joy, and told him the conditions were fulfilled. Now, whether he liked it or not, the King was obliged to keep his word, and give up his daughter.

Away they went, these two together, and no long time had passed before they met the faithful Fox. "You have the best certainly," said he, "but to the maiden of the golden castle belongs also the golden horse."

"How shall I obtain it?" inquired the youth.

"That I will tell you," answered the Fox. "First take to the King who sent you to the golden castle the beautiful Princess. Then there will be unheard-of joy, and they will readily give you the golden horse and lead it out to you. Do you mount it, and then give your hand to each in parting, and last of all to the Princess. Keep tight hold of her hand and swing her up behind you, and as soon as that is done ride off, and no one can pursue you, for the horse goes as fast as the wind."

All this was happily accomplished, and the King's son carried away the beautiful Princess in triumph on the golden horse.

The Fox did not remain behind, but said to the Prince, "Now I will help you to get the golden bird. When you come near the castle where it is, let the maiden get down, and I will take her into my care. Then do you ride into the castle yard with the golden horse, and at the sight of you there will be such joy that they will readily bring out to you the bird. As soon as you hold the cage in your hand ride back to us, and take the maiden away again."

As soon as this deed was done, and the Prince had ridden back with his treasure, the Fox said, "Now you must reward me for my services."

"What do you desire?" asked the youth.

"When we come into yonder wood, shoot me dead, and cut off my head and feet."

"That were curious gratitude!" said the Prince. "I cannot possibly do that."

"If you will not do it, I must leave you," replied the Fox; "but before I depart I will give you one piece of counsel. Beware of these two things: buy no gallows flesh, and sit not on the brink of a well!" With these words it ran into the forest.

The young Prince thought, "Ah, that is a wonderful animal, with some strange fancies! Who would buy gallows flesh? And I don't see the pleasure of sitting on the brink of a well!"

Onward he rode with his beautiful companion, and by chance the way led him through the village where his two brothers had stopped. There he found a great stir and uproar; and when he asked the reason he was told that two persons were about to be hanged.

When he came nearer he saw that they were his two brothers, who had done some villainous deeds, and spent all their money. He inquired if they could not be freed, and was told by the people that he might buy them off if he would, but they were not worth his gold, and deserved nothing but hanging. Nevertheless, he did not hesitate, but paid down the money, and his two brothers were released.

After this they all four set out in company, and soon came to the forest where they had first met the Fox;

and as it was cool and pleasant beneath the trees, while the sun had been very hot, the two brothers said, "Come, let us rest awhile here by this well, and eat and drink."

The youngest brother consented, forgetting in the heat of conversation the warning he had received, and feeling no anxiety. But all at once the brothers threw him backwards into the well, and taking the maiden, the horse, and the bird, went home to their father.

"We bring you," said they to him, "not only the golden bird but also the golden horse and the Princess of the golden castle." There was great joy over their arrival; but the horse would not eat, the bird would not sing, and the maiden would not speak, but sat and wept bitterly.

The youngest brother, however, was not dead. The well, by great good luck, was dry, and he fell upon soft moss without any injury; but he could not get out again. Even in this necessity the faithful Fox did not leave him, but soon came up, and scolded him for not following his advice. "Still, I cannot forsake you," said he; "I will again help you into daylight. Hold fast upon my tail, and I will draw you up to the top."

When this was done the Fox said, "You are not yet out of danger, for your brothers are not sure of your death, and have set watchers all round the forest, who are to kill you if they should see you."

The youth thereupon changed clothes with a poor old man who was sitting near, and in that guise went to the King's palace. Nobody knew him; but instantly the bird began to sing, the horse began to eat, and the beautiful maiden ceased weeping. Bewildered at this change, the King asked what it meant. "I know not,"

replied the maiden; "but I who was sad am now gay, for I feel as if my true husband were returned."

Then she told him all that had happened, although the other brothers had threatened her with death if she disclosed anything. And the King summoned before him all the people who were in the castle, and among them came the poor youth, dressed as a begger, in his rags; but the maiden knew him, and fell upon his neck. The wicked brothers were seized and put to death; but the youngest married the Princess, and succeeded to the King's inheritance.

But what had happened to the poor Fox? Long after, the Prince went once again into the wood. The Fox met him, and said, "You have now everything that you can desire, but to my misfortune there is no end, although it lies in your power to release me." And with tears he begged him to cut off his head and feet. At last the Prince did so; and scarcely was it accomplished when the Fox became a man, who was no other than the brother of the Princess, delivered at length from the charm which bound him. From that day nothing was ever wanting to the happiness of the Hero of the Golden Bird.

THE POOR MILLER'S BOY AND THE CAT

Once upon a time there lived in a mill an old Miller who had neither wife nor children, but three apprentices instead; and after they had been with him several years he said to them one day: "I am old, and shall retire from business soon. Do you all go out, and whichever of you brings me home the best horse, to him will I give the mill, and, moreover, he shall attend me in my last illness."

The third of the apprentices was a small lad, looked upon as foolish by the others, who despised him so much that they did not intend he should ever have the mill, even after them. But all three went out together, and as soon as they got away from the village the two said to the stupid Hans: "You may as well remain here. In all your lifetime you will never find a horse."

Nevertheless Hans went with them, and when night came on they arrived at a cave where they lay down to sleep. The two clever apprentices waited till Hans was fast asleep, and then they got up and walked off, leaving Hans snoring. Now they thought they had done a very clever thing, but we shall see how they fared.

By and by the sun arose and awoke Hans, who, when he found himself lying in a deep cavern, peeped all around him and exclaimed, "Oh, Heavens! Where have I got to?"

He soon got up and scrambled out of the cave into the forest, thinking to himself, "Here I am all alone

What shall I do to get a horse?" While he thought, a little tortoise-shell Cat came up, and asked, in a most friendly manner, "Where are you going, Hans?"

"Ah! you cannot help me," said Hans.

"Yes, I know very well what you wish," replied the Cat; "you want a fine horse. Come with me, and for seven years be my faithful servant, and then I will give you a handsomer steed than you ever saw."

"Well," thought Hans to himself, "this is a wonderful Cat! But still I may as well see if this will be true."

So the Cat took him into her enchanted castle, where there were many other cats who waited upon her, jumping quickly up and down the steps, and bustling about merry and happy. In the evening when they sat down to table three cats had to make music; one played the bassoon, a second the violin, and a third blew a trumpet so loudly that his cheeks seemed as if they would burst. When they had finished dinner the table was drawn away, and the Cat said, "Now, Hans, come and dance with me."

"No, no!" replied he, "I won't dance with a cat! I never learned how!"

"Then take him to bed," cried the Cat to her attendants; and they lighted him at once to his sleeping apartment, where one drew off his shoes, and another his stockings, while a third blew out the light. The following morning the servant cats made their appearance again, and helped him out of bed. One drew on his stockings, another tied his garters, a third fetched his shoes, a fourth washed him, and a fifth wiped his face with her tail.

"That was done well and gently," said Hans to the last.

But all day long Hans had to cut wood for the Cat, and for that purpose he had an ax of silver and wedges and saws of the same metal, while the mallet was made of copper.

Here Hans remained, making himself useful. Every day he had good eating and drinking, but he saw nobody except the tortoise-shell Cat and her attendants. One day the Cat said to him, "Go and mow my meadows and dry the grass well," and she gave him a scythe of silver and a whetstone of gold, which she bade him bring back safe. Hans went off and did what he was told; and when the work was finished he took home the scythe, whetstone, and hay, and asked the Cat if she would not now give him his reward.

"No," said the Cat, "you must first do several things for me. Here are beams of silver, carpenter's ax, square, and all that is necessary, all of silver, and of these you must first build me a small house."

Hans built it, and when it was done he reminded the Cat he had still no horse. However, his seven years had passed like six months.

The Cat now asked him whether he wished to see her horses.

"Yes," said Hans.

So they went out to the small house, and as they opened the door there stood twelve horses, very proud and shining, pawing the ground impatiently. Hans rejoiced to see them, but as soon as he had looked at them for a minute the Cat gave him his dinner and said: "Go home; I shall not give you your horse to take with you, but in three days I will come to you and bring it with me."

So Hans walked off, and the cats showed him the way to the mill; but as they had not furnished him with new clothes, he was forced to go in the old ragged ones he had taken with him, which during the seven years had become much too short for him.

When he arrived at home he found the two other apprentices had preceded him, and each had brought a horse; but one was blind and the other lame.

"Where is your horse, Hans?" inquired they.

"It will follow me in three days," he replied.

At that they laughed, and cried, "Yes, Hans, and when it does come it will be something wonderful, no doubt."

Hans then went into the parlor, but the old Miller said he should not sit at table because he was so ragged and dirty; they would be ashamed of him if any one came in. So they gave him something to eat out of doors, and when bedtime came the two apprentices refused Hans a share of the bed, and he was obliged to creep into the goose coop and stretch himself upon some hard straw. The next morning was the third day mentioned by the Cat, and as soon as Hans was up there came a carriage drawn by six horses, which shone in the sun, and a servant besides, who led a seventh horse for the poor miller's boy. Out of the carriage stepped a beautiful Princess, who went into the mill, and she was the tortoise-shell Cat whom poor Hans had served for seven years.

She asked the Miller where the mill boy and drudge was, and he answered: "We could not take him into the mill, he was so ragged and dirty; he lies now in the goose coop."

The Princess bade him fetch Hans, but in order to come the poor fellow had to hold together his little smock frock to cover himself.

Then the servant drew forth some elegant clothes, and after washing Hans put them on him, and no king could have looked more handsome.

Thereupon the Princess wished to see the horses the other apprentices had brought home, and one was blind and the other lame. When she had seen them she ordered her servant to bring the horse he had in his keeping, and as soon as the Miller saw it he declared that such an animal had never before been in his yard.

"It belongs to the youngest apprentice," said the Princess.

"And the mill too," said the Miller. But the Princess said he might keep the mill and the horse as well. With these words she placed her faithful Hans in the carriage with her, and drove away. They went first to the little house which Hans had built with the silver tools, and which had become a noble castle, wherein everything was of gold and silver. There the Princess married him, and he was so very rich that he had enough for all his life.

After this let no one ever say that one who is silly can never become a person of importance.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN MOUNTAIN

A certain Merchant had two children, a boy and a girl, who at the time our tale begins were both so little that they could not run alone. This Merchant had sent away two richly laden vessels in which he had embarked all his property, and, just as he was hoping to gain much money by their voyage, the news came that both ships had sunk to the bottom of the sea. Thus instead of a rich merchant, he became a poor man, and had nothing left but a field near the town where he dwelt, and therein, to divert his thoughts from his loss for a while, he went to walk. While he paced to and fro there suddenly appeared a little black Dwarf, who asked him the reason of his sorrowful looks, and what he took so much to heart.

"If you are able to help me," said the Merchant "I will tell you."

"Who knows," replied the Dwarf, "whether I can or no?"

So then the Merchant told him what had happened: how all his wealth was sunk at the bottom of the sea, and nothing remained to him but this one field.

"Do not grieve yourself any longer," said the Dwarf; "for if you will promise to bring me here, in twelve years, whatever first rubs itself against your leg on your return home, you shall have all the money you can require." The Merchant thought it would be his dog that would meet him first, for just then he did not remember his children, so he gave the little black man his written and

sealed promise to the bargain, and returned to his home.

Just as he came within sight of the house his little boy saw him, and was so glad that he waddled up to him and clasped him by the knees. The father was frightened, for his promise occurred to him, and he knew now what he had sworn to; but still, as he found no money in his coffers, he imagined it was only a joke on the part of the Dwarf. A month afterwards, however, he went to his garret to gather together some old tin to sell, and there he saw a great heap of gold. Now was he again prosperous, and bought and sold and became a great merchant, as he had been before.

Meanwhile his boy grew up clever and sensible, and the nearer he came to the age of twelve years the sadder became his father, till people could see the traces of his anguish in his face. One day the son asked him what was amiss. The father would not tell him at first, but at last he related how without knowing it he had sold him to a little black Dwarf for a heap of money, and how he had set his seal and name to the bargain, so that when twelve years had passed he must deliver him up.

"My father," answered the son, "do not be sorry about such a matter. All will yet go well, for the Dwarf can have no power over me."

After this the son had himself blessed by a priest, and when the hour came he and his father went together to the field, where the son drew a circle, within which they both placed themselves.

Presently came the black Dwarf, and asked, "Have you brought with you what you promised?"

The father was silent, but the son replied, "What do you want here?"

"I came to speak with your father, and not with you," said the Dwarf.

"You have deceived and betrayed my father," said the son. "Give up the paper you extorted from him."

"No! I will not surrender my rights!" replied the Dwarf.

Then they consulted together for some time, and at last they agreed that the son, because he would not obey the Dwarf and did not any longer belong to his father, should place himself in an open boat which lay upon the waters, and that his father should then give the vessel a push that it might float whither it would. The son, therefore, took leave of his Father, and set himself in the boat, which the father pushed off; but, unhappily, the boat turned bottom upwards with the force of the shock, and the father was forced to return home believing his son was dead, which grieved him sorely.

The boat, however, did not sink, but floated quietly away with the youth clinging to it, till at length it touched on an unknown land and remained there. The youth then scrambled on shore, and saw, just opposite, a fine castle, toward which he hurried. As soon as he entered he found that it was an enchanted palace, and he walked through all the rooms, and found them all empty, till he came to the last, in which he discovered a snake curling itself round and round. This snake, however, was an enchanted maiden. She was overjoyed to see the youth enter, and said to him, "Are you come to deliver me? For twelve years have I waited for you, for this kingdom is enchanted, and you must free it from the spell."

"How can I do that?" he asked.

"This night," she replied, "twelve Black Dwarfs will come, laden with chains; and they will ask you what you do here; but, mind, give them no answer, and let them do what they will to you. They will torment you, beat and poke you about, but let all this happen without a word on your part and then they must be off again. The second night twelve others will come, and the third night four-and-twenty, and these last will cut off your head; but at midnight their power passes away, and if you restrain yourself till then, and never speak a word, I am saved. Afterwards I will come to you with a flask which contains the water of life, and with this I will sprinkle you, that you shall regain your breath and be as healthy and well as before."

"I will save you willingly," he replied.

Now everything happened as the snake said. The Black Dwarfs failed to compel him to speak, and the third night the snake became a beautiful Princess, and came with the water of life, as she had said, and restored the youth to life. Then she fell upon his neck and kissed him, and through all the castle there were joy and gladness. Soon their wedding was celebrated, and the Merchant's son became the King of the Golden Mountain.

The happy pair lived in great contentment, and in course of time the Queen bore a son, and now when eight years had passed over their heads the King bethought himself of his father, and his heart was so moved with the recollection that he wished to visit him. The Queen would not at first hear of such a thing, and said, "I know the journey will cause misfortune to me." But

he talked of it so often that at length she was obliged to consent. At his departure she gave him a wishing ring, and said, "Take this ring and wear it on your finger, and then wherever you wish to be, there you will find yourself. But this you must promise me, that you will not wish me to leave here to visit your father's house."

The King promised, and putting the ring on his finger he wished himself before the town where his father dwelt. At the same moment he found himself there, and tried to go into the town, but as he came to the gate the guards would not let him pass, because he wore clothes so peculiar, and so rich and magnificent. Thereupon he climbed up a hill where a shepherd was watching sheep, and with him he changed clothes, and thus in the rough smock passed into the town unquestioned.

When he came to his father's house he was not recognized, and the Merchant would not believe it was his son, although he said he certainly once had a son, but that he had been dead some years. Still, because he saw he was a poor thirsty shepherd, he willingly gave him a plate of food. At last the youth asked his parents, "Do you know of any mark on my body whereby you will recognize me? For indeed I am your true son."

"Yes," said the mother; "our son had a raspberry mark under his right arm."

Instantly he drew his shirt back from his arm, and there they saw the raspberry mark, so that they no longer doubted that he was their son. Then he told them that he was King of the Golden Mountain, and had a beautiful Princess for his wife, and a child seven years old.

But the Merchant laughed at him, saying, "Never can this be true! Here is a fine King indeed, who comes in a ragged shepherd's smock!"

This made the son very angry; and, without consideration, he turned round his ring and wished both his child and wife were with him. In a moment they appeared; but the Queen wept, and complained that he had broken his promise, and brought misfortune upon her. The King told her he had done it without thought and with no bad intention; and she appeared to be reconciled, but, in reality, she had evil in her heart.

After a while he took her to the field, out of the town, and showed her the stream where his boat had been overturned, and then, feeling tired, he said to her, "I am weary; so rest yourself awhile, and I will lay my head in your lap and go to sleep." He did so, and the Queen waited quietly till he was sound asleep, and then she drew the ring off his finger, and withdrew the foot that was under him, leaving only the slipper. Thereupon she took her child in her arms, and wished herself back in her kingdom.

When, then, the King awoke, he found himself all alone, his wife and child gone, and the ring from his finger too. The slipper only was there as a token.

"Home to your parents," said he to himself, "you cannot go; they will say you are a magician; so you must travel about till you come again to your kingdom."

So he went away, and by and by came to a mountain, before which three Giants stood, and contended with each other because they knew not how to divide their paternal inheritance. As soon as they saw the young man passing by they called to him and said,

"Come, little men have often wise heads: you shall divide our patrimony."

Now this inheritance consisted, first, of a sword, and if one took it into his hand and said, "Heads off all round, but not mine!" instantly every head near lay on the ground; second, of a cloak which rendered its wearer invisible; and third, of a pair of boots which were capable of taking their wearer wherever he wished.

The youth therefore said, "Give me these three things, that I may prove them whether they are in good order or not." So they gave him the cloak, and as soon as he put it on he became invisible, in the form of a fly. He soon took his old form again and said, "The cloak is good; now give me the sword."

"Oh, no!" said the Giants, "we will not give you that. For if you should say, 'Heads off all round, but not mine!' all our heads would fall off, and you alone would have one." Still they gave it to him on condition that he should prove it on a tree. This he did, and the sword cut the trunk in two as if it were a straw.

Then he wished to have the boots, but the Giants said, "No, we will not give them away; for if you should pull them on, and wish yourself on the summit of this mountain, we would stand here without anything!" But the youth said that he would not do that, and so they gave him the boots, and, as he now had all three things, he thought of nothing but his wife and child; and he said, as if to himself, "Ah! were I upon the Golden Mountain!" Immediately he disappeared from the sight of the Giants, and thus divided their inheritance.

As he came near his castle he heard great rejoicings,

and the notes of flutes and fiddles, and the people told him that his wife was about to celebrate her wedding with another husband. This put him in a passion, and he exclaimed, "False woman! She deceived and left me while I slept!"

Then he put on the cloak and rendered himself invisible while he entered the castle. In the hall he saw a large table spread out with costly delicacies, and guests eating and drinking, singing and laughing. In their midst sat the Queen, dressed in splendid clothes, upon a magnificent throne, with a crown upon her head. The true King placed himself behind her; but nobody saw him; and when she placed meat upon her plate he took it up and ate it himself; and each glass of wine which she poured for herself he drank, and so it went on—neither plate nor glass stayed in its place; each one disappeared in a moment.

This disturbed the Queen very much, and put her to shame, so that at length she arose, and went to her own chamber to weep; but here also he followed her. There she called out, "Is this the devil who persecutes me? Or did my deliverer never come?"

At these words he struck her on the cheek and cried, "Did thy deliverer never come? He is beside thee, thou traitress! Have I deserved this of thee?"

Then he rendered himself visible again, and, going into the hall, he cried, "The wedding is over! The true King is come!"

Then the kings, princes, and counselors who were assembled mocked him and jeered him; but he gave them short answers, and asked, "Will you be off or not?"

Then they tried to catch and imprison him; but he

drew his sword, and said, "Heads off all round, but not mine!" So all their heads rolled down the hill, and he was left master alone, and became once more "King of the Golden Mountain."

HANSEL AND GRETHEL

Once upon a time there dwelt near a large wood a poor woodcutter with his wife and two children by his former marriage, a little boy called Hänsel, and a girl named Grethel. He had little enough to break or bite, and once, when there was a great famine in the land, he could not procure even his daily bread. As he lay thinking in his bed one night, rolling about for trouble, he groaned, and said to his wife, "What will become of us? How can we feed our children when we no longer have anything to eat even for ourselves?"

"I will tell you, my husband," answered she. "Quite early in the morning we will lead them away into the thickest part of the wood, and there make them a fire, and give them each a little piece of bread; then we will go to our work and leave them alone, so they will not find their way home again, and we shall be freed from them."

"No, wife," replied he, "that I can never do; how can I bring my heart to leave my children all alone in the wood, where the wild beasts will soon come and tear them to pieces?"

"Oh, you simpleton!" said she, "then we must all four die of hunger; you had better plane the coffins for us." And she left him no peace till he consented. "Ah, but I shall regret the poor children," said the man.

The two children, however, had not gone to sleep for very hunger, and so they overheard what their stepmother said to their father.

Grethel wept bitterly, and said to Hänsel, "What will become of us?"

"Be quiet, Grethel," said he; "do not cry. I will help you."

And as soon as their parents had fallen asleep he got up, put on his coat, and, unbarring the back door, slipped out. The moon shone brightly, and the white pebbles which lay before the door glittered so, they seemed like silver pieces. Hänsel stooped down, and put as many into his pocket as it would hold, and then going back he said to Grethel, "Be comforted, dear sister, and sleep in peace. God will not forsake us." And so saying, he went to bed again.

The next morning, before the sun arose, the wife went and awoke the two children. "Get up, you lazy things; we are going into the forest to chop wood." Then she gave them each a piece of bread, saying, "There is something for your dinner; do not eat it before the time, for you will get nothing else."

Grethel took the bread in her apron, for Hänsel's pocket was full of pebbles; and so they all set out upon their way. When they had gone a little distance Hänsel stood still, and peeped back at the house; and this he repeated several times, till his father said, "Hänsel, what are you looking at, and why do you lag behind? Take care, and remember how to use your legs."

"Ah! father," said Hänsel, "I am looking at my white cat sitting upon the roof of the house, and trying to say good-by to me."

"You simpleton!" said the wife, "that is not a cat; it is only the sun shining on the white chimney."

But in reality Hänsel was not looking at a cat;

every time he stopped he dropped a pebble out of his pocket upon the path.

When they came to the middle of the forest the father told the children to collect wood, and he would make them a fire, so that they should not be cold So Hänsel and Grethel gathered together quite a little mountain of twigs. Then they set fire to them, and as the flame burnt up high the wife said, "Now, you children, lie down near the fire and rest yourselves, while we go into the forest and chop wood; when we are ready, I will come and fetch you."

Hänsel and Grethel sat down by the fire, and when it was noon each ate the piece of bread, and, because they could hear the blows of an ax, they thought their father was near; but it was not an ax, but a branch which he had bound to a withered tree, so as to be blown to and fro by the wind. They waited so long that at last their eyes closed from weariness, and they fell fast asleep.

When they awoke it was quite dark, and Grethel began to cry: "How shall we get out of the wood?"

But Hänsel tried to comfort her by saying, "Wait a little while till the moon rises, and then we shall quickly find the way."

The moon soon shone forth, and Hänsel, taking his sister's hand, followed the pebbles, which glittered like new-coined silver pieces, and showed them the path. All night long they walked on, and as day broke they came to their father's house. They knocked at the door, and when the wife opened it, and saw Hänsel and Grethel, she exclaimed, "You wicked children! Why did you sleep so long in the wood? We thought

you were never coming home again." But their father was very glad, for it had grieved his heart to leave them all alone

Not long afterwards there was again great scarcity in every corner of the land; and one night the children overheard their stepmother saying to their father, "Everything is again eaten. We have only half a loaf left, and then the song is ended: the children must go. We will take them deeper into the wood, so that they may not find the way out again; it is the only means of escape for us."

But her husband felt heavy at heart, and thought, "It were better to share the last crust with the children." His wife, however, would listen to nothing that he said, and scolded and reproached him without end.

He who says A must say B too; and he who consents the first time must also the second.

The children, however, had heard the conversation as they lay awake, and as soon as the old people went to sleep Hänsel got up, intending to pick up some pebbles as before; but the wife had locked the door, so that he could not get out. Nevertheless he comforted Grethel, saying, "Do not cry; sleep in quiet; the good God will not forsake us."

Early in the morning the stepmother came and pulled them out of bed, and gave them each a slice of bread, which was still smaller than the former piece. On the way Hänsel broke his in his pocket, and, stopping every now and then, dropped a crumb upon the path.

"Hänsel, why do you stop and look about?" said the father. "Keep in the path."

"I am looking at my little dove," answered Hänsel, "nodding a good-by to me."

"Simpleton!" said the wife, "that is no dove, but only the sun shining on the chimney."

But Hänsel still kept dropping crumbs as he went along.

The stepmother led the children deep into the wood, where they had never been before, and there, making an immense fire, she said to them, "Sit down here and rest, and when you feel tired you can sleep for a little while. We are going into the forest to hew wood, and in the evening, when we are ready, we will come and fetch you."

When noon came Grethel shared her bread with Hänsel, who had strewn his on the path. Then they went to sleep; but the evening arrived, and no one came to the poor children. In the dark night they awoke, and Hänsel comforted his sister by saying, "Only wait, Grethel, till the moon comes out, then we shall see the crumbs of bread which I have dropped, and they will show us the way home."

When the moon shone they got up, but they could not see any crumbs, for the thousands of birds which had been flying about in the woods and fields had picked them all up.

Hänsel kept saying to Grethel, "We shall soon find the way"; but they did not, and they walked the whole night long, and the next day, but still they did not come out of the wood. And they got very hungry, for they had nothing to eat but two or three berries which they found upon the bushes. As they were now so tired they could not drag themselves along any farther, they lay down under a tree and went to sleep.

It was now the third morning since they had left their father's house, and they still walked on; but they only got deeper and deeper into the wood, and Hänsel saw that if help did not come very soon they would die of hunger. When it was noon they saw a beautiful snow-white bird sitting upon a bough, which sang so sweetly that they stood still and listened to it. It soon finished its song, and spreading its wings flew off; and they followed it until it arrived at a cottage, upon the roof of which it perched; and when they went close up to it they saw that the cottage was made of bread and cakes, and the window panes were of clear sugar.

"We will set to work on that," said Hänsel, "and have a glorious feast. I will eat a piece of the roof, and you can eat the window; it will taste sweet." So Hänsel reached up and broke a piece off the roof, in order to see how it tasted, while Grethel stepped up to the window and began to bite it. Then a sweet voice called out in the room, "Tip-tap, tip-tap, who raps at my door?" and the children answered, "The wind, the wind, the child of heaven"; and they went on eating without interruption.

Hänsel thought the roof tasted very nice, and so he tore off a great piece. Grethel broke a large round pane out of the window, and sat down quite contentedly. Just then the door opened, and a very old woman, walking upon crutches, came out. Hänsel and Grethel were so frightened that they let fall what they had in their hands; but the old woman, nodding her head, said, "Ah, you dear children, what has brought you here? Come in and stay with me, and no harm shall befall you." And so saying, she took them both by the hand and led them into her cottage.

A good meal of milk and pancakes, with sugar, apples, and nuts, was spread on the table, and in the back room were two nice little beds, covered with white, where Hänsel and Grethel laid themselves down, and thought themselves in heaven.

The old woman had behaved very kindly to them, but in reality she was a wicked Witch who waylaid children, and built the bread house in order to entice them in; but as soon as they were in her power she killed them, cooked and ate them, and made a great festival of the day.

Witches have red eyes and cannot see very far; but they have a fine sense of smell, like wild beasts, so that they know when children approach them. When Hänsel and Grethel came near the Witch's house she had laughed wickedly, saying, "Here come two who shall not escape me." And early in the morning, before they awoke, she went up to them, and saw how lovingly they lay sleeping, with their chubby red cheeks; and she mumbled to herself, "That will be a good bite."

Then she took up Hänsel with her shriveled hand, and shut him up in a little stable with a grated door; and although he screamed loudly it was of no use. Then she went to Grethel, and, shaking her till she awoke, she said, "Get up, you lazy thing, and fetch some water to cook something good for your brother, who must remain in that stall and get fat; when he is fat enough I shall eat him." Grethel began to cry, but it was all useless, for the old Witch made her do as she wished. So a nice meal was cooked for Hänsel, but Grethel got nothing but a crab's shell.

Every morning the old Witch came to the stable and

said, "Hänsel, stretch out your finger that I may feel whether you are getting fat." But Hänsel used to stretch out a bone, and the old woman, having very bad sight, thought it was his finger, and wondered very much that it did not get fat. When four weeks had passed, and Hänsel still kept lean, she lost all her patience and would not wait any longer.

"Grethel," she called out in a passion, "get some water quickly; be Hänsel fat or lean, to-morrow I will kill and cook him." Oh, how the poor little sister grieved as she had to fetch the water, and how fast the tears ran down her cheeks!

"Dear good God, help us now!" she exclaimed. "Had we only been eaten by the wild beasts in the wood we should have died together."

But the old Witch called out, "Leave off that noise; it will not help you a bit."

So early in the morning Grethel was forced to go out and fill the cauldron, and make a fire. "First we will bake, however," said the old woman; "I have already heated the oven and kneaded the dough"; and so saying she pushed poor Grethel up to the oven, out of which the flames were darting fiercely. "Creep in," said the Witch, "and see if it is hot enough, and then we will put in the bread." But she intended when Grethel got in to shut up the oven and let her bake, so that she might eat her as well as Hänsel.

Grethel saw what her thoughts were, and said, "I do not know how to do it. How shall I get in?"

"You stupid goose," said the Witch, "the opening is big enough. See, I could even get in myself!" and she got up and put her head into the oven. Then Grethel

gave her a push, so that she fell right in, and then, shutting the iron door, she bolted it. Oh! how horribly the old Witch howled! But Grethel ran away, and left her to burn to ashes.

Now she ran to Hänsel, and opening his door called out, "Hänsel, we are saved! The old Witch is dead!"

So he sprang out, like a bird out of his cage when the door is opened; and they were so glad that they fell upon each other's neck, and kissed each other over and over again. And now, as there was nothing to fear, they went into the Witch's house, where in every corner were chests full of pearls and precious stones.

"These are better than pebbles," said Hänsel, putting as many into his pocket as it would hold; and Grethel said, "I will take some home too," and filled her apron full.

"We must be off now," said Hänsel, "and get out of this bewitched forest."

When they had walked for two hours they came to a large piece of water. "We cannot get over," said Hänsel. "I can see no bridge at all."

"And there is no boat, either," said Grethel; "but there swims a white duck; I will ask her to help us over." And she sang:

"Little duck, good little duck,
Grethel and Hänsel, here we stand,
There is neither plank nor bridge.
Take us on your back to land."

So the duck came to them, and Hänsel seated himself on its back and bade his sister sit behind him.

"No," answered Grethel, "that will be too much for the little duck; she shall take us over one at a time."

This the good little bird did, and when both were happily arrived on the other side, and had gone a little way, they came to a well-known wood, which they knew the better every step they went, and at last they saw their father's house. Then they began to run, and, bursting into the parlor, they fell on their father's neck. He had not had one happy hour since he had left the children in the forest; and his wife was dead. Grethel shook her apron, and the pearls and precious stones rolled out upon the floor, and Hänsel threw down one handful after the other out of his pocket. Then all their sorrows were ended, and they lived together in great happiness.

My tale is done. There runs a mouse; whoever catches her may make a big cap out of her fur.

LITTLE SNOW-WHITE

Once upon a time in the depth of winter, when the flakes of snow were falling like feathers from the clouds, a Queen sat sewing at her palace window, which had an ebony black frame. While she was thus engaged and looking out at the snow, she pricked her finger, and three drops of blood fell upon the snow. Because the red looked so well upon the white, she thought to herself, "Would that I had a child as white as this snow, as red as this blood, and as black as the wood of this frame!" Soon afterwards a little daughter was born to her, who was as white as snow and as red as blood and whose hair was as black as ebony, and thence she was named "Snow-White." But when the child was born the mother died.

About a year afterward the King married another wife, who was very beautiful, but so proud and haughty that she could not bear any one to be better looking than herself. She possessed a wonderful mirror, and when she stepped before it and said,

"Oh, mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all?"

it replied—

"Thou art the fairest, lady Queen."

Then she was pleased, for she knew that the mirror spoke only the truth.

Little Snow-White grew up, and became constantly prettier. When she was seven years old her complexion was as clear as the noonday, and more beautiful than

that of the Queen herself. When the Queen now asked her mirror—

"Oh, mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all?"

it replied—

"Thou wert the fairest, lady Queen;
Snow-White is fairest now, I ween."

This answer so frightened the Queen that she became quite green with envy. From that hour, each time she perceived Snow-White her heart grew more hardened against her, and she hated the maiden.

Her envy and jealousy increased so that she had no rest, day or night. Finally she called a Huntsman and said, "Take the child away into the forest. I wish never to look upon her again. You must kill her, and bring me her heart for a token." The Huntsman listened, and took the maiden away; but when he drew out his knife to kill her, she began to cry, saying, "Ah, dear Huntsman, spare my life! I will run into the deep forest, and never come home again."

This speech softened the Huntsman's heart, and her beauty so touched him that he had pity on her and said, "Well, run away then, poor child." But he thought to himself, "The wild beasts will soon devour you." Still, he felt as if a stone had been taken from his heart because her death was not to be by his hand. Just at that moment a young boar came running past, and as soon as he clapped eyes upon it the Huntsman stabbed it, and took its heart and carried it to the Queen for a token of his deed.

But now poor little Snow-White was left motherless and alone, and, overcome with grief, she was bewildered

at the sight of so many trees, and knew not which way to turn. She set off running, and ran over stones and through thorns, and wild beasts sprang up as she passed them, but they did her no harm. She ran on till her feet refused to go farther. As it was getting dark she saw a little house near, and entered it to rest. In this cottage everything was very small, but neater and cleaner than I can tell you. In the middle stood a little table with a white cloth over it, and seven little plates upon it, each plate having beside it a spoon and a knife and fork, and there were also seven little mugs. Against the wall were seven little beds ranged in a row, each covered with a snow-white counterpane. Little Snow-White, being both hungry and thirsty, ate a little morsel of porridge out of each plate, and drank a drop or two of wine out of each glass, for she did not wish to take the whole share of any one. After that, because she was very tired, she lay down on one of the beds, but it did not suit; she tried another, but that was too long; a fourth was too short, a fifth too hard, but the seventh was just right, so she said a prayer, tucked herself in, and went to sleep.

When it became quite dark the owners of the cottage came home. They were seven Dwarfs, who dug and delved for ore in the mountains. They first lighted seven little lamps, and perceived at once—for these illumined the whole cottage—that somebody had been there, for everything was not in the order in which they had left it.

The first asked, "Who has been sitting on my chair?"
The second, "Who has been eating off my plate?"
The third, "Who has been nibbling at my bread?"

The fourth, "Who has been at my porridge?"

The fifth, "Who has been using my fork?"

The sixth grumbled out, "Who has been cutting with my knife?"

The seventh said, "Who has been drinking out of my glass?"

Then the first looked round and began again. "Who has been lying on my bed?" for he saw that the sheets were tumbled. At these words the others came, looked at their beds, and cried out too, "Some one has been lying in our beds!"

But the seventh little man, running up to his, saw Snow-White sleeping in it; so he called his companions, who shouted with wonder and held up their seven lamps so that the light fell upon the maiden. "Oh, heavens! oh, heavens!" said they, "what a beauty she is!" and they were so much delighted that they would not awaken her, but left her to repose; and the seventh Dwarf, in whose bed she was, slept with each of his fellows one hour, and so passed the night.

As soon as morning dawned Snow-White awoke, and was quite frightened when she saw the seven little men; but they were very friendly, and asked her what she was called.

"My name is Snow-White," was her reply.

"Why have you entered our cottage?" they asked.

Then she told them how her stepmother had wished to have her killed, how the Huntsman had spared her life, and how she had wandered about the whole day until at last she had found their house.

When her tale was finished the Dwarfs said, "Will you see after our household; cook, make the beds, wash,

sew, and knit for us, and keep everything in neat order? If so, we will keep you here, and you shall want for nothing." And Snow-White answered, "Yes, with all my heart and will."

So she remained with them, and kept their house in order. In the mornings the Dwarfs went into the mountains and searched for copper and gold, and in the evenings they came home and their supper had to be ready for them. During the day the maiden was left alone. Therefore the good Dwarfs warned her and said, "Be on your guard against your stepmother, who will soon know of your being here; therefore let nobody enter the cottage."

The Queen, meanwhile, supposing she had eaten the heart of her stepdaughter, did not think but that she was above all comparison the most beautiful of every one around. One day, stepping before her mirror, and said—

"Oh, mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all?"

"Thou wert the fairest, lady Queen;
Snow-White is fairest now, I ween.
Amid the forest, darkly green,
She lives with Dwarfs—the hills between.'

This reply astounded her, for she knew that the mirror spoke the truth, and she perceived that the Huntsman had deceived her, and that Snow-White was still alive.

So she thought and thought how she could accomplish her purpose, for, so long as she was not the fairest in the whole country, jealousy left her no rest.

At last a thought struck her, and she dyed her face and clothed herself as a peddler woman, so that no one

could recognize her. In this disguise she went over the seven hills to the seven Dwarfs, knocked at the door of the hut, and called out, "Fine goods for sale! Beautiful goods for sale!"

Snow-White peeped out of the window and said, "Good day, my good woman, what have you to sell?"

"Fine goods, beautiful goods!" she replied. "Stay-laces of all colors"; and she held up a pair which was made of variegated silks.

"I may let in this honest woman," thought Snow-White; and she unbolted the door and bargained for one pair of stay-laces.

"You can't think, my dear, how it becomes you!" exclaimed the old woman. "Come, let me lace you properly."

Snow-White suspected nothing, and let her do as she wished, but the old woman laced her up so quickly and so tightly that all her breath went, and she fell down like one dead. "Now," thought the old woman to herself, hastening away, "now am I once more the most beautiful of all!"

Not long after her departure, at eventide, the seven Dwarfs came home, and were much frightened at seeing their dear little maid lying on the ground, neither moving nor breathing, as if she were dead. They raised her up, and when they saw she was laced too tightly they cut the laces, and presently she began to breathe again, and little by little she revived.

When the Dwarfs heard what had taken place, they said, "The old peddler woman was no other than your wicked stepmother; take more care, and let no one enter when we are not with you."

Meanwhile the old Queen had reached home, and, going before her mirror, she repeated her usual words—

"Oh, mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all?"

and it replied as before—

"Thou wert the fairest, lady Queen;
Snow-White is fairest now, I ween.
Amid the forest, darkly green,
She lives with Dwarfs—the hills between."

As soon as it had finished, all her blood rushed to her heart, she was so frightened to hear that Snow-White was yet living. "But now," thought she to herself, "will I contrive something which shall destroy her completely." Thus saying, she made a poisoned comb by witchcraft, and she disguised herself as an old widow. She went over the seven hills to the house of the seven Dwarfs, and, knocking at the door, called out. "Good wares to sell to-day!"

Snow-White peeped out and said, "You must go further, for I dare not let you in."

"But surely you may look," said the old woman, drawing out her poisoned comb and holding it up. The sight of this pleased the maiden so much that she allowed herself to be persuaded and opened the door. As soon as she had made a purchase the old woman said, "Now let me comb you properly," and Snow-White consented. But scarcely was the comb drawn through the hair when the poison began to work and the maiden soon fell down senseless.

"You pattern of beauty," cried the wicked old Queen, "now it is all over with you!" and so saying she departed.

Fortunately, evening soon came, and the seven Dwarfs returned. As soon as they saw Snow-White, lying as if dead upon the ground, they suspected the old Queen, and soon discovered the poisoned comb, and immediately drew it out. The maiden very soon revived and related all that had happened. Then they warned her again against the wicked stepmother, and bade her open the door to no one.

Meanwhile the Queen on her arrival home had again consulted her mirror and received the same answer as before. This made her tremble and shake with rage and jealousy, and she swore Snow-White should die if it cost her her own life. Thereupon she went into an inner secret chamber where no one else could enter, and there made an apple of the most deep and subtle poison. Outwardly it looked nice enough, with one side so rosy it would make the mouth of every one who looked at it water; but whoever ate the smallest piece of it would surely die. As soon as the apple was ready, the old Queen again dyed her face, and clothed herself like a peasant's wife, and then over the seven mountains to the seven Dwarfs she made her way.

She knocked at the door, and Snow-White stretched out her head and said, "I dare not let any one enter; the seven Dwarfs have forbidden me."

"It is all the same to me," said the old woman, "I shall soon dispose of my apples. There, I will give you one."

"No," answered Snow-White, "no, I dare not take it."

"What! are you afraid of it?" cried the old woman. "There, see, I will cut the apple in halves; do you eat

the red cheek, and I will eat the white." (The apple was so artfully made that the red cheek alone was poisoned.)

Snow-White very much desired the beautiful apple, and when she saw the woman eating part of it she could no longer resist, but stretched out her hand and took the poisoned part. Scarcely had she placed a piece in her mouth when she fell down dead upon the ground. Then the Queen, looking at her with glittering eyes, and laughing bitterly, exclaimed, "White as snow, red as blood, black as ebony! this time the Dwarfs cannot re-awaken you."

When she reached home and consulted her mirror—

"Oh, mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all?"

it answered—

"Thou art the fairest, lady Queen."

Then her envious heart was at rest, as peacefully as an envious heart can rest.

When the little Dwarfs returned home in the evening they found Snow-White lying on the ground, and there appeared to be no life in her body: she seemed to be quite dead. They raised her up and searched if they could find anything poisonous; unlaced her, and even uncombed her hair, and washed her with water and with wine; but nothing availed: the dear child was really and truly dead. Then they laid her upon a bier, and all seven placed themselves around it, and wept and wept for three days without ceasing. Afterwards they were going to bury her, but she looked so lifelike, for her red cheeks had not paled, that they said to one another,

"We cannot bury her in the black ground," and they ordered a transparent case to be made of glass. In this, one could see on all sides, and the Dwarfs wrote her name with golden letters upon the glass, saying that she was a King's daughter.

They placed the glass case upon the ledge of a rock, and one of them always remained by it, watching. Even the beasts bewailed the loss of Snow-White; first came an owl, then a raven, and last of all a dove.

For a long time Snow-White lay peacefully in her case, and changed not, but looked as if she were only asleep, for she was still white as snow, red as blood, and her hair as black as ebony.

By and by it happened that a King's son was traveling in the forest, and came to the Dwarfs' house to pass the night. He soon perceived the glass case upon the rock, and the beautiful maiden lying within, and he read also the golden inscription.

When he had examined it he said to the Dwarfs, "Let me have this case, and I will pay you what you like for it."

But the Dwarfs replied, "We will not sell it for all the gold in the world."

"Then give it to me," said the Prince, "for I cannot live without Snow-White. I will honor and protect her so long as I live."

When the Dwarfs saw he was so much in earnest they pitied him, and at last gave him the case, and the Prince ordered it to be carried away on the shoulders of two of his attendants. Presently it happened that they stumbled over a rut, and with the shock the piece of poisoned apple which lay in Snow-White's mouth

fell out. Very soon she opened her eyes, and, raising the lid of the glass case, she rose up and asked, "Where am I?"

Full of joy, the Prince answered, "You are safe with me." And he related to her what she had suffered, and how he would rather have her than any other for his wife, and he asked her to accompany him home to the castle of the King his father. Snow-White consented, and when they arrived there the wedding between them was celebrated as speedily as possible, with all splendor and magnificence.

By chance the old stepmother of Snow-White was also invited to the wedding, and when she was dressed in all her finery to go, she first stepped in front of her mirror and asked—

"Oh, mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all?"

and it replied—

"Thou wert the fairest, oh, lady Queen;
The Prince's bride is more fair, I ween."

At these words the old Queen fell in a fury, and was so terribly mortified that she knew not what to do with herself. At first she resolved not to go to the wedding, but she could not resist the wish for a sight of the young Queen. As soon as she entered she recognized Snow-White, and was so filled with rage and astonishment that she remained rooted to the ground. Just then a pair of red-hot iron shoes were brought in by means of a pair of tongs, and set before her, and these she was forced to put on and to dance in them till she fell down dead.

THE TABLE, THE ASS, AND THE STICK

A long while ago there lived a Tailor who had three sons, but only a single Goat, which, as it had to furnish milk for all, needed good fodder. So every day the sons by turns led her into the meadow. One morning the eldest took the Goat into the churchyard, where grew the finest herbs, and let her eat and then frisk about undisturbed.

In the evening, when it was time to return, he asked, "Goat, are you satisfied?" The Goat replied—

"I am satisfied, quite;
No more can I bite."

"Then come home," said the youth, and catching hold of the rope, he led her to the stall and made her fast.

"Now," said the old Tailor, "has the Goat had enough food?"

"Yes," replied his son, "she has eaten all she can."

The father, however, wished to see for himself; and so he went into the stall, stroked the Goat, and asked her whether she were satisfied. The Goat replied—

"Whereof should I be satisfied?
Among the graves I leapt about,
And found no food, so went without."

"What do I hear!" exclaimed the Tailor, and ran up to his son and said, "Oh, you bad boy! You said the Goat was satisfied, and then brought her away hungry,"

and in a rage he took the yard measure down from the wall, and drove his son out of the house.

The following morning was the second son's turn, and he picked out a place in the garden hedge, where grew very fine herbs, which the Goat ate up entirely. When in the evening he wanted to return, he asked the Goat first whether she were satisfied, and she replied as before—

"I am satisfied, quite;
No more can I bite."

"Then come home," said the youth, and drove her to her stall, and tied her fast.

Soon after the old Tailor asked, "Has the Goat had her usual food?"

"Yes," replied his son; "she ate up all the herbs."

But the Tailor wished to see for himself, and so he went into the stall, and asked the Goat whether she had had enough

"Whereof should I be satisfied?
Within the hedge I leapt about,
And found no food, so went without."

replied the animal.

"The wicked scamp!" exclaimed the Tailor, "to let such a capital animal starve!" and, running indoors, he drove his son out of the house with his yard measure.

It was now the third son's turn, and he wanted to make a good beginning, so he sought some bushes full of beautifully tender leaves, of which he let the Goat plentifully partake; and at evening time, when he wished to go home, he asked the Goat the same question as the others had done, and received the same answer—

"I am satisfied, quite;
No more can I bite."

So then he led her home, and tied her up in her stall; and presently the old man came and asked whether the Goat had had its regular food, and the youth replied, "Yes." But he wished to see for himself, and then the wicked beast told him, as it had done before—

"Whereof should I be satisfied?
Around the bush I jumped about,
And found no food, so went without."

"Oh, the scoundrel!" exclaimed the Tailor, in a rage. "He is just as careless and forgetful as the others; he shall no longer eat of my bread!" and, rushing into the house, he dealt his youngest son such tremendous blows with the yard measure that the boy ran away.

The old Tailor was now left alone with his Goat, and the following morning he went to the stall, and fondled the animal, saying, "Come, my dear little creature; I will lead you myself into the meadow." He took the rope, and brought her to some green lettuces, and let her feed to her heart's content. When evening arrived he asked her, as his sons had done before, whether she were satisfied, and she replied—

"I am satisfied, quite;
No more can I bite."

So he led her home, and tied her up in her stall; but before he left it, he turned round and asked once more, "Are you quite satisfied?" The malicious brute answered in the same manner as before —

"Whereof should I be satisfied?
Upon the green I leapt about,
And found no food, so went without."

As soon as the Tailor heard this he was thunderstruck,

and perceived directly that he had driven away his three sons without cause.

"Stop a bit, you ungrateful beast!" he exclaimed. "It is not enough to drive you away; I will mark you so that you shall never dare to show yourself among honorable tailors." So saying, he sprang up with great haste, fetched a razor, and shaved the Goat's head as bare as the palm of his hand; and, because the yard measure was too good for such service, he laid hold of a whip, and gave the animal such hearty cuts with it that she ran off as fast as possible.

When the old man was thus left alone in his house he fell into great grief, and would have been only too happy to have had his three sons back; but no one knew whither they had wandered.

The eldest, however, had gone apprentice to a joiner, with whom he worked industriously and cheerfully; and when his time was out, his master presented him with a table, which had a very ordinary appearance and was made of common wood, but had one excellent quality. If its owner placed it before him, and said, "Table, cover thyself," the good table was at once covered with a fine cloth, and plates, and knives and forks, and dishes of roast and baked meat took their places on it, and a great glass filled with red wine gladdened one's heart.

Our young fellow thought, "Herewith you have enough for your lifetime," and went, full of glee, about the world, never troubling himself whether the inn were good or bad, or whether it offered anything or nothing. Whenever he pleased he went to no inn at all, but in the field, or wood, or any meadow, in fact, wherever he liked. He had only to take the table off his back, set it before

him, and say, "Table, cover thyself," and he had all he could desire to eat and drink.

At last it came into his head to return to his father, whose anger, he thought, would be abated by time, and with whom he might live very comfortably with his excellent table. It fell out on his journey home that one evening he arrived at an inn which was full of people, who bade him welcome, and invited him to come in and eat with them, for otherwise he would get nothing at all. But the Joiner replied, "No, I will not take the little you have from you; rather than that, you must be my guests." At this the others laughed, and thought he was making game of them; but he placed his wooden table in the middle of the room, and said, "Table, cover thyself," and in the twinkling of an eye it was set out with meats as good as any that the host could have furnished, the smell of which was very savory to the noses of the guests. "Welcome, good friends," said the Joiner; and the guests, when they saw he was in earnest, did not wait to be asked twice, but quickly seated themselves and set to valiantly with their knives. What made them wonder most, however, was that when any dish became empty another full one instantly took its place; and the landlord, who stood in a corner looking on, thought to himself, "You could make good use of such a cook as that in your trade," but he said nothing.

Meanwhile the Joiner and his companions sat making merry till late at night. But at last they went to bed, among them the Joiner, who placed his wishing table against the wall before going to sleep. The landlord, however, could not get to sleep, for his thoughts troubled him. He suddenly remembered that there stood in his

lumber room an old table which was useless; he fetched it, and put it in the place of the wishing table. The next morning the Joiner counted out his lodging money, placed the table on his back, ignorant that it had been changed, and went his way. At noonday he reached his father's house, and was received with great joy.

"Now, my dear son," said the old man, "what have you learned?"

"I have become a joiner, father."

"A capital trade, too. But what have you brought home with you from your travels?"

"The best thing I have brought," said the youth, "is this table."

The father looked at it on every side, and said, "You have made a very bad hand of that; it is an old, worthless table."

"But," interrupted his son, "it is one which covers itself; and when I place it before me and say, 'Table, cover thyself,' it is instantly filled with the most savory meats and wine, which will make your heart sing. Just invite your friends and acquaintances, and you shall soon see how they will be refreshed and revived with what the table provides."

As soon as the company was assembled he placed his table in the middle of the room, and called out to it to cover itself. But the table did not stir and remained as bare as any other table which does not understand what is spoken; and the poor Joiner at once perceived that the table was changed, and he was ashamed to appear thus like an impostor before the guests, who laughed at him and were obliged to go home without eating or drinking. So the father took up his mending again,

and stitched away as fast as ever, and the son was obliged to go to work for a master carpenter.

Meanwhile the second son had been living with a miller and learning his trade. As soon as his time was up his master said, "Since you have served me so well, I present you with this ass, which has a wonderful gift, although it can neither draw a wagon nor carry a sack."

"For what, then, is he useful?" asked the youth.

"He drops gold from his mouth," replied the miller. "If you tie a pocket under his chin and cry, 'Bricklebrit,' the good beast will pour out gold coin like hail."

"That is a very fine thing," thought the youth; and thanking the master, he went off upon his journey. Now, whenever, he needed money, he had only to say to his ass, "Bricklebrit," and it rained down gold pieces, so that he had no other trouble than to pick them up from the ground. Wherever he went only the best was good enough for him, and the dearer it was the better, for he always had a full purse. When he had looked about the world for some time, he thought he would go to visit his father, whose anger he supposed had abated; and moreover, since he brought with him an ass of gold, he would no doubt receive him gladly.

It so happened that he came to the very same inn where his brother's table had been changed, and as he came up, leading his ass by the bridle, the landlord would have taken the animal and tied him up, but the young apprentice said to him, "You need not trouble yourself; I will lead my gray beast myself into the stable and tie him, for I must know where he stands." The landlord wondered at this, and he thought that one who looked after his own beast would not spend much; but presently

our friend, dipping into his pocket and taking out two pieces of gold, gave them to him, and bade him fetch the best he could. This made the landlord open his eyes, and he ran and fetched, in a great hurry, the best he could get.

When he had finished his meal, the youth asked how much he was indebted, and the landlord, having no mind to spare him, said that a couple of gold pieces more were due.

The youth felt in his pocket, but his money was just at an end; so he exclaimed, "Wait a bit, landlord; I will fetch some gold," and, taking the tablecloth with him, he went out. The landlord knew not what to think, but being covetous, he slunk out after the youth, and, as he bolted the stable door, the landlord peeped through a hole in the wall. The youth spread the cloth beneath the ass, and called out, "Bricklebrit," and in a moment the beast began to let fall gold, so that money rained.

"By the powers," exclaimed the landlord, "ducats are soon coined so; that is not a bad sort of purse!" The youth now paid his bill and lay down to sleep, but in the middle of the night the landlord slipped into the stable, and led away the mint-master, and tied up a different ass in its place.

Early in the morning the youth drove away with the ass, thinking it was his own, and at noonday he reached his father, who was very glad to see him return, and received him kindly.

"What have you become?" asked the father.

"A miller," was the reply.

"And what have you brought home with you from your wanderings?"

"Nothing but an ass."

"Oh, there are plenty of that sort here now; it had far better been a good goat," said the old man.

"Yes," replied the son, "but this is no common animal, but one which, when I say 'Bricklebrit,' drops gold from its mouth. Just call your friends here, and I will make them all rich in a twinkling."

"Well," exclaimed the Tailor, "that would please me greatly, for then I need not use my needle any more"; and running out, he called together all his acquaintances.

As soon as they were assembled, the young Miller bade them make a circle, and, spreading out a cloth, he brought the ass into the middle of the room. "Now pay attention," said he to them, and called out, "Bricklebrit"; but not a single gold piece fell, and it was clear that the ass did not understand coining, for it is not every ass that can be taught to make money. The poor young man pulled a long face when he saw that he had been betrayed, and he was obliged to beg pardon of the guests, who returned as poor as they came. So the old man had to take to his needle again, and the youth to bind himself with another miller.

Meanwhile the third brother had apprenticed to a turner to learn his trade; but he got on very slowly, as it was a very difficult art to acquire. And while he was away, his brothers sent him word how badly things had gone with them, and how the landlord had robbed them of their wishing gifts on their return home. When he had served his time and learned everything and was about to leave, his master presented him with a sack, saying, "In it there lies a stick."

"I will take the sack readily, for it may do me good

service," replied the youth. "But what is the stick for? It only makes the sack the heavier to carry."

"That I will tell you. If any one does you an injury, you have only to say, 'Stick, out of the sack,' and instantly the stick will spring out and dance about on the people's backs in such style that they will not be able to stir a finger for a week afterwards; and, moreover, it will not leave off till you say, 'Stick, get back into the sack.' "

The youth thanked him, and hung the sack over his shoulder; and when any one came too near, and wished to meddle with him, he said, "Stick, come out of the sack," and immediately it sprang out, and began laying about it; and when he called it back, it disappeared so quickly that no one could tell where it came from.

One evening he arrived at the inn where his brothers had been basely robbed, and, laying his knapsack on the table, he began to talk of all the wonderful things he had seen in the world. "Yes," said he, "one may find, indeed, a table which supplies itself, and a golden ass, and things of that kind—all very good in their places, and I do not despise them; but they shrink into nothing beside the treasure which I carry with me in this sack."

The landlord pricked up his ears. "What on earth can it be?" he thought to himself. "The sack is certainly full of precious stones, and I must manage to get hold of them; for all good things come in threes."

As soon as it was bedtime our youth stretched himself upon a bench, and laid his sack down for a pillow; and, when he appeared to be in a deep sleep, the landlord crept softly to him, and began to pull very gently and cautiously at the sack, to see if he could manage to draw it away, and put another in its place. The young Turner,

however, had been waiting for him to do this, and, just as the man gave a good pull, he exclaimed, "Stick, out of the sack!" Immediately out it jumped, and thumped about on the landlord's back and ribs with a good will.

The landlord began to cry for mercy, but the louder he cried the more forcibly did the stick beat time on his back, until at last he fell exhausted to the ground.

Then the Turner said, "If you do not give up the table which covers itself, and the golden ass, that dance shall commence again."

"No, no!" cried the landlord, in a weak voice; "I will give them up with pleasure, but just let your horrible hobgoblin get back into his sack."

"I will grant pardon, if you do right; but, take care what you are about," replied the Turner; so he bade the stick return and he let him rest.

On the following morning the Turner, with the table and the ass, went home to his father, who, as soon as he saw him, felt very glad, and asked what he had learned in foreign parts.

"Dear father," replied he, "I have become a turner."

"A difficult business that; but what have you brought back with you from your travels?"

"A precious stick," replied the son; "a stick in this sack."

"What!" exclaimed the old man, "a stick! Well, that is not worth the trouble! Why, you can cut one from every tree!"

"But not such a stick as this; for if I say, 'Stick, out of the sack,' it instantly jumps out, and executes such a dance upon the back of any one who would injure me, that at last he is beaten to the ground, crying for mercy.

Look you, with this stick I have got back again the wonderful table and the golden ass of which the thievish landlord robbed my brothers. Now let them both be summoned, invite all your acquaintances, and I will not only give them plenty to eat and drink, but pocketsful of money."

The old Tailor would scarcely believe him; but, nevertheless, he called in his friends. Then the young Turner placed a tablecloth in the middle of the room, and led in the ass, saying to his brother, "Now, speak to him."

The Miller called out "Bricklebrit!" and in a moment the gold pieces dropped down on the floor in a pelting shower; and so it continued until they all had so much that they could carry no more. (I fancy my readers would have been very happy to have been there too!)

After this the table was fetched in, and the Joiner said, "Table, cover thyself"; and it was at once filled with the choicest dishes. Then they began such a meal as the Tailor had never known in his house; and the whole company remained till late at night, making merry.

The next day the Tailor forsook needle and thread, and put them away, with his measures and goose, in a cupboard; and forever after lived happily and contentedly with his three sons.

But now I must tell you what became of the Goat, whose fault it was that the three brothers were driven away. She was so ashamed of her bald head that she ran into a Fox's hole and hid herself. When the Fox came home he saw a pair of great eyes looking at him in the darkness, which so frightened him that he ran

back, and presently met a Bear, who, perceiving how terrified Reynard appeared, said to him, "What is the matter, Brother Fox, that you make such a face?"

"Ah!" he replied, "in my hole sits a horrible beast, who glared at me with most fiery eyes."

"Oh! we will soon drive it out," said the Bear; and going up to the hole, he peeped in himself; but as soon as he saw the fiery eyes he also turned tail, and would have nothing to do with the terrible beast, and so took to flight. On his way a Bee met him, and soon saw he could not feel much through his thick coat; and so she said, "You are making a very rueful face, Mr. Bear; pray, where have you left your merry one?"

"Why," answered Bruin, "a great horrible beast has laid himself down in Reynard's house, and glares there with such fearful eyes, we cannot drive him out."

"Well, Mr. Bear," said the Bee, "I am sorry for you; I am a poor creature whom you never notice, but yet I believe I can help you."

So saying, she flew into the Fox's hole, settled on the clean-shaven head of the Goat, and stung it so severely that the poor animal sprang up and ran off madly; and nobody knows to this hour where she went.

THE NOSE

Did you ever hear the story of the three poor Soldiers, who, after having fought hard in the wars, set out on their road home, begging their way as they went?

They had journeyed on a long way, sick at heart with their bad luck at thus being turned loose on the world in their old days, when one evening they reached a deep gloomy wood through which they must pass. Night came fast upon them, and they found that they must, however unwillingly, sleep in the wood; so to make all as safe as they could, it was agreed that two should lie down and sleep, while a third sat up and watched lest wild beasts should break in and tear them to pieces. When he was tired he was to wake one of the others and sleep in his turn, and so on with the third, that they might thus share the work fairly among them.

The two who were to rest first soon lay down and fell fast asleep, and the other made himself a good fire under the trees and sat down by the side to keep watch. He had not sat long before all on a sudden up came a little man in a red jacket.

"Who's there?" said he.

"A friend," said the Soldier.

"What sort of a friend?"

"An old broken soldier," said the other, "with his two comrades who have nothing left to live on. Come, sit down and warm yourself."

"Well, my worthy fellow," said the little man, "I will do what I can for you. Take this, and show it to

your comrades in the morning." So he took out an old cloak and gave it to the Soldier, telling him that whenever he put it over his shoulders anything he wished for would be granted him. Then the little man made him a bow, and walked away.

Soon it was the second Soldier's turn to watch, and the first laid himself down to sleep. But the second man had not long sat by himself before up came the little man in the red jacket again. The Soldier treated him in a friendly way, as his comrade had done, and the little man gave him a purse, which he said would always be full of gold, let him draw as much as he would.

Then it was the third Soldier's turn to watch, and he also had the little man for his guest. To him was given a wonderful horn that drew crowds around it whenever it was played, and made every one forget his business to come and dance to its beautiful music.

In the morning each told his story and showed his treasure; and as they all liked one another very much, and were old friends, they agreed to travel together to see the world, and for a while to make use of only the wonderful purse. Thus they spent their time very joyously, till at last they began to be tired of this roving life, and thought they would like to have a home of their own. So the first Soldier put his old cloak on, and wished for a fine castle. In a moment it stood before their eyes; fine gardens and green lawns were spread round it, and flocks of sheep and goats and herds of cattle were grazing about, and out of the gate came a fine coach with three dapple-gray horses to meet them and bring them home.

All this was very well for a time; but it would not

do to stay at home always. So they got together all their rich clothes and horses and servants, and ordered their coach with three horses, and set out on a journey to see a neighboring King. Now this King had an only daughter, and as he took the three Soldiers for Kings' sons he gave them a kind welcome. One day, as the second Soldier was walking with the Princess, she saw the wonderful purse in his hand. She asked him what it was, and he was foolish enough to tell her—though indeed it did not much signify, for she was a Witch and knew all the wonderful things that the three Soldiers brought. Now this Princess was very cunning and artful, and she set to work and made a purse so like the Soldier's that no one would know one from the other. Then she asked the Soldier to come and see her, and made him drink some wine that she had got ready for him, till he fell fast asleep. When he was asleep she felt in his pocket, and took away the wonderful purse and left in its place the one she had made.

The next morning the Soldiers set out for home. Happening to want some money, soon after they reached their castle, they went to their purse for it, and found something in it indeed, but to their great sorrow, when they had emptied it none came in the place of what they took. Then the cheat was soon found out; for the second Soldier knew where he had been, and how he had told the story to the Princess, and he guessed that she had betrayed him.

"Alas!" cried he, "poor wretches that we are, what shall we do?"

"Oh!" said the first Soldier, "let no gray hairs grow for this mishap; I will soon get the purse back."

So he threw his cloak across his shoulders and wished himself in the Princess's chamber. There he found her sitting alone, telling her gold, that fell around her in a shower from the purse. But the Soldier stood looking at her too long, for the moment she saw him she started up and cried out with all her force, "Thieves! Thieves!" so that the whole court came running in and tried to seize him. The poor Soldier now began to be dreadfully frightened in his turn, and thought it was high time to be off. Without thinking of the ready way of traveling his cloak gave him, he ran to the window, opened it, and jumped out. But unluckily in his haste his cloak caught and was left hanging, to the great joy of the Princess, who knew its worth.

The poor Soldier made the best of his way home to his comrades, on foot and in a very downcast mood; but the third Soldier told him to keep up his heart, and taking his horn, blew a merry tune. At the first blast a countless troop of foot and horse came rushing to their aid, and they set out to make war against their enemy. Then the King's palace was besieged, and the King was told that he must give up the purse and cloak, or not one stone would be left upon another. The King went into his daughter's chamber and talked with her; but she said, "Let me try first if I cannot beat them some other way." So she thought of a cunning scheme, and dressed herself as a poor girl, with a basket on her arm, and setting out by night with her maid, went into the enemy's camp as if she wanted to sell trinkets.

In the morning she began to ramble about, singing ballads so beautifully that all the tents were left empty,

and the soldiers ran round in crowds, and thought of nothing but hearing her sing. Among them came the Soldier to whom the horn belonged, and as soon as she saw him she winked to her maid, who slipped slyly through the crowd and went into his tent, where the horn hung, and stole it away. This done, they both returned safely to the palace. The besieging army went away, the wonderful gifts were all left in the hands of the Princess, and the three Soldiers were as penniless and forlorn as when the little man with the red jacket found them in the wood.

Poor fellows! They began to think what was now to be done. "Comrades," at last said the second Soldier, who had had the purse, "we had better part; we cannot live together. Let each seek his bread as well as he can." So he turned to the right, and the other two to the left; for they said they would rather travel together. Then on he strayed till he came to a wood (now this was the same wood where they had met with so much good luck before); and he walked on a long time till evening began to fall, when he sat down tired beneath a tree, and soon fell asleep.

Morning dawned, and at opening his eyes he was greatly delighted to see that the tree was laden with the most beautiful apples. He was hungry enough, so he soon plucked and ate first one, then a second, then a third apple. A strange feeling came over his nose. When he put the apple to his mouth something was in the way. He felt it; it was his nose, that grew and grew till it hung down to his breast. It did not stop there; still it grew and grew. "Heavens!" thought he, "when will it have done growing?" And well might he

ask, for by this time it reached the ground as he sat on the grass. Thus it kept creeping on till he could not bear its weight, or raise himself up. It seemed as if it would never end, for soon it stretched its enormous length all through the wood.

Meantime his comrades journeyed on, till on a sudden one of them stumbled against something. "What can that be?" said the other. They looked, and could think of nothing that it was like but a nose. "We will follow it and find its owner," said they; so they traced it up till at last they found their poor comrade stretched under the apple tree. What was to be done? They tried to carry him, but in vain. They caught a donkey that was passing by, and raised him upon its back; but it was soon tired from carrying such a load. So they sat down in despair, when up came the little man in the red jacket.

"Why, how now, friend?" said he, laughing. "Well, I must find a cure for you, I see." So he told them to gather a pear from a tree that grew close by, and the nose would grow right again. No time was lost, and the nose was soon brought to its proper size, to the poor Soldier's joy.

"I will do something more for you," said the little man. "Take some of those pears and apples with you. Whoever eats one of the apples will have his nose grow like yours just now; but if you give him a pear, all will come right again. Go to the Princess and induce her to eat some of your apples. Her nose will grow twenty times as long as yours did. Then look sharp, and you will get what you want of her."

Then they thanked their old friend very heartily

for all his kindness, and it was agreed that the poor Soldier who had already tried the power of the apple should undertake the task. So he dressed himself up as a gardener's boy, and went to the King's palace, and said he had apples to sell, such as were never seen there before. Every one that saw them was delighted and wanted to taste, but he said they were for the Princess only; and she soon sent her maid to buy his stock. The apples were so ripe and rosy she soon ate one, and had eaten three when she too began to wonder what ailed her nose, for it grew and grew, down to the ground, out at the window, and over the garden, nobody knows where.

Then the King made known to all his kingdom that whoever would heal her of this dreadful disease should be richly rewarded. Many tried, but the Princess found no relief. And now the old Soldier dressed himself very sprucely as a doctor, and said he could cure her. So he chopped up some of the apple, and to punish her a little more, gave her a dose, saying he would call next day to see her again. The morrow came, and of course, instead of being better the nose had been growing fast all night, and the poor Princess was in a dreadful fright. Now the doctor chopped up a very little of the pear and gave it to her, and said he was sure it would help her, and that he would call again the next day. Next day came, and to be sure the nose was a little smaller, but still it was bigger than when the doctor first began to meddle with it.

Then he thought to himself, "I must frighten this cunning Princess a little more before I shall get what I want of her"; so he gave her another dose of the apple,

and said he would call on the morrow. The morrow came, and the nose was ten times as bad as before.

"My good lady," said the doctor, "something works against my medicine, and is too strong for it; but I know by the force of my art what it is. You have stolen goods about you, I am sure; and if you do not give them back I can do nothing for you."

But the Princess denied very stoutly that she had anything of the kind.

"Very well," said the doctor, "you may do as you please, but I am sure I am right, and you will die if you do not own it."

Then he went to the King and told him how the matter stood.

"Daughter," said he, "send back to the right owners the cloak, the purse, and the horn that you stole."

Then the Princess ordered her maid to fetch all three, and gave them to the doctor, and begged him to give them back to the Soldiers. The moment he had them safe he gave her a whole pear to eat, and the nose returned to its proper size. As for the doctor, he put on the cloak, wished the King and all his court a good day, and was soon with his two comrades, who from that time lived happily at home in their palace, except when they took airings in their coach with the three dapple-gray horses.

RAPUNZEL

Once upon a time there lived a man and his wife, who much desired to have a child; but for a long time they wished in vain. Out of a little window in the back part of their house one could see into a beautiful garden, which was full of fine flowers and vegetables; but it was surrounded by a high wall, and no one dared to go in because it belonged to a Witch possessed of great power and feared by the whole world.

One day as the woman stood at this window looking into the garden she saw a bed which was filled with the most beautiful radishes, which seemed so fresh and green that a great desire seized her to eat some of them. This wish increased daily, and as she knew that she could not partake of them she fell ill, and looked very pale and miserable. This frightened her husband, who asked, "What ails you, my dear wife?"

"Ah!" she replied, "if I cannot get some of those radishes from the garden behind the house, I shall die!" The husband, who loved her very much, thought, "Rather than let my wife die, I must fetch her some radishes, cost what they may." So in the gloom of the evening he climbed the wall of the Witch's garden, snatched a handful of radishes in great haste, and brought them to his wife. She immediately made them into a salad, which she ate with relish. However, they were so nice, and so well-flavored, that the next day she felt the same desire, three times stronger than before. Since she could not get any rest, her husband was obliged to

promise her some more. So in the evening he began clambering over the wall; but, oh! how terribly frightened he was, for there he saw the old Witch standing before him!

"How dare you,"—she began, looking at him with a frightful scowl,—"how dare you climb over into my garden to take away my radishes like a thief? Evil shall come to you for this."

"Ah!" replied he, "let mercy temper justice; I have done this out of great necessity: my wife saw your radishes from her window, and took such a fancy to them that she would have died if she had not eaten of them." Then the Witch's anger softened, and she said, "If that is the case, I will let you take away all the radishes you please; but I make one condition. You must give me the child which will be born to you. All shall go well with it, and I will care for it like a mother." In his anxiety the man consented, and when a girl was born to them the Witch appeared, named the child "Rapunzel," and took it away with her.

Rapunzel grew to be the most beautiful child under the sun. When she was twelve years old the Witch shut her up in a tower, which stood in a forest, and had neither stairs nor door, and only one little window at the top. When the Witch wished to enter she stood beneath, and called out—

"Rapunzel! Rapunzel!
Let down your hair!"

for Rapunzel had long and beautiful hair, fine as spun gold; and as soon as she heard the Witch's voice she unbound her braided tresses, opened the window, and

let her hair down fully twenty ells, and then the Witch mounted by it.

After a couple of years had passed it happened that the King's son was riding through the wood, and came by the tower. There he heard a song so beautiful that he stood still and listened. It was Rapunzel, who, to while away her loneliness, was exercising her sweet voice. The King's son wished to ascend to her, and looked for a door to the tower, but he could find none. So he rode home; but the song had touched his heart so deeply that he went every day to the forest to hear it. One day as he stood listening behind a tree, he saw the Witch come up and heard her call out—

"Rapunzel! Rapunzel!
Let down your hair!"

Then Rapunzel let down her braids, and the Witch mounted.

"So that is the ladder by which one must climb! Then I will try my luck, too," said the Prince; and at nightfall the next day he went to the tower and cried—

"Rapunzel! Rapunzel!
Let down your hair!"

Then the tresses fell down, and he climbed up.

Rapunzel was much frightened at first when he came in, for she had never seen a man before; but the King's son talked in a friendly manner to her, and told her his heart had been so moved by her singing that he could have no peace until he had seen her. So Rapunzel lost her terror, and when he asked her if she would have him for a husband, and she saw that he was young and handsome, she thought, "He will love me more than

the old woman does." So she consented and laid her hand in his.

"I would willingly go with you, but I do not know how to descend," she said; "but if you bring with you a skein of silk each time you come, I will weave a ladder, and when it is ready I will come down by it, and you shall take me on your horse." Then they agreed that they should never meet till the evening, as the Witch came in the daytime.

The old woman noticed nothing until one time Rapunzel forgetfully asked, "Tell me, mother, how it happens you find it more difficult to come up than the young King's son. He is with me in a moment."

"Oh, you wicked child!" exclaimed the Witch. "What do I hear? I thought I had separated you from all the world, and yet you have deceived me." In a fury she seized Rapunzel's beautiful hair, wrapped it about her left hand, snatched a pair of scissors in her right, and snip, snap! cut it all off; and the beautiful tresses lay upon the ground. Then she was so hard-hearted that she took the poor maiden into a great desert, and left her to live in great misery and grief.

But at evening of the day on which she cast out Rapunzel, the old Witch made the braids fast to the window latch, and when the King's son came, and called out—

"Rapunzel! Rapunzel!
Let down your hair!"

she let them down. The Prince mounted; but when he got to the top he found, not his dear Rapunzel, but the Witch, who looked at him with furious and wicked eyes.

"Aha!" she exclaimed scornfully, "you would fetch your dear wife; but the beautiful bird sits no longer in her nest, singing; the cat has taken her away, and will now scratch out your eyes as well. Rapunzel is lost to you; you will never see her again."

The Prince lost his senses with grief at these words, and in his despair sprang out of the window of the tower. He escaped with his life, but the thorns into which he fell put out his eyes. So he wandered, blind, in the forest, eating nothing but roots and berries, and doing nothing but weep and lament over the loss of his dear wife. He wandered about thus, in great misery, for some few years, but at last arrived at the desert where Rapunzel lived in great sorrow. He heard a voice which he thought he knew, and went toward her. As he approached, Rapunzel recognized him, and fell on his neck and wept. Two of her tears moistened his eyes, and they became clear again, so that he could see as well as formerly.

Then he led her away to his kingdom, where he was received with great demonstrations of joy, and where they lived for a long time, contented and happy.

What became of the old Witch, no one ever knew.

A TALE OF ONE WHO TRAVELED TO LEARN WHAT SHIVERING MEANT

A father had two sons, the elder of whom was forward and clever enough to do almost anything; but the younger was so stupid that he could learn nothing, and when the people saw him they asked, "Will thy father always keep thee as a burden?" If anything was to be done, the elder always had to do it; but if his father called him to fetch something in the dead of night, and the way led through the churchyard or by a dismal place, he would answer, "No, father, I cannot go there, I am afraid"; for he was a coward.

When, of an evening, tales were told by the fireside which made one shudder, and the listeners exclaimed, "Oh, it makes us shiver!" in a corner the younger son would sit listening; but he could not imagine what they meant, and he thought, "They say continually, 'Oh, it makes us shiver, it makes us shiver!' Perhaps shivering is an art which I cannot comprehend." One day, however, his father said to him, "Do you hear, you there in the corner? You are growing stout and tall; you must learn some trade by which to get your living. See how your brother works; but you, you are not worth malt and hops."

"Ah, father!" answered he, "I would willingly learn something. What shall I begin? I want to know what shivering means, for of that I can understand nothing."

The elder brother laughed when he heard this speech, and thought to himself, "Ah! my brother is such a

simpleton that he cannot earn his own living. He who would be a woodcutter must get up betimes." But the father sighed and said, "You may learn soon enough what shivering means, but you will never get your bread by that."

Soon after, the parish sexton came in for a gossip, so the father told him his troubles, and how his younger son was such a simpleton that he knew nothing, and could learn nothing. "Just fancy, when I asked him how he intended to earn his bread, he desired to learn what shivering meant."

"Oh, if that be all," answered the sexton, "he can learn that soon enough with me; just send him to my place, and I will soon teach him."

The father was very glad, because he thought that it would do the boy good; so the sexton took him home to ring the bells. About two days afterwards he called him up at midnight to go into the church tower to toll the bell.

"You shall soon learn what shivering means," thought the sexton, and got up and went out. As soon as the boy reached the belfry, and turned himself round to seize the rope, he saw upon the stairs, near the sounding hole, a white figure.

"Who 's there?" he called out; but the figure gave no answer, and neither stirred nor spoke.

"Answer," said the boy, "or make haste off; you have no business here at night." But the sexton did not stir, so that the boy might think he was a ghost.

The boy called out a second time, "What are you doing here? Speak, if you are an honest fellow, or else I will throw you downstairs."

The sexton said to himself, "He will not fulfill his word," and remained quiet as if he were of stone. Then the boy called out for the third time, but it produced no effect; so he gave a spring and threw the ghost down the stairs, so that it rolled ten steps and then lay motionless in a corner. Thereupon he rang the bell, went home, lay down without saying a word, and fell fast asleep. The sexton's wife waited some time for her husband, but he did not return; so at last she became anxious, wakened the boy, and asked him about her husband, who had gone before him to the tower.

"I don't know where he is," answered the boy; "but there was some one standing on the steps who would not give any answer, nor go away, so I took him for a thief and threw him downstairs. Go now, and see where he is; perhaps it was he. I should be sorry if it were." The wife ran off, and found her husband lying in a corner, groaning, with one of his ribs broken.

She took him up and ran with loud outcries to the boy's father, and told him, "Your son has brought a great misfortune on us; he has thrown my husband down and broken his bones. Take the good-for-nothing fellow from our house."

The terrified father came in haste and scolded the boy. "What do these wicked tricks mean? They will only bring misfortune upon you."

"Father," answered the lad, "hear me! I am quite innocent. He stood there at midnight, like one who had done some evil; I did not know who it was, and cried three times, 'Speak, or be off!' "

"Ah!" said the father, "everything goes badly with you. Out of my sight! I do not wish to see you again."

"Yes, father, willingly; wait until it is day, then I will go out and learn what shivering means. I will then understand one business which will support me."

"Learn what you will," replied the father; "it is all the same to me. Here are fifty dollars; go forth with them into the world, and tell no man whence you came, or who your father is, for I am ashamed of you "

"Yes, father, as you wish; if you desire nothing else, I can easily keep it in mind."

As soon as day broke, the youth put his fifty dollars into a knapsack, and went out upon the highroad, saying continually, "Oh, if I could but shiver!"

Presently a man came up, who heard the boy talking to himself; and as they were just passing the place where the gallows stood, the man said, "Do you see? There is the tree where seven fellows have married the hempen maid, and now swing to and fro. Sit yourself down there and wait till midnight, and then you will know what it is to shiver."

"Oh! if that be all," answered the boy, "I can very easily do that. But if I learn so speedily what shivering is, then you shall have my fifty dollars if you return in the morning."

Then the boy went to the gallows, sat down, and waited for evening; and, as he felt cold, he made a fire. But about midnight the wind blew so sharp that, in spite of the fire, he could not keep himself warm. The wind blew the bodies against one another, so that they swung backwards and forwards, and he thought, "If I am cold here below by the fire, how must they freeze and suffer above!" So his compassion was excited, and contriving a ladder, he mounted, and unloosening them one after

another, he brought down all seven. Then he poked and blew the fire, and sat them round that they might warm themselves; but, as they sat still without moving, their clothing caught fire. So he said, "Take care of yourselves, or I will hang all of you up again." The dead heard not, and silently allowed their rags to burn. This made him so angry that he said, "If you will not hear, I cannot help you; but I will not burn with you!" So he hung them up again in a row, and sitting down by the fire he soon went to sleep.

The next morning the man came, expecting to receive his fifty dollars, and asked, "Now do you know what shivering means?"

"No," he answered; "how should I know! Those fellows up there have not opened their mouths, and were so stupid that they let the old rags on their bodies be burned."

Then the man saw that he would not carry away the fifty dollars that day, so he went away, saying, "I never met with such an one before."

The boy also went on his way, and once more began to say, "Ah, if I could but shiver! If I could but shiver!" A Wagoner walking behind overheard him, and asked, "Who are you?"

"I do not know," answered the boy.

The Wagoner asked again, "What do you here?"

"I know not."

"Who is your father?"

"I dare not say."

"What is it you are continually grumbling about?"

"Oh," replied the youth, "I wish to learn what shivering is, but nobody can teach me."

"Cease your silly talk," said the Wagoner. "Come with me, and I will see what I can do for you." So the boy went with the Wagoner, and about evening time they arrived at an inn where they put up for the night, and while they were going into the parlor he said, aloud, "Oh, if I could but shiver! If I could but shiver!"

The host overheard him, and said, laughingly, "Oh, if that is all you wish, you shall soon have the opportunity."

"Hold your tongue!" said his wife. "So many inquisitive people have already lost their lives, it were a shame and sin to such beautiful eyes that they should not see the light again."

But the youth said, "If it be ever so difficult I will learn; for this purpose I left home"; and he would let the host have no peace until he told him that not far off stood a haunted castle, where any one might soon learn to shiver if he would watch there three nights. The King had promised his daughter in marriage to whomever would venture, and she was the most beautiful maiden that the sun ever shone upon. And he further told him that inside the castle there was an immense amount of treasure, guarded by evil spirits; enough to make any one free, and turn a poor man into a very rich one. Many had, he added, already ventured into this castle, but no one had ever come out again.

The next morning this youth went to the King, and said, "If you will allow me, I wish to watch three nights in the haunted castle."

The King looked at him, and because his appearance pleased him, he said, "You may make three requests, but they must be for things without life, and such as you

can take with you into the castle." So the youth asked for a fire, a lathe, and a cutting-board.

The King let him take these things by day into the castle, and when it was evening the youth went in and made himself a bright fire in one of the rooms, placed his cutting-board and knife near it, and sat down to his lathe. "Ah, if I could but shiver!" said he. "But even here I shall never learn."

At midnight he got up to stir the fire, and, as he poked it, there shrieked suddenly in one corner, "Miau, miau, how cold I am!"

"You simpleton!" he exclaimed, "what are you shrieking for? If you are so cold, come and sit down by the fire and warm yourself!" As he was speaking two great black cats sprang up to him with one tremendous leap, and sat down, one on each side, looking at him ferociously with their fiery eyes.

When they had warmed themselves for a little while they said, "Comrade, shall we have a game of cards?"

"Certainly," he replied; "but let me see your paws first."

So they stretched out their claws, and he said, "Ah, what long nails you have. Wait a bit, I must cut them off first."

So saying, he caught them up by their necks and put them on his board and screwed their feet down. "Since I have seen what you are about I have lost my relish for a game at cards," said he, and instantly killing them, he threw them out into the water.

But no sooner had he quieted these two, and thought of sitting down again by his fire, than there came out of every hole and corner black cats and black dogs, with

glowing chains, and more and more of them, so that he could not hide himself. They howled fearfully, and jumped upon his fire and scattered it about as if they would extinguish it.

He looked on quietly for some time, but at last he grew angry, took up his knife and called out, "Away with you, you vagabonds!" and chased them about. A part ran off, and the rest he killed and threw into the pond. As soon as he returned he blew up the sparks of his fire again, and warmed himself, and while he sat, his eyes began to feel very heavy and he wished to sleep. He looked round and saw a great bed in one corner. He lay down in it; but no sooner had he closed his eyes than the bed began to move of itself, and traveled all around the castle. "Just so," said he, "only go faster"; whereupon the bed galloped away as if six horses pulled it, up and down steps and stairs, until at last all at once it overturned, bottom upwards, and lay upon him like a mountain. But up he got, threw pillows and mattresses into the air, saying, "Now, he who wishes may travel," and laid himself down by the fire and slept till day broke.

In the morning the King came, and seeing the youth lying on the ground, he thought that the specters had killed him, so he said, "It is a great misfortune that the finest men are thus killed." But the youth, hearing this, sprang up, saying, "It is not come to that with me yet!"

The King was much astonished, but still very glad, and asked him how he had fared.

"Very well," replied he; "as one night has passed, so also may the other two."

Soon after he met his landlord, who opened his eyes when he saw him. "I never thought to see you alive again," said he. "Have you learned now what shivering means?"

"No," said he; "it is all of no use. Oh, if any one would but tell me!"

The second night he went up again into the castle, sat down by the fire, and began his old song, "If I could but shiver!" When darkness came a ringing and rattling noise was heard, low at first, but louder and louder by degrees; then there was a pause, and at length, with a loud outcry, half a man's body came down the chimney and fell at his feet.

"Holloa!" he exclaimed, "only half a man answered that ringing; that is too little." Then the ringing began afresh, and a roaring and howling was heard, and the other half fell down.

"Wait a bit," said he; "I will poke up the fire first." When he had done so and looked round again, the two pieces had joined themselves together, and an ugly man was sitting in his place. "I did not bargain for that," said the youth; "the bench is mine." The man tried to push him away, but the youth would not let him, and after giving him a violent push seated himself in his old place. Then more men fell down the chimney, one after the other; they brought nine thigh bones and two skulls, which they set up, and then played at ninepins. At this the youth wished also to play, so he asked whether he might join them.

"Yes, if you have money!"

"Money enough," he replied, "but your balls are not quite round."

So saying, he took up the skulls and, placing them on his lathe, turned them round. "Ah, now you will roll well," said he. "Holloa! now we will go at it merrily."

So he played with them, and lost some of his money, but as it struck twelve everything disappeared. Then he lay down and went to sleep quietly. On the morrow the King came for news, and asked him how he had fared this time.

"I have been playing ninepins," he replied, "and lost a couple of dollars."

"Have you not shivered?"

"No! I have enjoyed myself very much; but I wish some one would teach me what it is to shiver!"

On the third night he sat down on his bench, saying in great vexation, "Oh, if I could only shiver!" When it grew late, six tall men came in, bearing a coffin between them.

"Ah, ah," said he, "that is surely my little cousin, who died two days ago"; and beckoning with his finger he called, "Come, little cousin, come!"

The men set the coffin on the ground, and he went up and took off the lid, and there lay a dead man within, and as he felt the face it was as cold as ice.

"Stop a moment," he cried; "I will warm it in a trice," and stepping up to the fire he warmed his hands, and then laid them upon the face, but it remained cold. So he took up the body, and sitting down by the fire, he laid it on his lap and rubbed the arms that the blood might circulate again. But all this was of no avail, and he thought to himself if two lie in a bed together they warm each other; so he put the body in the bed, and covering it up laid himself down by its side. After

a little while the body became warm and began to move about.

"See, my cousin," he exclaimed, "have I not warmed you?"

But the body got up and exclaimed, "Now I will strangle you."

"Is that your gratitude?" cried the youth. "Then you shall get into your coffin again," and, taking it up, he threw the body in, and made the lid fast. Then the six men came in again and bore it away. "Oh, deary me," said he, "I shall never be able to shiver if I stop here all my lifetime!" At these words in came a man who was taller than all the others, and looked more horrible; but he was very old and had a long white beard. "Oh, you wretch," he exclaimed, "now thou shalt learn what shivering means, for thou shalt die!"

"Not so quick," answered the youth; "if I die I must be brought to it first."

"I will quickly seize you," replied the ugly one.

"Softly, softly; be not too sure. I am as strong as you, and perhaps stronger."

"That we shall see," said the ugly man. "If you are stronger than I, I will let you go. Come, let us try!" and he led him away through a dark passage to a smith's forge. Then taking up an ax, at one blow he cut through the anvil down to the ground.

"I can do that still better," said the youth, and went to another anvil, while the old man followed him and watched him with his long beard hanging down. Then the youth took up an ax, and, splitting the anvil in one blow, wedged the old man's beard in it. "Now I have you; now death comes upon you!" and, taking up an

iron bar, he beat the old man until he groaned, and begged him to stop and he would give him great riches.

So the youth drew out the ax, and loosed him. Then the old man led him back into the castle and showed him three chests full of gold in a cellar. "One share of this," said he, "belongs to the poor, another to the King, and the third to yourself." And just then it struck twelve, and the old man vanished, leaving the youth in the dark. "I must help myself out of here," said he, and by groping round he found his way back to his room and went to sleep by the fire.

The next morning the King came and inquired, "Now have you learned to shiver?"

"No," replied the youth; "what is it? My dead cousin came here, and a bearded man, who showed me a lot of gold down below; but what shivering means no one has shown me!"

Then the King said, "You have won the castle, and shall marry my daughter."

"This is all very fine," replied the youth, "but still I don't know what shivering means."

So the gold was fetched, and the wedding was celebrated, but the young Prince (for the youth was a Prince now), notwithstanding his love for his bride, and his great contentment, was still continually crying, "If I could but shiver! If I could but shiver!"

At last it fell out in this wise: One of the chambermaids said to the Princess, "Let me bring in my aid to teach him what shivering is." So she went to the brook which flowed through the garden, and drew up a pail of water full of little fish; and, at night, when the young Prince was asleep, his bride drew away the covering and

poured the pail of cold water and the little fish over him, so that they slipped all about him. Then the Prince woke up and called out, "Oh! that makes me shiver! Dear wife, that makes me shiver! Yes, now I know what shivering means!"